



THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1846.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

POETRY and imaginative literature must always suffer from translation; and thus it is impossible duly to estimate their merit, where we cannot read them in their proper tongue. But no poets and imaginative writers have suffered so deeply in the estimation of our countrymen, as those of Germany. This, at first, appears paradoxical; since the German language is exactly that, of all others, (unless we except the kindred dialects,) which is most easily transferred into our own, and the spirit of which has the closest affinity with the English. But the cause is external to the nature of the subject. Prejudice was early excited against German literature, and on two very distinct grounds, moral and literary. About the time of the first French revolution, anarchical and immoral publications were imported from Germany no less than from France. German poetry, indeed, was born at a period when all departments of literature were more or less tainted with revolutionary principles, which were too hastily identified with the temper of the people; and, as it was from translations of lax writings that the idea of German literature

was mainly collected by the English public, it was concluded that all German fiction must be anarchical and immoral. It seems needless seriously to rebut such a conclusion. From the literature of our own country, probably the purest in the world, it would be easy to export an equivalent for our imported German impurities. It is to be admitted, however, that most of the noblest productions of German imagination have appeared since the period alluded to. Another objection was, that the literature of Germany was not modelled on the principles of those of Greece and Rome, which were supposed to be the casting-moulds of the English mind; though, in reality, a French caricature was the standard, and the reader of Racine flattered himself that he understood Sophocles. It was forgotten that the great charm of the Greek literature was its originality and freshness; and that thus the qualities condemned in the German were really the very same which those inconsistent censors admired in the Greek.

These prejudices are not wholly passed away; but a better and a juster spirit is awakening. The German writers gave an impulse to the poetry of our own country, and sent our language to its native resources. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge,

Scott, among the foremost—all more or less influenced by German literature—have rescued us from being mere imitators. We have, accordingly, revised our condemnation of our German brethren, and sought to be better acquainted with them. The result has been that we have found our judgment as erroneous as it was rash. We find the imaginative literature of Germany perhaps the noblest and most splendid in the world, next to our own, and even more copious.

It must be remembered that it is only of the imaginative part of German literature that we are here treating. With its refinements in metaphysics, and its melancholy wanderings in theology, we are not now concerned. That portion which we have here been considering, is not only little affected by these things, but favorable and conducive to worthier objects. We are not unaware that the case of Goethe, the most conspicuous of German imaginative writers, may be cited as an example against us. Yet, eminent as he is, he is but one; and from his voluminous writings much might be selected which would even strengthen our position.

Our present purpose, however, is to apply these remarks to the compositions of Schiller, a writer who disputes with Goethe himself the throne of German imagination, but whose imaginative writings, with little more than one early well-known exception, are conducive to pure amusement or elevated instruction. It is not, of course, our intention to present a formal criticism on compositions so varied and so numerous as Schiller's. We shall prefer illustrating, in broad outline, his more celebrated pieces, in connexion with a biographical sketch, which will, with our brief extracts and criticisms, serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Our source will be chiefly a memoir, written in the year 1812, by his friend Körner of Dresden, father of the youthful patriot whose biography we have sketched in a former number. From the year 1785, he was one of Schiller's most intimate friends, and wrote from personal knowledge chiefly; and, when this was not the case, from the most authentic information. This sketch we shall illustrate, where convenient, from the lives of Schiller, by Mr. Carlyle and Sir Bulwer Lytton; the latter of whom is not only an able biographer, but an abbreviator of those who had the best opportunities for the successful prosecution of the task.

John Christopher Frederick Schiller, best known by the last of his Christian names, was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach, on the Neckar, in the duchy of Württemberg. His father, John Caspar Schiller, was originally an army surgeon, who afterwards entered the army itself, and ended his days as manager of a very extensive nursery plantation at Ludwigsburg, belonging to the duke. Though not a well-educated man, he strove to compensate this defect by diligent labor; and a thanksgiving prayer of his is still extant, written after his son had attained celebrity, in which he commemorates the fact, that, from the birth of his son, he had not ceased to pray that the deficiencies of his boy's educational means might in some way be supplied to him. He appears to have been a good parent and a good man: nor were the excellencies of his wife inferior. She was affectionately attached to her husband and her children, and mutually and deeply beloved. Although of slender education, she could relish the religious poetry of Utz and Gellert. The early characteristics of young Schiller, as described by Körner, were piety, gentleness, and tenderness of conscience. He received the rudiments of his education at Lorch, a frontier village of the Württemberg territory, where his parents were residing from 1765 to 1768. His tutor here was a parochial minister, named Moser, after whom, perhaps, he drew the character of Pastor Moser, in "The Robbers." The son of this tutor was his earliest friend, and is thought to have excited the desire which he long felt of entering the ministry.

Schiller's poetical temperament was early developed. When scarcely past the period of infancy, it is said, he was missed during a thunderstorm. His father sought him, and found him in a solitary place, on a branch of a tree, gazing on the scene. On being reprimanded, he is said to have replied, "The lightning was very beautiful, and I wished to see whence it came." Another anecdote of his childhood is better authenticated. At the age of nine years, he, and a friend of the like age, received two kreutzers apiece for repetition of their catechism in church. This money they resolved to invest in a dish of curds and cream at Harteneck; but here the young adventurers failed to obtain the desired delicacy, while the whole four kreutzers were demanded for a quarter cake of cheese, without bread! Thus foiled, they

proceeded to Neckarweihingen, where they accomplished their object for three kreutzers, having one to spare for a bunch of grapes. On this, young Schiller ascended an eminence which overlooks both places, and uttered a grave poetical anathema on the barren land, and a like benediction on the region of cream.

On his father's return to Ludwigsburg, young Schiller, then nine years old, first saw the interior of a theatre. This circumstance seemed at once to disclose his genius. From that moment, all his boyish sports had reference to the drama; and he began to forecast plans for tragedies. Not that his inclination to the profession of his early choice diminished. He only regarded dramatic literature and exhibitions as amusements and relaxations from severer pursuits. He now continued his studies in a school at Ludwigsburg, where he was conspicuous for energy, diligence, and activity of mind and body. The testimonials which he here received induced the duke to offer him a higher education, in a seminary at Stuttgart, which he had lately founded. His father, who felt his obligations to the duke, and not least the favor which was now offered him, reluctantly abandoned his original intention of indulging his son with the profession of his wishes; and young Schiller, still more reluctantly, in 1773, surrendered the Church for the bar. In the following year, when each scholar of the establishment was called on to delineate his own character, he openly avowed "that he should deem himself much happier if he could serve his country as a divine." And he found legal studies so little attractive, that, on the addition of a medical school to the establishment, in 1775, he availed himself of the duke's permission to enrol himself a member.

During this period, Schiller was not inattentive to the revolution, or rather, creation, then working in the poetry of Germany. The immense resources of the German language were, in great measure, unknown to the Germans themselves. They studied and composed in the classical tongues, and, finding their own so far removed from those which they contemplated as the only models, regarded it as barbarous; or, if they condescended to use it, endeavored to cast both words and sentiments in a classical mould. But there were minds among them who were beginning to perceive that the defects of German litera-

ture were not inherent, but the natural result of endeavoring to bind a singularly free and original language to rules and imagery foreign to its genius. Klopstock, Utz, Lessing, Goethe, and Gerstenberg, were, in different manners and degrees, of this order. From the study of these, Schiller caught the spirit of a German originality, which he afterwards so remarkably contributed to advance. Becoming, about the same time, acquainted (through Wieland's translation) with the writings of Shakspeare, he studied them with avidity and delight; though, as he acknowledges, with an imperfect comprehension of their depth. During his residence at Stuttgart, he had composed an epic, entitled "Moses," and a tragedy called "Cosmo de' Medici," part of which was afterwards worked up in "The Robbers." But he had no sooner decided on the medical profession, than he resolved to abandon poetry for two years. He wrote a Latin treatise "On the Philosophy of Physiology," and defended a thesis "On the Connexion of the Animal and Spiritual Natures in Man." He afterwards received an appointment as a military surgeon, and was esteemed able in his profession. On the expiration of his probational course, he held himself free to prosecute his favorite study. Accordingly, in the year 1780, the famous play of "The Robbers" saw the light. It was published at his own expense, no bookseller venturing to undertake it.

Of the genius displayed in this work there can be but one opinion. The language of Coleridge concerning it is very remarkable:—

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,

If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!
That in no after-moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
From the more withering scene diminish'd past.
Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

Nevertheless, the defects of this work are not less glaring than its power is unquestionable; nor are these defects literary only. The sympathies of the reader are in part enlisted on the side of crime; while the whole spirit of the play but too well

coincides with the tumultuous character of that period. And yet, we believe it is not less truly than finely said by Sir Bulwer Lytton, "Nothing could be further from the mind of the boy from whose unpractised hand came this rough Titan sketch, than to unsettle virtue, in his delineations of crime. Virtue was then, as it continued to the last, his ideal; and if at the first he shook the statue on its pedestal, it was but from the rudeness of the caress that sought to warm it into life." Schiller's religious and virtuous feelings had, however, unconsciously to himself, been deteriorated by the French skeptical writers. Voltaire moved his scorn and disgust; but abhorrence of filth will not save us from pollution, if we permit its contact. Rousseau, insidious and visionary, harmonized but too well with the temperament of the earnest and contemplative youth; we know from the painful evidence of a little poem of Schiller's, bearing the name of that subtle anarchy, that the influence had been but too effective; and we trace the fact even more distinctly in the "Philosophical Letters." But it would seem from his own testimony, no less than from general evidence, that the military despotism which was the constitution of the seminary at Stuttgart was the real creative principle of the "Robbers." It furnished Schiller's idea of order and government, while his own restlessness beneath that rigid coercion supplied his notion of liberty. It was from a translation of the "Robbers," that the general tendency of German literature, and of the drama particularly, was estimated in England. The "Robbers" could not long be a stranger to the stage. The Freiherr von Dalberg, manager of the theatre at Mannheim, produced it on his boards in 1782. Schiller was present at the two first representations in January and May of that year. His absence, however, was known to the duke, and he was placed under arrest for a fortnight.

But his misfortunes did not end here. A passage in the "Robbers" gave offence to the Grisons,* who complained to the duke against his subject. The result was that Schiller was prohibited from all but professional writing, and commanded to abandon all connexion with other states. But Körner informs us that, however exasperated at the time, he spoke in cooler moments

kindly of the duke, and even justified his proceeding, which was not directed against the poet's genius, but his ill-taste. He, indeed, even dwelt warmly on the duke's paternal conduct, who gave him salutary advice and warning, and asked to see all his poetry. This was resolutely refused; and the refusal, as might be expected, was not inoffensive. Yet the duke seems not to have renounced his interest in his young favorite, for no measures were taken against him or his family on his subsequent departure from Stuttgart, and Schiller even paid a visit to them during the duke's life, without any molestation. For this departure he wished the duke's permission, and endeavored, through his friend Dalberg, to obtain it; but impatient at the tediousness of the negotiations, he took advantage of the festivities occasioned by the visit of the Archduke Paul of Russia, in October, 1782, and left Stuttgart unperceived.

His mother and sister were in the secret; his father had not been informed, lest loyalty and military subordination should compel disclosure to the duke. There was another person left behind, in whom rumor attributes an interest to Schiller, though we are not informed whether she was apprised of his flight. This was the widow of a military officer, to whom it is said, Schiller had paid his addresses, and who is by some supposed to be the "Laura" of his early poems. A youth named Streicher was the companion of his wanderings. All Schiller's fortune lay in his tragedy, "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa," which he had, for the most part, composed when under arrest. Arrived at Mannheim, he recited his play to the stage-manager, Meier, (for Dalberg was at Stuttgart,) with little success. His Swabian dialect, and unmelodious declamation, drove away all his audience save Iffland, to whose personation his "Francis Moor" in the "Robbers" had been deeply indebted. But, on a perusal, Meier acknowledged the real merit of "Fiesco," and agreed to produce it on the stage, if Schiller would make the requisite alterations. Meanwhile, Schiller and his friend were warned, by letters from Stuttgart, that their position at Mannheim was perilous. They accordingly once more took flight, and, after many hardships, took up their quarters at an inn at Oggersheim, where "Fiesco" was completed, and "Cabal and Love" begun. While at this place, Schiller was offered an asylum at Bauerbach, near Meinungen, an estate

* He had called their country "the thief's Athens."

of Madame von Wollzogen, with whose sons he had studied at Stuttgart. Having disposed of his "Fiesco" to a bookseller, he with alacrity accepted the generous offer, and Streicher pursued his way to Hamburg. At Bauerbach, Schiller found repose and appliances for study; finished "Cabal and Love," and sketched "Don Carlos." Of the two first of these works our limits will not permit us to speak. They are not without evidence of their author's genius; but they are not less evidential of a taste which he lived to correct, and which, even at this period, he was correcting.

"Don Carlos" is an immeasurable advance into the regions of taste and order. The wild irregular prose of the previous dramas is exchanged for rich and melodious blank heroic verse: the characters are no longer the crude imaginations of an undisciplined ardor, but finished studies from nature, in historical prototypes; no longer bold distorted sketches, but richly, yet chastely, colored pictures; no longer flung together in heedless and disorderly profusion, but grouped with consummate art and sense of harmony. Yet it is probable that the historian has in this work encroached upon the poet, and rendered it in parts obscure, and the connexion not always palpable. It is far less lucid than the great dramatic writings which formed the labors of Schiller's later days. A considerable interval elapsed between the composition of the first and last portions; and, as the former was printed, the drama could not well be rewritten, to make it harmonize with Schiller's altered feelings and opinions; but it spoke a great promise, and gave earnest of a faithful performance. It has been ably translated by Francis Herbert Cottrell, Esq.

In 1786, Schiller took up his residence at Mannheim, where he occupied himself with theatrical projects. From this place he wrote to Madame von Wollzogen, soliciting the hand of her daughter Charlotte; but it appears that the attachment was not mutual, though Schiller always continued to be received in the most friendly manner by Madame von Wollzogen and her daughters. Perhaps the young lady herself regarded Schiller's as rather a preference than an affection, which she seems to have been justified in doing, as, not long after, he formed an attachment to Margaret, daughter of his friend Schwann, the bookseller; a lady whom some suppose to have been

his "Laura." During this period he wrote essays on dramatic subjects, edited a periodical called "The Rhenish Thalia," composed a poem called "Conrad of Swabia," and a second part of the "Robbers," to harmonize the incongruities of the first. Some scenes of his "Don Carlos," appearing in the "Thalia," attracted the notice of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was then on a visit to the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. The duke was a lover of literature, and a poet, and he appointed Schiller a member of his council. In March, 1785, Schiller removed to Leipzig, where his poetry had prepared him many friends, and from this year commenced what is called "the second period" of Schiller's life. He spent the summer at a village in the neighborhood, named Gölis, surrounded by warm and affectionate hearts. It was during this time that he wrote his "Ode to Joy." But his joy was fated to be overclouded. He wrote to Schwann soliciting an union with his daughter; a request to which he had no anticipation of refusal, as he and the young lady had corresponded; and, had his destiny rested in her hands, there can be little doubt that he would not have been doomed to disappointment. The father, however, had apparently seen enough of Schiller's habits to infer that his wealth was not likely to equal his fame, and the poet once more met with a refusal.

From the friendly circle at Leipzig he removed to Dresden the same year. Here he completed his "Don Carlos," which he recast, as far as was practicable; and is thought to have assimilated his princess Eboli to a certain Fraulein A——, a great beauty of that city. Here, too, he sketched the plan of a drama which he named "The Misanthrope;" collected materials for a history of the revolt of the Netherlands, under Philip II., and wrote his strange romance of "The Ghost Seer;" a work suggested by the quackeries of Cagliostro. At this period, also, were written the "Philosophical Letters," before alluded to. In 1787 he repaired to Weimar, where he was received with great enthusiasm by Herder and Wieland. Here he undertook the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury," which he enriched with several contributions in verse and prose, and to which he imparted new life and vigor. In the same year he received an invitation from Madame von Wollzogen to visit her at Meinungen. On his return

thence he made a brief sojourn at Rudolstadt, but a memorable one, as it was here that he saw the Fraulein von Langefeld. This event called forth the following observations in a letter to a friend :

"I require a medium through which to enjoy other pleasures. Friendship, taste, truth and beauty would operate on me more powerfully, if an unbroken train of refined, beneficent, domestic sentiments attuned me to joy, and renewed the warmth of my torpid being. Hitherto I have been an isolated stranger wandering about amid nature, and have possessed nothing of my own. I yearn for a political and domestic existence. For many years I have known no perfect happiness, not so much for want of opportunities, as because I rather tasted pleasures than enjoyed them, and wanted that even, equable, and gentle susceptibility which only the quiet of domestic life bestows."

It may be well imagined that Schiller repaired to Rudolstadt again, as early as possible. He spent the following summer there, and partly at Volkstädt, in the same neighborhood. Here he cultivated the friendship of the Langefeld family, and extended the circle of his friends; and during this sojourn he made his first acquaintance with Goethe. His first impressions of the great master of German imagination are thus detailed :—

"On the whole, my truly high idea of Goethe has not been diminished by this personal intercourse; but I doubt whether we shall ever approach very closely. Much which is yet interesting to me, much which is yet among my wishes and my hopes, has with him lived out its period. His whole being is, from the first, very differently constituted from mine; his world is not mine. Our modes of imagination are essentially distinct. However, no certain and well-grounded intimacy can result from such a meeting. Time will teach further."

And the lesson was soon imparted; especially when it is considered that all Goethe's prejudices were revolted by "The Robbers," and that he had actually avoided an interview as long as possible. But in a few months Goethe's interest in Schiller, and high estimate of his abilities, were practically exemplified. "The Revolt of the Netherlands" had in part seen the light, and obtained high reputation for Schiller as a historian. By the efforts of Goethe, he was now appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Jena.

In this situation Schiller labored dili-

gently, not only in reading and writing history, but also in the continued cultivation of poetry. He was at all times, as such a mind might be expected to be, devoted to classical literature. But, at this period, he imposed on himself a course of this study with a direct view to the purification of taste and style. He studied Homer profoundly, and with great delight. He translated into German the "Iphigenia in Aulis" (with the exception of the last scene), and a part of the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides. His freedom, yet accuracy, particularly in the former of these translations, can scarcely be sufficiently admired. He projected a version of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, a play in which he much delighted. Bürger visited him at Weimar, in 1789, and the friends agreed to translate the same passage of Virgil, each in a metre of his own selection. These studies had a perceptible influence on his poetry, particularly his dramas.

Schiller's inaugural lecture at Jena was attended by an audience of more than 400; nor did it disappoint the high expectation which had been formed of it. His pen was now a ready and certain source of emolument; a "History of the Thirty Years' War," and a "German Plutarch," among various minor literary enterprises, were put in preparation. He was admired and caressed by the great; a pension was assigned him by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and there was now no obstacle to the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. In February, 1790, he had the happiness to obtain the hand of the Fraulein von Langefeld. We here cast together, from several of his letters, as selected by Körner, passages descriptive of his enjoyment :—It is quite another life, by the side of a beloved woman, from that which I led before, so desolate and solitary; even in summer, I now, for the first time, enjoy beautiful Nature entirely, and live in her. All around me is arrayed in poetic forms, and within me, too, they are oft stirring. What a beautiful life am I now leading! I gaze around me with joyful spirit, and my heart finds an everduring gentle satisfaction from without! my soul experiences such sweet support and refreshment! My being moves in harmonious evenness; not overstrained by passion, but calm and bright are the days which I pass. I look forward on my destiny with cheerful spirit; standing at the goal of my desires, I am myself astonished to think how all has succeeded beyond

my expectations. Destiny has overcome my difficulties, and brought me smoothly to the end of my career. From the future I have every thing to hope. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mind; nay, I even hope to return to youth; the poet-life within me will restore it."

This language, while it proves the writer's affection, purity, and elevation of mind, conveys a painful impression that his worldly happiness had rendered him insensible, at least for a time, to considerations which are not less needful in such moments than amid the darkest sorrows; but of which our ingratitude then most loses sight, when the love which would awaken them is most conspicuous. How little do we know our real happiness, when we envy the sunshine of Schiller's heart, or repine in the night of solitude and abandonment! In that sunshine he had lost sight of the pole-star whereby alone his voyage could be directed, and which is ever clearest when other lights are away. In his prosperity, like the Psalmist, he had said, "I shall never be moved;" and, too probably, even without the pious acknowledgment which qualified that presumption, "Lord, by thy favor Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." For though Schiller, under all circumstances, had never lost the first fresh devotional feelings of his boyhood, and had admitted doubts with pain, and desired to escape from them, yet he could not be as one whose faith was steadfastly grounded on the sure Rock of Revelation. Like the Psalmist, however, he could add, "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." Mercy and chastisement, each involved in the other, overtook him in the beginning of the following year. He was afflicted with a severe attack of disease of the chest, from which, though "fifteen years were added to his life," he never recovered. His whole frame was shattered; and repeated relapses left him incapable of public lectures and every other laborious exertion. The diminution of income consequent on this calamity added much to its severity. But this was not long to be a part of his distress. The Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Count von Schimmelmann, offered him a salary of 100 thalers for three years, with a delicacy and kindness, as he informs us, not less gratifying than the boon itself. Unembarrassed now by narrow circumstances and public duties, he gave himself to the study

of metaphysics. He had formed, at Jena, the friendship of Paulus, Schutz, Hufeland, and Reinhold; and by them he was initiated in the philosophy of Kant, which he has exemplified in some of his prose writings. To this Sir Bulwer Lytton attributes the Christian conviction and religious tone which, after this period (so marked as to be called "the third" in Schiller's Life), pervades his compositions. We would rather ascribe it to the teaching of sickness, before the revelations of which the mists of sophistry and self-confidence vanish as in daylight. The thirtieth Psalm will still afford illustration. When David was troubled, his testimony was, "I cried unto thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication." It is impossible to doubt that Schiller did likewise; or that he experienced a like return from Him who is unchangeable.

History, next to poetry, was Schiller's favorite employment; and he now occupied himself in an eminently congenial work, and that on which his reputation, as a prose writer, is chiefly founded:—*The History of the Thirty Years' War*. This work appeared in Göschen's Historical Almanack. This passage of history, from its poetical character, had always a peculiar charm for Schiller; and various were his poetical projects in connexion with it. They resulted at length in the noblest productions of his pen, the two tragedies on the subject of Wallenstein. It is remarkable that, during this latter task, he had much less confidence in his poetic powers, criticised his former writings with severity, and acknowledged that he had become a new man in poetry. The truth was, his taste had grown severer, and his judgment riper, and his mind had been disciplined by the study of the ancients; in particular of Aristotle, whom he had found to differ far from the French theories ascribed to him. Schiller's genius was never more vigorous or brilliant, but it was now under guidance and command. The "Wallenstein" occupied seven years. During this period, the French Revolution was approaching its bloody crisis. Schiller gave the most unquestionable proof of his hostility to its barbarous principles by projecting an address to the French people in favor of their monarch, monarchy, order, and religion; a project which was not executed only because he could meet with no person who would undertake to translate his intended work into French. In 1793, the poet revisited the scenes and compan-

ions of his youth, having previously ascertained that the duke of Württemberg would not interfere with his residence at Stuttgart. His meeting with his parents was productive of great joy and thankfulness to all parties.

On his return to Jena, Schiller conceived a new literary project. He had formed an intimacy with William von Humboldt (brother of the celebrated traveller), who was then at Jena, and in concert with him, and his more distinguished friend Goethe, he started a periodical called "Die Horen," to which the most eminent literary men of Germany contributed. This was a fertile period with our poet, who contributed largely to this work, and to "The Almanack of the Muses," while he continued to labor energetically at "Wallenstein." This period also produced the "Xenien," a collection of varied epigrams, which have widely influenced the literature of Germany; and the ballads, which are some of the most attractive of Schiller's writings, were the result of a friendly rivalry with Goethe about this time. "Wallenstein" saw the light in 1797. Two portions of this magnificent work are well known to English readers, in the no less magnificent translation of Coleridge. It consists of three parts; the first called "Wallenstein's Camp," introductory, which Coleridge has not rendered, as it adds nothing to the dramatic interest. It is not, however, without its uses; as depicting the license and turbulence of Wallenstein's soldiery, and inspiring the reader with a high idea of the commanding intellect and military tact which restrained so many thousands of lawless and discordant spirits, not only in subordination, but attachment. It has, moreover, somewhat the same relation to the following parts that the Satiric Drama had to Tragedy among the Greeks. The other divisions of the poem are intitled "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein." The towering ambition, and all-mastering genius of the hero—the cold steady loyalty of Octavio Piccolomini, which all that genius is powerless to touch—the high, confiding, devoted spirit of his son, who will not abandon Wallenstein till his treason is palpable, and then hesitates not to sacrifice all for his sovereign—the gentle beauty and devotedness of Thekla—these are pictures which have never been surpassed.

About this time Schiller changed his winter abode to Weimar, in order that, in conjunction with his friend Goethe, he

might direct the theatre there, according to the taste and opinions of both. At Jena he bought a garden, in the midst of which he built a small house, to which he betook himself in the summer, to have leisure and opportunity for composition. But he afterwards settled entirely at Weimar. The reigning duke continued and increased the pension bestowed by the Danish prince, though Schiller's literary successes placed him beyond the need of it.

"Wallenstein" was followed in rapid succession by his other plays. "Mary Stuart" appeared in 1800; "The Maid of Orleans" in 1801; "The Bride of Messina" in 1803; "William Tell" in 1804. During this period he translated Shakspeare's "Macbeth," Gozzi's "Turandot," and Racine's "Phædra," besides some other pieces. While occupied in the tragedy of "Demetrius," a severe return of his complaint ended his life on the 9th of May, 1805. His death exemplified tranquillity and hope. He was, as has been above observed, a different man after the first accession of his illness; and the teaching he had received from his first affliction was yet further improved by others. In the last ten years of his life he lost his sister, father, and mother; the two former in the same year (1796). "He felt both losses acutely," says Sir Bulwer Lytton; "the last perhaps the most; but in his letters it pleases us to see the philosopher return to the old child-like faith in God, the reliance on divine goodness for support in grief, the trust in divine mercy for the life to come. For it has been remarked with justice, that while Schiller's *reason* is often troubled in regard to the fundamental truths of religion, his *heart* is always clear. The moment death strikes upon his affections, the phraseology of the schools vanishes from his lips—its cavils and scruples from his mind; and he comforts himself and his fellow-mourners with the simple lessons of gospel resignation and gospel hope." It is singular that the writer of this passage failed to perceive that the philosophy which Schiller found powerless to console affliction, could scarcely have been that which aided him so effectually in the trying season of incipient disease.

A few words on some of his latest dramas must conclude this memoir. While we cannot concur in the censure which Sir Bulwer Lytton passes on the "Mary Stuart," there can, we think, be no question of its inferiority to "The Maid of Or-

leans." "Mary Stuart" is a beautiful creature of imagination; for such we must call her, notwithstanding her historical name; as, without entering on the much litigated question of Mary's real conduct under several suspicious circumstances, the poetical Mary is certainly much more than childlike ideal perfection which Schiller loved to contemplate, than the nursling of courts and the directress and intimate of statesmen. Nor, indeed, is the character strictly self-consistent; for it embraces, in some degree, the latter view. "Joanna" is still further removed from the Joan of history, than Mary from her historical prototype; but she is altogether a character of a higher order, and appears to have been drawn with higher views, to exemplify and teach exalted truth. It is difficult to conceive that Schiller's mind, while occupied with this poem, was not deeply influenced by spiritual religion; that he did not feel what he evidently so well understood. Besides, it was his avowed intention, not without a lingering of his early predilections, to make the stage a kind of pulpit, and inculcate from it a Christian morality. And the "Maid of Orleans" has done even more. The blessing of obedience, the evil of the smallest sin, the necessity and blessedness of contrition, are there depicted in the liveliest colors. "The Bride of Messina" is an attempt to familiarize the modern stage with the chorus. Its plot is simple, but unpleasing. The lyrical portions are of consummate beauty. "William Tell" is the impersonation of Civil liberty, as "Joanna" is of spiritual religion. He is of a very different order from Charles Moor in "The Robbers;" and, indeed, but for the assassination of the tyrant, he might stand as a noble representative of the abstraction. The catastrophe was historical, yet we know that Schiller did not consider his fictions necessarily to be limited by history. But, as Sir Bulwer Lytton truly remarks, "throughout the whole breathes the condemnation of the French anarchy."

In a sketch of this kind we have necessarily left unnoticed great numbers of pieces, both in prose in verse, the productions of Schiller's fertile pen. Of the general character of his works we would say with Sir Bulwer Lytton, "The whole scope and tendency of his writings, taken one with the other, are eminently Christian. No German writer, no writer not simply theological, has done more to increase, to

widen, and to sanctify, the reverential disposition that inclines to Faith." This is saying much for one educated in the imperfect system of German Protestantism, and exposed to metaphysical temptation in no ordinary degree.

We conclude this article with a few extracts from Schiller's dramatic productions.

BOYISH FRIENDSHIP.

DON CARLOS, *Act 1. Scene 2.*

(*Translation of Charles Herbert Cottrell, Esq.*)

CARLOS.

Ah! let me weep, and on thy bosom shed
A flood of burning tears, my only friend.
I possess none—none—none on this wide earth.
In the broad realms my father's sceptre sways,
The expanse of waters where our flag's unfurled,
There is no place—none else—where I could dare
By tears to lighten my o'erburdened soul.
I charge thee, Roderick, by all that thou
And I hereafter hope in heaven above,
Dispel me not from this beloved spot!

[*The Marquis bends over him in speechless emotion.*]

Persuade thyself I am an orphan child,
Whom thy compassion raised up by the throne.
Truly I know not what a father means—
I am a king's son.—O should it occur,
What my heart whispers, should'st thou be alone
'Mong millions fount to understand my state;
Should it be true, that Nature's parent hand
In Carlos re-created Roderick,
And in the morning of our life awoke
The sympathetic chord which joins our souls—
O! if the tear which mitigates my grief
Be dearer to thee than my father's smiles—

MARQUIS.

'Tis dearer far than all the world besides.

CARLOS.

So low I'm fallen, and so poor I'm grown,
That I must conjure up our childhood's years—
That I must sue thee to discharge the debts,
Forgotten long in infancy contracted—
When thou and I, two wild boys as we were,
Grew up as brothers, my one sorrow was
To feel my talents thus eclipsed by thine;
Then I resolved to love thee without bounds,
Because I had not courage to be like thee.
Hereon began I to torment thee with
A thousand tender pledges of my love,
Which thy proud heart returned with chilling cold.
Oft stood I there—yet thou observed'st it not!
Hot, heavy tear-drops hanging on mine eye,
If thou ran'st by me, and with open arms
Press'd'st to thy bosom some inferior friends,

"Why only these?" I mournfully exclaimed:
 "Do I not also dearly love thee too?"
 Thou ceremoniously and coldly knelt'st;
 "That," thou observed'st, "is due to the King's
 son."

MARQUIS.

O! cease, Prince, from these boyish recollections,
 Which make me still red with the blush of
 shame.

CARLOS.

This did I merit not from thee. Despise
 Thou might'st, and deeply wound my heart, but
 ne'er
 Estrange it from thee. Thrice the Prince re-
 pulsed,—
 Thrice he came back to thee a suppliant,
 T' implore thy love, and force his own on thee.
 Chance brought about what Carlos ne'er could
 do—

It happened in our games thy shuttlecock
 Struck in the eye, my aunt, Bohemia's Queen—
 She thought 'twas done intentionally, and,
 Suffused in tears, complained unto the King.
 All the young courtiers were straightway sum-
 moned

The culprit to denounce—The treacherous act
 The Monarch swore most fearfully to punish,
 Though 'twere his son who did it—I perceived
 Thee trembling in the distance, and forthwith
 Stepped out, and threw me at the Monarch's
 feet—

"I, I it was who did it," I exclaimed;
 "On thine own son thy vengeance wreak!"

MARQUIS.

Ah, Prince,
 What recollections you recall!

CARLOS.

It was wreaked.
 In presence of the servants of the court,
 Who all stood round compassionate, 'twas
 wreaked
 Upon thy Carl, fully as on a slave.
 I looked at thee and wept not; though the pang
 Made my teeth chatter loudly, yet I wept not—
 My royal blood gushed mercilessly out
 At every stroke disgracefully; I looked
 At thee, and wept not—thou cam'st up and
 threw'st
 Thyself loud sobbing at my feet—"Yes, yes,"
 Thou cried'st; "my pride is overcome—I will
 Repay the debt, when thou art king."

MARQUIS—[holds out his hand to him.]

And I
 Will do so, Carl.—The vow I made as boy
 I now renew as man. I will repay.
 E'en now, perhaps, the hour is come.

MARY STUART'S IMPRISONMENT RE- LAXED.

MARY STUART. *Act III. Scene I.*

(Our own version, as we are not aware of
 another.)

[A Park—The foreground occupied with trees—
 An extensive prospect in the background—
 Mary runs forward in haste from behind the
 trees—Hannah Kennedy, (her nurse,) fol-
 lows at a distance.]

KENNEDY.

You hasten, e'en as though you were on wing!
 I cannot follow!—O do wait for me!

MARY.

Let me enjoy my new freedom's pleasure!
 I *must* be a child! O be thou one too!
 I spurn the green turf without mode or measure!
 Dip my wing'd step in the morning dew!
 Am I in truth an enfranchised creature?
 Are the black walls of my dungeon riven?
 Leave me to drink in each thirsting feature,
 Full and free, the sweet breeze of heaven!

KENNEDY.

O my dear lady! you are still imprison'd;
 Only the prison bounds are not so narrow.
 You only see not the surrounding walls
 For the thick foliage of the trees that shroud
 them.

MARY.

Thanks, thanks again, to those dear friendly trees,
 That veil my prison walls with verdant gleam;
 Here will I dream of liberty and ease;
 O why awake me from that happy dream?
 Is not the broad expanse of heaven around?
 My glance, delighted and unbound,
 Roams forth into the far immensities:
 There, where arise the misty mountains gray,
 The frontiers stern of my dominions stand,
 And those free clouds that southward sweep
 their way,
 Are hasting to dear Gallia's distant strand.
 Voyagers light of the joyous gale,
 O on your pinions away to sail!
 Greet with my blessing my childhood's land!
 Stern captivity doom'd to rue,
 Envoys none have I left but you;
 Free through the air is your path serene;
 Ye serve not the will of this moody queen.

KENNEDY.

Ah, my dear lady! you are rapt too far,
 And long withholden freedom makes you rave!

MARY.

See where a fisher his shallop moors!
 Scant is the pittance his labor gains!
 Well would I guerdon his dearest pains,
 Would he but waft me to friendly shores!

Gem and gold for his fee he should get,
A draught should he have he ne'er drew before;
Fortune and wealth he should find in his net,
Would he speed me but safe to some friendly
shore.

KENNEDY.

O desperate hopes! what? see ye not that spies
Ev'n now at distance track our every step?
A dark and gloomy prohibition scares
Each pity-loving creature from our way.

MARY.

Nay, my good Hannah. Trust me, not for
nought

My dungeon's door is open'd. This small grace
Is voucher of some greater bliss to come.
No—I mistake not! 'tis the active hand
Of ever-watchful love! I recognize
In all this scheme Lord Le'ster's mighty arm.
By soft degrees my bounds will be extended,
The less shall but familiarize the greater,
Until at length I gaze upon his presence
Who shall dissolve my bonds for evermore.

KENNEDY.

Alas! I cannot search this mystery.
But yesterday and you were doom'd to death,
And now to-day they grant this sudden freedom.
But I have heard it said, their chains are loos'd
For whom the everlasting freedom waits.

MARY.

Hear'st thou the hunter's horn resounding,
Mightily calling o'er wood and plain?
O on the spirited steed to be bounding,
Bounding along in the gladsome train!
Hark to that well known note again!
Sadly sweet its memories are;
Oft have I joy'd when I heard of yore,
Over the highland and over the moor,
Rushing in clamor, the chase afar.

JOANNA'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE PRO- CEEDING ON HER MISSION.

MAID OF ORLEANS, *Induction.*

(*Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.*)

FAREWELL, ye hills and ye beloved pastures;
Ye still and sombre valleys, fare ye well!
Joanna shall no more frequent your haunts;
Joanna bids you now farewell for ever.
Ye plants which I have watered oft, ye trees
Which I have planted, burgeon blithesomely!
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye cooling fountains;
Thou Echo, clear soft voice of this calm glen,
That oft gave answer to my maiden strain,
Joanna goes, and ne'er returns again!
Scenes of my early quiet joys, farewell!
I leave you all behind me now for aye!
Rove forth, my lambs, upon the turfy fell,
Destined henceforth all shepherdless to stray!
Far other duties call me hence away;

Far other flock 'tis now my lot to lead
On the red field of peril and dismay;
No idle earthly yearnings prompt the deed;
The Spirit bids me haste—He calls, and I must
heed.

For He who erst on Horeb's hallowed side
To Moses blazed in fiery bush revealed.
And bade him face the Egyptian's ire and pride;
And called the pious David from the field,
For pastoral crook imperial glaive to wield;
He who was gracious aye to shepherds—He
To his high work my ministry hath sealed;
He called me from the branches of this tree,
And said, "Go forth on earth to testify for me!"

In rugged arms thy graceful form enfold;
In griding steel thy tender breast attire:
No youth shall kindle in that bosom cold
Profane and idle flame of earth's desire.
Thy chainless locks shall feel no bridal tire;
No babe, reposing on thy bosom, trace
An infant image of a manly sire;
For thee have I of old decreed to grace
With martial power and fame above all female
race.

And when in strife the boldest fall away,
When the last hour of France is hovering nigh,
Then shall thy hand my Oriflamme display,
And, swift as reaper shreds the harvest dry,
The haught oppressor shalt thou hurl from high,
Bid his proud star in mid ascendant cower,
Rescue thy land's heroic progeny,
And, 'neath fair Rheims' emancipated tower,
Set on the rightful brow the sovran crown of
power."

A token Heaven hath shown—I know it well!
He sends to me the casque! it comes from Him!
With might divine I feel my bosom swell!
The spirit of the flaming Cherubim
With force supernal nerves each feeble limb,
And, wild as tempest sweeps the midnight sky,
Forth urges to the iron conflict grim!
Hark! through me peals my country's battle-cry!
The trumpets' fierce acclaim! the mustering
chivalry!

TELL'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE THE AS- SASSINATION OF GESLER.

WILLIAM TELL, *Act IV. Scene III.*

(*Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.*)

[A hollow pass, near Küssnacht—The road leads down be-
tween the rocks; and, before they appear on the stage,
travellers are seen on the heights. Rocks close in the
scene on every side: on one in the foreground is a project-
ing point, covered with low trees.]

TELL—[*with his crossbow.*]

THROUGH this high gully must he pass,
There is no other way to Küssnacht—Here
Will I commit the deed for which I came.
The place is suited to the act: the trees
Will shield me from the view, and there is space
Through which my messenger can seek its aim;
The narrow path will hinder followers.

Make up thy account with heaven, lord governor!
Thou must go hence—thy last sands are run out.

Oh! I lived calm and harmless, and my prey
Was the wild deer that dwelt within our forests:
My thoughts were free from violence, until thou
Didst steal the gift of peace from out my heart,
And changed the milk of human thought and
feeling

Into foul poison. To harsh thoughts, which ne'er
Till thou didst teach them me, my soul e'er knew,
Hast thou injured me. He who struck the aim
From the head of his own child, oh, shall he not
As surely strike to the life-blood of his foe?

My poor, my innocent children, my loved wife,
Must I protect 'gainst thee, lord governor.
There, when I drew my bow, and my hand trem-
bled,

And thou with devilish joy compelledst me
To aim at the head of my own child—when I,
All powerless, sunk before thee,—then I swore
A fearful oath—breathed to the ear of God,
And not of man—that my next arrow's aim
Should be thy heart. What in that hour I swore
Of deadly agony, I will perform;
God will require it at my hands—to Him
I breathed my oath.

Thou art, my lord, placed here in my empe-
ror's stead,

Yet never had the emperor allowed
Such deeds as thou hast done. He sent thee here
To deal out justice to the land.—Severe
Perchance he knew thou wert, for 'twas in wrath
He sent thee; but he did not bid thee slake
Thy murderous thirst of blood on harmless men
But there is One who shall avenge our cause.

O come then forth, thou messenger of pain!
My dearest treasure now, my highest good!
The heart that did resist all pious prayers
Shall not have power to resist thy point!
And thou, my trusty bow-string, in good stead
Thou oft hast served till now in joyful sports,—
Forsake me not in this most fearful earnest;
Hold firm for one aim more, and wing aright,
As thou so oft hast done, my pointed barb;
For if it play me false, I have no other
To fill its destined part.

[*Travellers pass over the stage.*]

Upon this stony bank will I sit down.
'Twas placed for the repose of travellers;
For here there is no dwelling; each one goes
With careless step, nor heeds the fellow-men
Who pass him by, nor thinks if they are well
Or ill, if joy or sorrow rest with them.
The careful merchant, pilgrims with few goods,
Few cares, the pious monk, the dark grim robber,
The merry player, and the carrier
Who comes from other lands with laden beasts,
From every region of the world do men
Pass by this road, to accomplish each his work:
Mine is a work of death! [He sits down.]

Oh! once, my children, there was joy for you,
When from the chase your father late returned!
For never came he to his home but brought
Something for you—either a flower he'd plucked
From off the Alps, or some rare bird, or Ammon's
horn

Such as the travellers find upon the hills.
Far other deadlier object now he seeks:
On the wild way he sits with vengeful thoughts—
It is his enemy's life for which he waits—
And yet e'en now his thoughts are but of you

His children. To guard you, and your gentle in-
nocence

To shield against the tyrant's rage—he draws
His bow, such fearful murder to commit!

[He starts up.]

It is a noble prey for which I wait.
The hunter oft beneath the coldest skies
Will leap from crag to crag thro' the whole day,
And climb the rugged precipice, oft stained
By the drops of his own blood, and weary not,
So he can strike his prey; but here
I have a far more noble prize—the heart
Of my dread foe, who seeks to ruin us.

[*Joyful music is heard—gradually approaches in
the distance.*]

From my childhood have I been injured
To feats of archery; my bow has been
Constant companion of my life; to the goal
I oft have shot, and many a fair prize
Have I brought home from feasts where archers
meet.

But the master-shot of all to-day I seek,
And carry the best prize that's to be won
Throughout the whole wide circle of the Alps.

From the Metropolitan.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

THE ascent of the St. Bernard occupies ten hours; it is merely, what it has been called, "a secondary Alpine pass." There are, of course, objects of considerable interest on the route (for in what part of Switzerland are there none?); and, besides peculiar attractions, the scenery here partakes of that majestic character which will be found more or less to distinguish all mountain districts. Here, to be sure, are not the glaciers of Chamouni or of the Oberland; but the eye lingers on many an Alpine torrent hurrying from mountain to rock, and from rock to hill; with some the amazing volumes of water come thundering at once down some declivity, rising again in the purest vapor; while others come frothing over ledges of rock thousands of feet in elevation, and you may see rainbows, coming and going with the sun, sit hovering in the spray. There, too, on the hill-side, repose the huge pines and mighty timbers, all rotting together in confusion, where they have been prostrated by the storm; and on every side are to be seen gigantic masses of rock, the natural supports of which having been undermined by ages, they have been precipitated by their own weight, and slid off bodily into the vale below. Now and then, too, a report from the rifle of the chamois-hunter breaks smartly

upon the ear, re-echoed from a hundred points; and sometimes, though of course more rarely, the hunter himself may be seen descending from the heights in the dress peculiar to his vocation, and with the animal he has killed swung round his body. Even the numerous goats, and the stray cattle with their enormous bells bring with them the interest of association, adding life to the solitary grandeur of such a scene; and not unfrequently the imperial eagle of the Alps, that terror of the goatherd, darts forth into view from his lofty retreat, or sails impudently about your path.

About half-way lies the hamlet of St. Pierre; here it is usual for the traveller to seize the only opportunity that offers of rest and refreshment; unless, indeed, a desolate hovel, which the avarice of some individual has erected still higher up in the mountains, can be called a place of entertainment. On quitting St. Pierre you begin to feel the real mountain air, and to wrap your cloak more closely around you; for the elevation is already considerable, and becomes every moment progressively greater. Beyond this point, too, the path is more liable to be missed, as the great landmarks of mountains on either side no longer serve as guides and preclude the wandering of travellers. The great danger now is the concealment of the track by snow, or, if there be any foul weather in this cold region, it will of course be a snow-storm. And now, at last, the head of the mountain is itself visible, towering some thousands of feet above the clouds, if clouds there should unluckily be; but if it could be seen as I saw it, on the clearest of October's days, with its snows beautifully set against a deep-blue sky in the back-ground, perhaps nature could not present a more sublime object than the St. Bernard, unless, indeed, it were its loftier neighbor, Mont Blanc itself.

Reaching the spot where the mountain rises more abruptly, the traveller must prepare himself for a rougher and more careful ascent; not unfrequently he will find himself compelled to climb up with hand and foot the different steepes that present themselves. There is much sameness and little interest in this occupation, but it does not last long before a low-roofed shed becomes visible on the right of the path, which is styled, "The Refuge." This hovel, which is nothing more than four bare walls with a roofing to them and without even a door to the entrance, was built for the temporary reception of such travellers as are too late

to reach the Hospice that day, or are too fatigued to proceed further. The building, such as it is, is also useful in case of accidents; here the servants of the Hospice, accompanied by the dogs, lie in wait every day when the season is unfavorable, for the relief of travellers; and should they not return at a certain and fixed hour, it is concluded at the Hospice that something is wrong, and the monks one and all go forth in a body with food and restoratives to their assistance.

About a stone's throw from the Refuge, but standing more off from the path, is another lonely shed; this is the bone-house; as the distance from this spot to the Hospice is somewhat considerable, it was found necessary to build here a receptacle for the bodies of those who had unhappily fallen asleep in the snow, or had been killed by avalanches.

The first view of the Hospice breaks suddenly upon the eye when but a stone's throw from its bleak-looking walls; it seems to start up suddenly, as it were, from the elevation on which it stands, having about it a comfortless, naked look, unrelieved of course by a single tree or even shrub. The materials of which it is composed are from the rock on which it has been built, and the only natural advantage which it possesses is the neighborhood of a lake, which is ice more than three-fourths of the year. It is the highest habitation of the known world, and is said to be upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The pass by it into Italy is a saving of two days.

On the steps of the door generally may be seen lying one of the celebrated dogs. The moment you are in view you are welcomed with the deep and peculiar bark of these animals, and having once noticed him and thus introduced yourself, you are friends forthwith. It is even prudent to do this, for I was afterwards told that in the event of neglecting it you are sure to be watched by the animal during your stay, and perhaps suspected to be what you ought not to be. As I approached the building, my attention was particularly attracted to three or four Italian boys who were gazing about the premises with intense curiosity, though they were but lightly clad, and stood shivering in the pitiless blast of these mountains, with their arms folded over their breasts; they seemed to be feeling for the first time the immense difference between the atmosphere they were in and that of

their own sunny Italy. One of them had a monkey for a companion, another a cage of white mice, and a third music; they informed me in the house that these boys came across the mountain in such shoals upon their way to England, that it had been found imperative, from the scantiness of provisions, to allot them only a certain portion of food each. They also sleep three or four together in one apartment.

A few yards from the Hospice itself stands the charnel-house—a low, square building, distinguished only as to its exterior by a massy grated window. Here repose, and have reposed for centuries, the bodies or bones of all those who have met their fate on this mountain from frost or accident. Decomposition goes on, of course, very slowly here; and, though the floor of this apartment is covered to some depth with confused bones, yet the bodies which still stand against the walls or lie reclined in great numbers, are in a state of wonderful preservation. The flesh still remaining upon the bones has the appearance of shrivelled parchment; and, notwithstanding the number of bodies, the nicest sense of smelling could detect nothing offensive. But the eye is the organ that is offended upon entering this dead-house; the teeth, the hair, and even eyes still remain on all that have not actually fallen to pieces, and the expression of the countenance, yet more horrible in death, is still there which it had in the moment of dissolution. The more general expression is that of grinning (the effect of the extreme cold upon the jaws); but there are some faces among them not to be overlooked, which give horrible evidence of the acutest suffering.

There is one corpse in particular of a woman enfolding in her arms her infant child; she is in a kneeling attitude, and the expression in the face of the dead betrays the most extreme mental anguish that could be conceived. Even in death the child is folded to the breast with a mother's last grasp, and it never was attempted to loosen it. In the centre of the room, upon a shell a little elevated, lies the last victim of death in his winding-sheet. The body at present there is that of a servant who died some years ago, there being no other burial-place even for the domestics of the Hospice. The monks themselves are, of course, buried in the vaults of their chapel.

The fraternity consists of fifteen persons, including a principal. Their ranks are supplied, in case of death, from the priest-

hood in the canton below; and, though it would seem to be a change for the worse, yet it is looked upon as a promotion to become a brother of the convent.

The brethren are obliged to go down at intervals to recruit themselves in the valley, either at St. Pierre or Martigny; for otherwise it has been found that the human frame is incapable of standing such a continued siege of frost.

Certainly the existence of such an institution as this, and the fact that men can be found to live under it, speaks highly for humanity; for, in fact, to what higher effort can philanthropy be carried? The monks seem to spend the greater part of their day in prayer, and service appeared to be constantly going forward in the chapel. Their profession of faith is Catholic; but be their creed what it may, these ecclesiastics seem to comprehend the true spirit, and practise the best part, of religion—love towards one another. For the entertainment of their guests no charge whatever was made by these hospitable men, and from the poorer or larger class no remuneration whatever is expected. There is, indeed, fitted up in the vestibule of the chapel, a box (having in its lid a small aperture) for the benefit of the unfortunate, and it is usual for the richer visitors to testify their gratitude in this way; but even if the proceeds of this collection were applied towards the supporting the expenses of this establishment, they would supply a very inadequate fund indeed. Provisions, and even fire-wood, are forwarded from Martigny, of course with great labor and considerable expense; and for such purposes the mules and servants of the society are under the necessity of descending the mountain every day. There is always an average number of guests to entertain, for even if the weather be too unfavorable for travellers to make the pass, then the persons already there are snowed up, and must, of course, be fed and catered for during their stay. The truth is, such an establishment is not and never could be maintained by the chance contributions of any passing strangers; a tax is laid in the first place upon the inhabitants of the Valais, perhaps in the shape of provisions; and secondly, it is supported by bequests and the liberal donations of patriotic individuals.

We must not forget to mention, casually at least, the dogs of the convent. The appearance of these celebrated animals, and the duties allotted to them have so often

been described, that it is perhaps needless to be diffuse on the subject here. Many have been the lives reported to have been saved through their assistance; they effect, in short, what human aid never could have contrived. By their wonderful instinct they are enabled to discover and trace the path however concealed by snow. They roam over the mountain day and night; and should they fall in with any poor wretch who has wandered from the track, or who is disabled by accident, they either lead the way for him as a guide, or fly back alone for assistance. It is reported that the original breed is lost; but this is not admitted at the convent; and, at any rate, the present race seem sufficiently sagacious and efficient for the duties assigned to them. There are now but five of these animals employed, but they are far from being scarce, and when untrained may be bought by strangers for a sum varying from two to six Nopoleons. The mountaineers, and even the peasants of the valleys below, are often seen with a dog of St. Bernard attendant upon them, and do not at all scruple paying the value of so noble a companion. The dogs are never bred on the mountain, in consequence of the severity of its atmosphere; but there is a kennel for them at St. Pierre, and again another at Martigny.

On reaching the Hospice, travellers are immediately received with the greatest hospitality, and every want is attended to. A bed-chamber is allotted to each person, but in consequence of the extreme cold in these upper apartments the guests are cautioned not to remain there (unless it be for repose) any longer than is absolutely necessary. They are afterwards ushered into the antique-looking saloon, at the entrance of which stands a fine slab of black marble, having on it a Latin inscription, and erected by the public of the Valais in gratitude to Napoleon. The saloon or receiving-chamber is a curious wainscoted apartment, having about it a very monastic air, but a little spoiled, as it seemed to me, from the presence of several fantastic trifles from Brighton, the gift, probably, of some well-meaning lady who has reached the convent. In this apartment you are left to amuse yourself till six o'clock—the supper hour (should you arrive before that time)—and there are not wanting several objects of interest to engage the attention.

The album of St. Bernard, or travellers' book, is a curious record of facts and opinions. In this it is usual for every one to

write his name, and whatever else his fancy or gratitude may dictate. It does not seem to have been kept for more than three years, or if it has, there has been sad depredation committed upon its leaves by the autograph hunters.

Adjoining the saloon is a small room or cabinet containing coins and other Roman antiquities. These were all dug up near the lake or on the site of the present building, where, it seems, in the time of the Romans, there was a temple to Jupiter. Among the coins I noticed a gold piece with the head and superscription of Romulus. Here are also a few good pictures, and I perceived in one of the frames Landseer's fine engraving of the dogs of St. Bernard, which the holy fathers are not a little proud of. It is clear, however (as they themselves observe), that the artist could never have been at the convent, or if he had, he has sacrificed truth to effect. There are no trees of any description on the mountain; the outline given of the building in the distance is as unlike as may be, and the costume of the monks is very unfaithful.

At the hour of six you are received at supper by one of the monks, who do the honors in rotation. I was fortunate enough to be present when this was the principal's office. There were, beside myself, two American gentlemen, who had ascended that day from the Italian side. The monk addressed himself attentively to each of us in turn, and had about him so little of the recluse, that he seemed more the courtier and man of the world. Every information we could seek he was ready and even anxious to afford; and, as we naturally desired that which was *local*, he willingly gave us every particular of the establishment. The substance of the conversation has been already laid before the reader.

It is the custom of the monks to retire by times to their cells; the time of going to rest is of course left optional to their guests, but it is easy to see they would be more pleased by keeping early hours; and no one is very anxious to keep watch after a toilsome day's journey.

In the morning those who can rise in time may be much gratified by attending service in chapel, and it is considered a compliment to do so. Here, too, is a fine monument of General Desaix well worthy attention. The general was buried in this spot by order of Napoleon, the monument itself being forwarded from the French capital.

After the service we were received at the

breakfast table by our retainer as before; he afterwards sent a domestic for a large bunch of keys, and obligingly offered to show us whatever else was attractive in the house. The library contains a collection of valuable and rare books; many of them, however, seemed to be in manuscript and somewhat venerable. There is also another cabinet of natural curiosities up stairs, having besides an excellent electrical machine, and several valuable miscellanies, presented, I was told, by American travellers.

When we had thus seen all, the principal of the convent took leave of us kindly; for it is expected, of course, should the weather permit, that you proceed on your journey, and make way for new guests. Such, then, is this valuable institution—the Hospice of St. Bernard—a spot not only interesting from historical associations, but which all who have visited can hardly fail to think better and nobler of their species.

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND SPECULATIONS OF LEIBNITZ.

1. *God. Gul. Leibnitii Opera Philosophica quae extant Latina, Gallica, Germanica omnia.* Edita recognovit e temporum rationibus disposita pluribus auxit Introductione Critica atque indicibus instruxit JOANNES EDUARDUS ERDMANN, Phil. Doct. et Prof. Publ. Ord. in Univers. Halens. Pars Prior. Pars Altera. Berlin, 1839–1840.
2. *Oeuvres de Leibnitz, Nouvelle Edition, Collationée sur les meilleurs textes, et précédée d'une introduction.* Par M. AMÉDÉE JACQUES, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège Royal de Versailles. Paris, 1842.
3. *Oeuvres de Locke et Leibnitz, contenant l'Essai sur l'Entendement Humain, revu, corrigé, et accompagné de Notes, l'Eloge de Leibnitz, par Fontenelle, le Discours sur la Conformité de la Foi et de la Raison, l'Essai sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme, et l'Origine du mal, la controverse réduite à des argumens en forme.* Par M. F. Thurot, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège de France, et à la Faculté des Lettres. Paris, 1839.
4. *Gottfried Wilhelm Freiherr von Leibnitz—Eine Biographie.* Von DR. G.

E. GUHRAUER. Zwei Bände. Breslau, 1842.

THESE books are the productions of a species of thinking that is very rare in this country, but of which, in Germany, France, and America, the Press is giving forth some original and many republished specimens.* Containing as they do the results, and in many respects splendid results, of purely abstract thinking, the philosophical works of Leibnitz are singularly fitted for contributing to imbue the mind of an ardent student with comprehensive and lofty speculation. While his writings abound in daring hypotheses, they have yet greatly advanced metaphysical science, by rendering current a multitude of new ideas; and the fact of the circulation of an amount of abstract thought so great, so peculiar in its kind, and so fitted to set other minds to work, as these books contain, can never be unworthy of the consideration of those who would observe and study literature in its most solemn relation. Besides their intrinsic value, they are connected with an important epoch in the history of speculation. This philosopher looms vast even in the distance, at the entrance of the labyrinth of the recent German philosophy. Though a curious combination of circumstances has hitherto preserved the surface of the British mind almost unruffled by an influence powerful enough to create so much commotion on the continent of Europe, there are signs in the literary horizon which betoken a change, for which society in this country would do well to be prepared. By the well-regulated study of these unwonted topics, we might not merely disarm the enemies of religion, of what in other times has been, and will continue to be, a favorite weapon of assault, but we might even convert that weapon into an instrument of use in the Christian service. We therefore willingly take occasion, from the interest revived elsewhere in the life and labors of Leibnitz, and indicated among other means

* The amount of republished metaphysical literature of the higher kind which has appeared in those countries within the last twenty years, is worthy of remark. Some idea of it may be formed from any common catalogue of books recently issued from the Press of Leipsic, Berlin, Paris or Boston. The labors of M. Cousin in this department are well known. The works, in whole or in part, of Plato, Proclus, Abelard, Des Cartes, André, Pascal, &c., have re-appeared under the superintendence of this eloquent founder of the modern eclectic school of France.

by these recent publications, to pass shortly in review the leading events recorded in his biography, accompanied with a few historical and a few speculative notices, as an introduction to that great theme on which his labors were especially bestowed—Metaphysical Philosophy.

Some knowledge of the personal history of the great philosopher whose name stands at the head of this Article, is likely, besides its intrinsic use and interest, to be a valuable help to him who desires to understand and appreciate his writings. It is satisfactory to find that most of the materials collected by former biographers, eulogists, and commentators, along with some new information, have been condensed into a useful biography by Dr. Guhrauer, who has already laboriously edited several of the works of Leibnitz, and contributed to the revival of an interest in the philosopher. His biography is well fitted to bring the reader into intercourse with the great German, and those numerous contemporaries with whom he maintained a "literary commerce" during the thinking age in which he lived. It has, however, less of an academic cast than we might have asked for, and relates to the external rather than the internal life of its illustrious subject.*

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born in Leipsic on the 21st of June, 1646. He was descended of an ancient family, that had gained distinction in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. His grand-uncle, Paul Leibnitz, attracted notice in the wars in Hungary, and was highly honored by the Emperor Rodolph II.

We must not omit a special allusion to the eventful epoch of the philosopher's birth. Just a hundred years before, Luther had rested from his earthly labors, during the excitement of the greatest and most happy religious and social change which the world has witnessed since the introduction of Christianity. But soon after the Reformer's death, Christian doctrine, owing in a great measure to the want of Christian organization in the Church, became, especially in Germany, gradually separated more and more from the hearts of nominally Christian men. The coldness of ma-

thematical demonstration represented Christianity in the pulpits and halls of the country of the Reformation, where in the seventeenth century the icy orthodoxy of Calixtus took the place of the fervid sermons of Luther.

Besides that it was the era of a great evangelical revival, the period of the reformation in religion was a time of much general excitement and progress in society. The reformation of Philosophy was, however, the work of a subsequent period. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the recovery and revived use of the remains of antiquity supplied, for the most part, sufficient materials for literary activity. The controversy between the Aristotelians and the Ramists in the sixteenth century had, moreover, diverted men's minds from the production of a philosophy altogether modern and reformed. The birth of Leibnitz was just subsequent to the time when, the strength of the evangelical movement having unhappily abated in most countries, a movement towards a reform of philosophy had succeeded. The mind is not likely at any time to be strongly stirred by such a science as Theology, without being directed to "the science of sciences." A new philosophy had been developed in England and France. Bacon's *Advancement of the Sciences* appeared in 1605, and the *Method of Des Cartes* in 1637. In each country philosophy had assumed a fundamentally different form. In England, the practical character of the people well harmonized with the lessons of comprehensive sagacity that were given forth in the works of Bacon; and these naturally led to the solid and cautious, yet withal little imaginative form, which metaphysical science has assumed in the works of Locke; and through Locke, generally, in the British philosophy. In France, on the other hand, the philosophical writings of Des Cartes had awakened that style of speculation which cannot be wholly dormant while the spirit of Plato and St. Austin attracts sympathy in the world, and which in France, subsequently to Des Cartes, was adorned and elevated by some of the noblest and worthiest spirits of modern times. Besides the lives of Malebranche and Fénelon, those of Pascal, and Arnauld, and Nicole, and the other recluses of Port-Royal, give to the Cartesian a more sacred interest than can be attached to any other modern school of philosophy. Although this peculiar feature of its history is marred by that mystic

* Since the substance of this Article was composed, we have received a "*Life of Leibnitz*, by John M. Mackie. Boston, 1845." It is nearly a reproduction, in English, of the German biography of Dr. Guhrauer, and is still more exclusively confined to the details of the external life of Leibnitz.

quietism which the monastic genius of the Romish Church tends to foster, it is encouraging to find even this imperfect illustration of the manner in which Christianity may be allied to general speculation.

But Germany was thenceforward to be the focus of Idealism, and of abstract thinking of every kind. In that country, previously to the rise of the Leibnitzian philosophy, there had been no manifestation of the new spirit of reform. The labors of Leibnitz mark the commencement of the very singular course which metaphysical philosophy has since run in the native country of that celebrated thinker. Since then, the original distinction between the schools of Locke and Leibnitz has modified the currents of thought in Britain and Germany, and is thus connected with many of those characteristics by which the British is signally distinguished from the Continental mind. Since then, too, Germany has been the centre of European speculation, and has exhibited some of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of human thought. There, amid the successive revolutions of more than a hundred years, every abstract question has been debated that the mind of man can entertain; and there has been added to preceding ones perhaps the most remarkable and instructive of all the records of the clouded wanderings of human reason. The discussions raised by Leibnitz have given birth to the philosophical systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and so to the now enormously accumulated materials of the Teutonic metaphysics.

The father of Leibnitz was Professor of Morals in the ancient University of Leipsic. He died during the childhood of his son. By his pious mother, the thoughts of the young Gottfried Wilhelm were much directed to religion; and this guidance no doubt gave to his subsequent speculations much of that theological cast by which they are distinguished. Both his parents were Lutherans. Leipsic was nearly the only scene of the first twenty years of his life.* In the Nicolai School of that city, and also in the University, which he entered in 1661, he gave early evidence of the peculiar char-

acter of his very extraordinary parts. His powers of mind were directed, in turn, to almost every object of knowledge. He eagerly studied history and the ancient classics, in which his reading extended far out of the beaten track in which the ill-judged exertions of his narrow-minded teachers would fain have restrained him. It was, however, when he was introduced to logic and philosophy, that the strength of his genius, and the special direction of his mind, were fully shown. He read Aristotle, Plato, and Plotinus, and revelled in the subtleties of the scholastic metaphysics—that stimulant of the human intellect for so many hundred years. In his father's richly-stored library, he read, almost during the years of childhood, Scotus, and Fonseca, and Rubius, and Suarez, and Zabarella, and other schoolmen, with special delight. To the literature of theology he was no stranger, even at this early period. His thoughts were directed to the deep controversies about election and grace, by the works of St. Austin and Luther, the reformed theology, and the writings of Anthony Arnauld. The amount of learning thus accumulated by this precocious student, before he entered the University, appears to have been prodigious. Soon after that epoch in his life, Des Cartes fell into his hands. His tendency towards eclecticism, afterwards more fully displayed, was shown in endeavors to harmonize Plato and Aristotle, Des Cartes and the schoolmen. The scholastic logic and philosophy was then dominant in Leipsic, as it was in most of the other universities of Germany. The spirit, as well as the manner of teaching then generally prevalent in Germany, ill harmonized with the fire of speculation that was already kindled in the bosom of the youthful Leibnitz. A thousand chimeras of speculation floated through his brain. He started a thousand difficulties to his teachers and associates. Even Bacon, and Des Cartes, and the later philosophy, served to awaken rather than to convince him. His mind was too independent to be moulded by others. His intellect revolted from the authority of his teachers. In solitude, he cherished the most ardent views of the advancement of knowledge and the progress of man.

The whole history of the early years of Leibnitz forms a precious record of what we might call *speculative experience*; it reveals the self-educating genius of the really original mind, and shows a singular de-

* An interesting account of the remarkable self-educating process which the mind of Leibnitz underwent during these years, nearly related as that is to the subsequent development of his philosophy, is given by himself in the "*Pacidii Introductio Historica*." See Erdmann's Edition, p. 91, and see also p. 162.

velopment of abstract thought at an age when the attention is usually engrossed with the objects of sense.* In his recorded experience, at the age of sixteen, are to be found the dim forms of those problems which agitated his thoughts during the most active years of his life. For days together, as he tells us, he was wont to pursue his walks alone in the woods of Rosenthal, near Leipsic, revolving in his soul the first principles of that mysterious life, to a consciousness of which he was become awake. Before he had studied mathematics, physics, or morals, he was led to the conception of the higher philosophy. He felt, what can be felt only by the true metaphysician, a need for that scheme of eternal first principles on which all knowledge must depend. This was the theme of his earliest writings. His speculations on a universal language, grounded on what he calls the alphabet of thought, and his treatise *de principio individui*, published when under twenty, display the metaphysician capable of going back to first principles, and of following consequences intrepidly to their issues. In these labors of this early period, we receive a fair specimen of the whole intellectual life of Leibnitz. They are, moreover, eminently characteristic of the national philosophy which he originated. We shall have occasion to return to the subject in the sequel.

Owing to a difference with the University authorities, Leibnitz left Leipsic, and his native country of Saxony, and in 1666 went to the University of Altdorf. There he received his degree in law the same year. He thus belongs to that class of distinguished philosophers who have been bred to the legal profession. The philosophy of law naturally attracted his thoughts. At the age of twenty-one, he published a tract on jurisprudence, which forms an epoch in that science. "There was only one man in the world," says Hallam, "who could have left so noble a science as philosophical jurisprudence for pursuits of a still more ex-

alted nature, and for which he was still more gifted; and that man was Leibnitz. He passed onwards to reap the golden harvests of other fields."

After leaving the University, he led a somewhat desultory life for several years. During the interval between 1666 and 1676, he visited several of the German universities, which must have served to confirm his academical tendencies. A professorial chair was soon within his reach, but was declined by one whose projects of reform in philosophy were too comprehensive to be confined within the narrow limits of a University. In 1667 he removed to Frankfort, where he became Secretary to the Baron von Boineburg, and was patronized and employed by the Elector of Mentz. During his residence in the Electorate, he was much engaged in public, legal, and diplomatic labors, as well as in literary pursuits. Yet his mind was all the while pervaded by the great idea of his life. He found time to edit the *Antibarbarus* of the Italian Nizolius, and, besides, was active in theological controversy. The baron, who was born in the Lutheran Church, had joined the communion of Rome, and was much interested in a scheme for the union of the Romish and Lutheran Churches. This eclectic scheme was afterwards the great theme of the public life of Leibnitz.

His speculations about this time are marked by the vagueness naturally characteristic of one who had cast off the authority of others, and had not resolved a system for himself. It was the transition-period in his life, during which his recorded thoughts teem with the germs of those ideas that are found in a matured form, and in such profuse variety, in the *Nouveaux Essais*, and the *Théodicée*.

These years are still more distinguished as the period of the commencement of that literary intercourse which afterwards accumulated so enormously, and in which Leibnitz always appears in the centre of the thinking spirits of his age. It commenced, and was maintained, among others, with the kindred minds in the Cartesian school—with Malebranche, the recluse author of the *Recherche de la Vérité*, of whom we have the interesting records that his genius was altogether dormant, till kindled by contact with the speculations of Des Cartes, and that his controversy about Idealism with Berkely, on the only occasion they ever met, so roused the ardor of the then aged philosopher, that his death is recorded

* It would be interesting to collect illustrations of such experience out of the biographies of thinking men. A solemn moral regard is due to the cases of those especially (as Pascal) in whom a personal religious sentiment is found to mingle with the operations of a mind engaged in the processes of reflection, and which finds in the consciousness of sin and guilt a new element of difficulty and distress. Such instances suggest the whole subject of the *higher religious experience*, of which the phenomena are extremely important to the student of Scripture and of the human spirit.

a few days after—and with Arnauld, the pious, contemplative Jansenist of Port-Royal, the theological and philosophical antagonist of Malebranche. Leibnitz visited Arnauld at Paris in 1672, and remained in that brilliant metropolis during the greater part of the few following years. In 1673, he went for a short time to London, and came in contact with many of the English *savans*—among others, with Collins and Sir Isaac Newton.* Shortly before his death, for the first and last time, Spinoza, that type of the demonstrative metaphysicians, received a visit at the Hague from the now rising Saxon philosopher. From the extraordinary logical concatenation of the system of Spinoza, his mind must have received a powerful impression. From about 1674, his intercourse with Hobbes may be dated. The skeptical Bayle seems to have been the useful instrument of the more full development of his ideas—an indirect benefit which the cause of truth has often received from the labors of skepticism.†

The year 1676 is an era in the life of our philosopher. Death had taken away his patrons the Elector of Mentz and Von Boineburg. He was himself in Paris. But his fame was become illustrious all over Germany, and he now accepted an offer, tendered for the third time, to reside at the brilliant literary court of Hanover. Thus commenced a connexion which lasted during the remaining forty years of his life, and in which he held a succession of legal and literary offices, under the Duke John Frederic and his successors, the Electors Ernest Augustus, and George Louis, the latter of whom became George I. of England, two years before the death of Leibnitz. The additional means enjoyed by him at Hanover for gratifying the peculiarities of his genius, were used with his characteristic ardor. The multiplicity of his aims during these forty years is marvellous. The development of his speculative genius continued to advance, and his thoughts, stirred from their lowest depths by the cycle of the sciences during that whole period, would present an exceedingly curious

* Did it consist with our design to make lengthened allusion to the mathematical contributions of our philosopher, we should find him holding the first rank in these pursuits, and “sharing with Sir Isaac Newton himself the glory of his immortal discoveries.”

† Leibnitz numbered among his confidential correspondents a Scotchman—Burnet of Kemney. See Dutens' Edition, vol. vi.

spectacle, if we could have these changes in the current of the soul represented to the senses. History, languages, geology, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, politics, and theology, in turn secured his attention, and his busy spirit collected the various learning of each department. His almost superhuman versatility of mind secured for Leibnitz the highest distinction in most of the sciences which come within the range of human thought. In history he labored for years on the antiquities of the house of Brunswick, and the early annals of Germany. An experience of the extreme difficulty of historical researches suggested the comparative anatomy of languages as an instrument for facilitating these efforts. To the study of languages he accordingly applied himself with incredible zeal. He laid ambassadors and Jesuit missionaries under contribution for facts. On account of this single department he maintained a vast correspondence. Facts gathered from China and the Eastern tongues served to stimulate his exertions, and added new materials for speculation. Not content with records and memorials of the past, gathered from the words and works of man, he interrogated the globe itself. In his speculations on the physical vestiges of its early history, we find very remarkable anticipations of the hypotheses of British geologists of our own day. These may be seen in his curious tract entitled *Protogea*.*

Leibnitz was able, in an extraordinary degree, to combine the active and the abstracted life. A great part of his time was busied with the conduct of civil and ecclesiastical negotiations. The details of his services in the department of secular politics are of less use for illustrating those features of his mind which we are most anxious to impress, and may therefore be passed by. His correspondence upon the unity of the Church, with the Landgrave of Hesse-Rheinfels, with Arnauld, with Spinola, and with Bossuet, which occupied more or less of his time during twenty years, demands a more distinct notice. The reunion of the Protestants with Rome was then placed by Leibnitz in the first rank of those questions on a settlement of which his heart was set. By his philosophic mind this adjustment was felt to be nearly related to his previously ascertained speculative doctrines of the theocracy, and of a universal hierarchy. His veneration for the Romish theory of a

living infallible authority, supplementary to, and expository of, the written word of Scripture, was indeed coupled with a protest against the existing corruptions of the Church, and an expression of his fear that a formal adherence to Rome on his own part would, from the practical intolerance of the Romish theologians, cramp the freedom of his philosophical speculations. Though he thus firmly resisted all solicitations to join the outward communion of the Papal Church, yet his heart, and perhaps his conviction, was accorded to the system of the hierarchy. His love for scholastic learning may have biassed his inclinations in this direction, and his comprehensive genius, like that of many other kindred spirits, found gratification in the seeming vast unity and completeness of the *ideal* Catholic Church, with its ritual, and its organization, apparently so suited for all the various characters and circumstances of those whom it desires to embrace within its ample fold, and all bearing so much the semblance of a fitting picture of that still vaster organization wherein he loved to contemplate the whole universe reclaimed into the harmony of the government of the All-holy and the All-wise. We must not extend our notice of this very suggestive topic. This part of the life of our philosopher is not one which occasions unmixed satisfaction. The source of those oscillations of opinion which are sometimes the consequence, in honest and devout minds, of a many-sided view of an extremely comprehensive subject, is hardly sufficient to account for the inconsistencies of Leibnitz in his negotiations with the representatives of the Church of Rome.

During the later years of his life he was much engaged with another project of ecclesiastical union. A scheme was developed by him about the year 1697 (under the auspices of the Courts of Hanover and Berlin), for a general union against Rome of the Protestants, and especially of the two great sections of Protestantism, the Lutheran and the Reformed. It was quite suited to the eclectic genius of the philosopher, and was long pressed by him on the public attention. He labored to destroy what he called the "idle phantoms," by which the Protestant Churches were separated. But the same vicious principles which pervaded his other scheme of universal Christian communion, marred this project of Protestant union. Both were essentially merely political and philosophical. We find no

recognition of Religion and of the Church as independent powers, whose liberties are essential for the accomplishment of the ends of the Christian society. Even this philosopher seems not to have felt, that when religion becomes the slave of merely human authority, it ceases to be either the great instrument of civilization, or the means of preparing men for the full communion of the city of God. The pious Spener, who had personally experienced this supernatural force, predicted the ill issue of the Conference for Union, held in Hanover in 1698, at which Leibnitz, Jablonski, and Molanus were present. The result justified his sagacity. A scheme for ecclesiastical union or co-operation, in order to be successful, should be able to assume the spirit of hearty and supreme devotion to religion on the part of those who are to be united and not the political arrangements of nations, but the progress of a great spiritual commonwealth must be its ruling principle.*

The general doctrine of toleration, and the laws which regulate the attainment of truth, were frequently the subjects of incidental speculation on the part of Leibnitz, connected as they are with these ecclesiastical questions, and, indeed, with the discussion of whatever relates to the social or individual good estate of man. His disposition was naturally tolerant. In his works we have repeated glimpses of those doctrines which have now become much more widely diffused throughout society, and which were so admirably enforced by his great contemporary Locke. He repeatedly appreciates with distinctness the value of the prevalence of mild sentiments, and an unsectarian spirit, as means for the discovery and diffusion of truth—habits of mind, which, we are glad to believe, are becoming now of more generally recognized moral obligation.

* It appears that an attempt was made early in the eighteenth century, and supported by Leibnitz, to introduce the constitution and liturgy of the English Church into Hanover and Prussia. A correspondence was opened with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards with the Archbishop of York. The English liturgy was translated into German in 1704. How strangely do the events of history re-appear! The attempt to approximate the organization of the Churches of England and Prussia was unsuccessfully revived very recently; and in 1817, the fondly-cherished scheme of Leibnitz, having for its end the union of the Lutheran and the Reformed, was actually accomplished under the auspices of the late King of Prussia.

Even the speculative discussion of this class of subjects has not yet been exhausted. There is wide room for an investigation into those general relations among men considered as members of society, in regard to individual belief or opinion, which the moral law demands, and which reason and experience approve, as best fitted to secure the most extensive diffusion of truth; and in subordination to which all special social organization, civil and ecclesiastical, ought to be regulated. The full solution of this great problem is still among those left to exercise the minds of the men of this or of some future age.

Throughout the forty years of his connexion with the court of Hanover, Leibnitz maintained, with unabated energy, his literary intercourse, during which he settled and strengthened the foundations of the literary republic of Europe. In 1687, he travelled up the Rhine, and ransacked the libraries and archives of Bavaria, Bohemia and Vienna, extending his acquaintance with learned men. In 1689, he went to Italy, and gained free access to the Vatican and Barberini libraries. His intercourse with the Jesuits and other religious Orders, was all turned to the account of adding to his stores of learning. After visiting Rome he travelled through most of Italy, and returned to Hanover in 1690, only to resume his labors in the Royal library, of which he had been appointed keeper. In 1700, he was the means of founding the famous Berlin Academy of Sciences, meant by him to be a centre of German literary and scientific intercourse and effort. He was unfortunately unsuccessful in his endeavor to establish at Vienna another institute of the same kind, and on a still more comprehensive plan. He was much interested in the civilization of the rising Russian empire, and had several personal conferences on the subject with Peter the Great. He busied himself with the cause of education and missionary exertion in Russia, and also in the German States, where he was anxious that the schools and colleges should be seminaries of Protestant missions.

Amid all his diversified projects and stupendous literary activity, the metaphysical tendency ever preserved the ascendancy in the genius of Leibnitz. His philosophical principles were gradually matured soon after his settlement in Hanover. The doctrine of *Monads* appeared in a succession of publications subsequent to 1680. Some

of his most valuable contributions to philosophy are due to the publication of the celebrated "Essay on Human Understanding," which appeared in 1690, and at once attracted his attention. There could be little mutual sympathy between two philosophers so completely antagonist as the author of the Essay and himself. Locke despised what he called the "chimeras" of Leibnitz. The Teutonic philosopher accorded to his English contemporary the praise of perspicuity, but proclaimed his utter ignorance of the "demonstrative metaphysics." In 1703, being disengaged, he undertook a formal reply to Locke, which he completed in the following year. The death of Locke caused an indefinite postponement of the publication of this book, which did not appear till long after the death of the author. In 1765, it was given to the world by the industrious Raspe. This work, under the title of "*Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*," is the masterpiece of his philosophical works, and contains the substance of all that has been advanced by him on behalf of his speculative system, against the school of Locke.

Leibnitz' manner of publication was, for the most part, fragmentary. His "*Système de l'Harmonie Préétablie*" is developed in various small treatises. There is, however, one great work, which is more popular and practical in its style, and therefore more generally known than any of his other writings, the preparation of which occupied much part of many years of his life. We refer to the *Theodicée*—a book which holds a front rank in the very small class of works specially conversant with the philosophy of religion. The design of the *Theodicée* is to reconcile the existence and continuance of evil in the universe with the character of God—to remove a difficulty that has been raised in all ages, and in all religions—and that is to be counted the fundamental metaphysical problem of the Christian philosophy. It has already been indicated that the thoughts of Leibnitz were directed to these subjects from the time of his decided intellectual development. In 1671 he wrote a tract on Free Will and Predestination. The negotiations about Church union probably interested him the more in these speculations, as the circulation of doctrines fitted to harmonize the Scripture view of the character of God with the dark phenomena of the moral world might facilitate the peace of the

Church. The avowed purpose of the *Théodicée* is to refute the skeptical principle of Bayle, who denied the consistency of faith and reason, and thus laid a foundation for universal doubt. The public appearance of the work in 1710, produced a profound sensation. It was received with applause by most of the continental universities, but the prevalence of Locke's Philosophy in England prepared the public mind in this country to receive it with distaste.

The current of speculation continued to flow during the later years of the philosopher's life. In 1714 he drew up a scheme of his philosophy for the use of Prince Eugene of Savoy (*La monodologie*). This period of his life was signalized by his correspondence with Des Bosses. The close of 1715 is memorable as the commencement of a still more interesting correspondence. In a letter to the Princess of Wales, he assailed the philosophical and religious principles of the school of Locke and Newton. This called forth Samuel Clarke on their defence. The replies of Leibnitz and the rejoinders of Clarke contain as large an amount of curious speculation as any work of modern times. The manner of God's relation to the universe—the nature of miracles—the laws of the divine and human will—the ideas of space and time—and the character and limits of the material world, are among the stores of this magazine of speculative discussion. The controversy was continued with increasing zeal on both sides. Inferior far in power of generalization and originality to his antagonist, the intellect of Clarke was yet possessed of an acuteness and logical force which rendered him one of the most skilful of philosophical disputants, and demanded a full display of the comprehensiveness and grandeur of mind of his German rival.*

But that mighty spirit was now to have his connexion with this scene of existence closed. Leibnitz had suffered from occasional illness during several preceding years. These attacks, however, passed away, and the philosopher resumed his speculations with renewed energy. In November 1716, when he had to prepare his reply to Clarke's fifth letter, his complaint returned with great violence. The closing scene suggests gloomy reflections, as the

lurid glare, which during his extraordinary life had attracted the eyes of the world, disappears; while we have not the record we could desire, indicating that the moral sensibilities of the Philosopher were rightly alive to the decisive nature of the awful change. His seventy years are ended, and the lightning seems lost among dark clouds. During the last day of his life, we are told he was busied in conversation with his physician on the nature of his disease, and on the doctrines of alchymy. Towards evening his servant asked him if he would receive the Eucharist. "Let me alone," said he; "I have done ill to no one. I have nothing to confess. All must die." He raised himself on the bed and tried to write. The darkness of death was gathering around him. He found himself unable to read what he had written. He tore the paper, and, lying down, covered his face, and a few minutes after nine o'clock on the evening of the 14th November, 1716, he ceased to breathe. It is most solemn to contemplate a human spirit, whose course of thought throughout life was unsurpassed for power of speculation, and daring range of mind among the higher objects of knowledge, and which, at the period of its departure, was in the depths of a controversy about the mysteries of the supersensible world,—thus summoned into that world, to become conversant in its final relations with that Being who had entrusted it with such mental power, and whose nature and attributes had so often tasked its speculative energies.

The effect, upon most minds, of the record of the life of this Philosopher, is likely to be a confused amazement at the extraordinary spectacle of continued mental exercises so unparalleled in kind and variety. Yet a vague impression of this sort ought not to be the predominant one. A grand unity pervades the seeming confusion. The reigning idea which diffuses a community of principle through the whole cycle of his works, we have traced back to the earliest operations of his reflecting powers. Conversant throughout his life with those mysteries in proof of which no reason can be given, and with real or seeming demonstrations based on the foundation of these first principles, we find in Leibnitz the model of the speculative metaphysician.

The philosophical works of Leibnitz are in bulk only a small part of the literary productions of a life devoted to almost

* An English version of this correspondence was published by Clarke in 1717.

the whole sphere of possible knowledge.* Professor Erdmann has rendered good service to the thinking world by his edition (the most valuable of those enumerated at the commencement of this Article) of this class of the writings of the father of German speculation. While Leibnitz could on no subject write unphilosophically, yet, there are sections of his works which may be extracted and combined for publication as more exclusively and profoundly philosophical, indicating not ripples, extended widely, perhaps, over the surface of thought, but the ocean-swell of an agitation that is far below. This department of his writings is scattered, without much attention to order, through the voluminous publication of Dutens, and is partly contained in the rare edition of his posthumous philosophical works by Raspe. Accordingly, while the life of Leibnitz is an epoch in the history of speculation, his speculative writings have been seldom and superficially studied. Besides the materials collected in former editions, Professor Erdmann has enriched the publication now before us with no fewer than twenty-three original documents of his author, not before published, and which this able and industrious editor has recovered, during an active search in 1836, among the accumulation of manuscripts in the Royal Library of Hanover. Most of these added works relate to that theme, on the subject of which we have already remarked as the central one of the intellectual life of Leibnitz. It increases the convenience of this edition, that the several works which it includes, not fewer than 101 in number, have been arranged, as nearly as possible, in the order in which they were written. In this extensive collection, we are glad to recognize the *Nouveaux Essais* and the *Théodicée*.

It is not easy to give even a brief exposition of the very miscellaneous contents of these works. The system and manner of thinking of Leibnitz is to be gathered from his philosophical works studied collectively, rather than from any separate publication. These collected writings bear throughout one very marked characteristic of inventive genius; for they are crowded with richly suggestive germs of thought,

cast forth often in disorder, as it were with intent to exercise the generalizing powers of others. From out of this stimulating variety, there may, however, be extracted two or three more prominent ideas, united, as far as possible, by demonstration, with his assumed first principles; for the main purpose of this metaphysician was to give to philosophy a mathematical strictness and certainty, and to reconcile its doctrines with those of theology. The universe is contemplated by him in the threefold relation of (1), Its *elements*; (2), Their *manner of connexion*; and (3), The *end* of their combination. The doctrine of elements, he calls *monadologie*. The mutual relations of these elements, he held to be developed in a *pre-established harmony*. The final end of creation, he represented as an *optimism*. Let us accompany him at a distance, as he is constructing this system of *a priori* universal philosophy, in order to have before us a specimen of a class of systems, foreign, indeed, to Britain, but which may be compared with the doctrines of the Eleatics, the Alexandrines, or Spinoza, in respect of its boldness and comprehension.

Through experience, Leibnitz finds himself surrounded by compound or material bodies of amazing variety. This implies the existence of elements, of which these compounds are the results, and the nature of these elements is to be ascertained according to the laws of thought. An application of the principle of the Sufficient Reason, demonstrates that matter can consist neither of parts which are infinitely divisible, nor of atoms possessed of figure and extension. Its elements must, therefore, be simple, unextended forces, or *Monads*, in which we obtain the *a priori* idea of substance. The individuality of these monads must consist in the different series of internal change through which each one passes in the course of its existence. In these series, each successive change is termed a Perception, and every monad is a living mirror, giving forth, after its own fashion, a picture of the universe, which is thus one vast collection of spiritual forces. These necessary elements of all concrete existence cannot all be reduced to one class or order, for they are distinguished by different degrees of perception and active power. Some are destitute of conscious perception, and these are the elements of which the material world is the result. Then there is the animating principle of the lower animals. There are also the self-

* This may be seen by an inspection of the most comprehensive edition of his works, by DUTENS, (Geneva, 1763, 6 vols. 4to.) We observe that a new edition of the entire works of Leibnitz is just now in course of preparation at Hanover.

conscious souls of men, containing in themselves the fountains of necessary truth. And these three classes of created forces or substances must have a sufficient reason for their existence. There cannot be an infinite series of contingents, and, if there could, the final reason even of such an infinite series could be found only in a necessary substance. Creation must thus involve the existence of One Supreme Infinite, the *monas monadum*, from whom all that is finite has been derived, and in whose existence it all finds its explanation. This Supreme substance is God. He is the fountain of all reality. The attributes of the created monads, as far as they are perfect, result from the perfection of God; as far as they are imperfect, from the necessary imperfection of the creature.*

Having in these conclusions, as he conceived, demonstratively refunded concrete being into its elements, and related all created elements to the One uncreated and supreme, Leibnitz would next find the mutual relations of the several elementary forces of creation. As the monads cannot have either figure or extension in themselves, their co-existence and relations must sufficiently account for the phenomena of extension, duration, and body. Space and Time have thus merely an ideal and relative existence. They result from the relation of monads, regarded as co-existing or in succession. Further, the elements of creation being absolutely destitute of parts and extension, cannot mutually influence one another. Inter-causation is thus excluded from the real universe, and is confined to the phenomenal, which is governed by mechanical law. Yet the universe is ideally related in the mind of God, and of each creature, in proportion as his ideas approximate to the Divine. God, "in the beginning," launched the elements into being, having resolved for each one a determinate history throughout eternity, and a history which should harmonize with that of every other. This mutual relation is 'beautifully illustrated, when we are told that from the given state of any monad at any time, the Eternal

Geometer can find the state of the universe past, present, and to come. In the attributes of the Uncreated and Supreme, is to be found the sufficient reason for a Pre-established Harmony in all that He has made. This explains the nature of the changes of creation. The apparent action of finite monads upon each other, is really the result of that original harmonious arrangement of God, in virtue of which He secures, without fail, those ends which He contemplated when the universe issued from his hands. The phenomena attendant on that fruitful theme of philosophical disputation, the union of soul and body,—of the self-conscious monad and the related monads of an inferior order,—are counted capable of explanation on the same general principle. The successive changes of the soul must exactly tally with those of the body; yet without any mutual action. They are related as two clocks, of which the one points to the hour exactly as the other strikes; or as separate parts of the same clock, for Leibnitz likens the whole universe to a time-piece which was wound up in the act of creation, and which thenceforward pursues its own movements harmoniously for ever.* Mind and matter—the realm of final causes, and the realm of efficient causes—are thus in necessary harmony. And a like harmony must obtain between reason and religious faith—the kingdom of nature, and the city of God.

This last harmony links the theological with the merely philosophical part of the system of Leibnitz; and introduces us to his philosophy of religion. A question may be asked,—If the universe—moral as well as physical—is a self-regulating machine, is not the Creator seemingly excluded from the government of His creation; and if not thus excluded, how is He related to the sin and misery which it contains? That the apparent manner of His relations to the creation should be what it is, results, he thinks, from our relative knowledge, which must be implicated with the idea of time. In reality, this pre-established harmony is a revelation of the Divine perfection in a scheme of Optimism. Every possible universe was, from eternity,

* The *Monadologie* of Leibnitz is discussed in the pieces presented for the competition (*Sur le Systeme des Monades*) proposed by the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and which, with the successful prize dissertation by T. H. G. Ju-ti, were published at Berlin in 1748. Each side in the controversy has its able defenders among the writers of these curious disquisitions.

* A comparison of this doctrine of pre-established harmony with the late Dr. Brown's Theory of Cause and Effect, illustrating their partial similarity and partial contrast, might tend to excite an important train of metaphysical speculation.

conceived in the mind of God. One of these only can be translated from possible into actual existence, and that one must be the best. There is, indeed, included in it moral and natural evil,—the latter the harmonious consequent of the former, and a reaction against it. But moral evil cannot be separated from the best of possible universes, and the will of God is not the fountain of necessary truths. The mystery of sin is not to be explained by the resolution of evil into good, for sin is essentially evil. But sin is necessarily involved in the *idea* of this best of possible universes, which, notwithstanding its evil, it is better to translate out of the possible into the actual, than to have no universe at all. Thus, the created universe must be the harmony of one great Theocracy, expressive of the attributes of the one Perfect Being. From His eternal throne, its several streams of elementary existence must have taken their rise. They have flowed, and they must continue to flow, in the courses into which he sent them in the beginning; and, notwithstanding of the dark shades in which so many of them are enveloped, they are recognized by His Omniscience as the only possible and, therefore, most glorious illustration by creation, of the pure fountain whence they have originated.

If illusory, these are, at least, splendid speculations. There are two modes of thus rising beyond the limits of the imagination in a philosophy of the universe. We may follow the course of the modern astronomy; or, we may meditate on the facts of metaphysics and speculative theology. He who studies the one, gazes on the starry heavens and ranges in thought over the distant parts of material creation, till, lost in what he observes, his astronomy seems merged in idealism. The votary of speculation, on the other hand, taking in the spiritual as well as the material world, contemplates the Human and the Divine; and with faculties fitted to judge only of successive and contemporaneous nature, meets the mysteries of an objective world, of personality and free will, and of the Divine existence, and seems, also, lost in that world of ideas, where physical and metaphysical science thus appear to converge.

By these assumed demonstrations, of which we have given a very vague outline, Leibnitz hoped to deliver metaphysical science from future errors and controver-

sies, and to lead the way to a universal peace, in which Reason should be harmonized with Religion. Whatever we may say of the truth or falsehood of the doctrines to which he attained, we cannot withhold our homage of admiration when we reflect on such an amount of speculative genius in busy operation throughout a long life,—on the amazing sweep of the abstract conceptions which that genius has employed,—on that strong logical faith in the omnipotence of deduction,—on the richly suggestive ideas which this mighty thinker has contributed to philosophy,—and on the unity of a system which sublimely designs to harmonize the spiritual with the sensible world.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

How SCAPEGRACE first made acquaintance with SCRIP.

As I walked through the wilderness of 'Change Alley, I lighted on a certain coffeehouse, where there was a box in the corner, and, falling asleep therein, I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man bearing a burden on his back, walking up and down the Alley in grievous plight; and ever and anon he put his hands into his breeches pockets, as if in search of something, but drew out nothing. Then he turned his pockets inside out, and cried—"Wo is me! what shall I do?"

And, as he turned his back to me, I saw his burden, which was large and heavy; and thereon was writ, in large characters, the word "Debt:" and drawing near, methought the bag was stuffed quite full of mortgages, bonds, bills, post-obits, and such like, wherewith he appeared to be weighed down even to the ground.

And, as he made his moan, and strove to unloose his burden from his back, behold another man came up to him, who also bare his burden upon his back; but, though it seemed larger and heavier than his fellow's, he wore a smiling countenance, and skip-

ped along as lightly as if his pack had been filled with feathers; and, drawing near to the first man, he thus accosted him:—

"How now, neighbor **SCAPEGRACE**, wherefore so in the dumps? Thou seemest to have a sore struggle with thy load, which, sooth to say, seems a heavy one. Can I lend thee a helping hand?"

"In good faith, neighbor **STAGMAN**," answered Scapegrace, "so long as this burden sticks to my back, I shall have no peace or rest, by night or by day, for I know not how long I may be left at large; and men say that, even now, one **Gripeman** hath a writ out against me, at the suit of **Mr. Legality**, and that I shall be hauled away to prison incontinently. Bail, as thou knowest, I can find none; for **Easyman**, who stood surety for me aforetime, is bankrupt, and thou **Stagman**, hast not a penny in thy purse—if thou wert ever so much inclined to befriend me."

"Nay, not so fast friend," replied Stagman; "matters have gone better with me of late than thou wouldst suppose; and perchance, if thou wilt listen to me, I can put thee on a way to get quit of this thy burden. Or, if thou wouldst rather do as I do, to fill thy pockets, keep thy burden still, and yet dance under it as lightly as if it were no burden at all."

"Of a truth," said Scapegrace, "I long to hear how these things may be."

"Know then," said Stagman, "that of late all the world have gone crazed after a new fashion of travelling, or rather flying, discovered by **Mr. Ironman**, by means of which the traveller reacheth his journey's end ere he well knoweth that he hath begun it, smoking his pipe, or reading the newspaper all the way, as he skimmeth along over hills and valleys, sloughs and morasses."

"These be pleasant tidings," cried Scapegrace.

"And profitable likewise," answered Stagman, "for all that are concerned in these new highways; for now-a-days none will take the old roads, which are fast becoming full of ruts and pitfalls, fearful to behold, and all must soon resort per force to those made by **Mr. Ironman**, who levieth a heavy toll on all passengers at various wicket-gates which he hath set up along the road. Now, as **Ironman** required some friends to assist him with money in making his roads, he hath formed various goouly companies, who lend him their money in the mean time, and share thereafter in the

tolls levied from the pilgrims that use the road. If thou couldst but be joined to one of these companies, as I have been, thy burden might soon be lighter. And even now there is a new road about to be begun, which I doubt not would make thee rich in brief space, if thou wert but a sharer therein."

"Whither goeth this road?" asked Scapegrace.

From the town of **LITTLE-GO**, by **HAPHAZARD**, towards **CENT-PER-CENT**, and thence to the great city of **ELDORADO**," answered Stagman. "Thereafter, if the traffic answer, we contemplate a branch rail to **UTOPIA**."

"But methought," said Scapegrace, "that road of which thou speak'st was full of rocks, and deep pits, and swamps, and quagmires, and other frightfuls. I do remember me of a certain **SLOUGH OF DESPOND**, wherein sundry travellers were bemired to purpose, and some hardly escaped with their lives."

"The Slough of Despond, quotha!" cried Stagman; "a certain man, called in the vulgar tongue a Contractor, undertakes to fill it up, and to lay a double line of rails, with sidings, across it in a fortnight."

"Truly, we live in strange times, neighbor," said Scapegrace. "But then the **HILL OF DIFFICULTY**?"

"Is no difficulty after all," interrupted Stagman; "we pass right through the centre of it by a tunnel in two minutes, so that you need never know there was a hill there. The strata are all clay and sandstone, exceeding well fitted for boring."

"Then the **VALLEY OF HUMILIATION**, and the road which leads therethrough?" asked Scapegrace.

"We go slap across it in the twinkling of a bedpost by a handsome viaduct of thirty arches on the skew principle," said Stagman.

"Lo, you now!" said Scapegrace, marvelling—"Surely, however, the road is rugged and hilly?"

"Thou wouldst say, the gradients are bad; not so, there is none worse than one in the hundred—quite as good as the **Caledonian**."

"I know not that road," said Scapegrace.

"So much the better for thee," answered Stagman gravely.

"But, neighbor, how do you contrive to carry your road through other men's grounds?" said Scapegrace.

"We promise to share the profits with them," said Stagman, "and so keep them quiet; or put them on the Provisional Committee, with power to audit their own accounts. Sometimes, no doubt, we are put to our shifts for a time, as was the case with Squire Despair of Doubting Castle, who opposed us on the standing orders, and threatened to throw us out in committee; but, as it ended in our buying Doubting Castle at his own price, and paying him handsomely for intersectional damage besides, he soon withdrew his opposition, and is now an active promoter of the line. Indeed, I know not any one who can give us further trouble, except it be old Pope, who says the road will ruin his villa, and be the death of any of his bulls that get upon the line; but as we know that he is as poor as a church rat, and will never show face in the committee, we mind him not, and, in truth, I have no doubt the committee will find the preamble proved."

"Find what?" inquired Scapegrace;—"methinks, Stagman, thou dealest in strange words, and usest a jargon hard to be understood of men."

"Find the preamble proved," answered Stagman; "which means we shall be empowered to make the road."

"I suppose then, neighbor," said Scapegrace, "there will be great resort of travelers to this same CENT-PER-CENT, and much toll levied thereat?"

"The passenger traffic, the prospectus says, will be enormous," answered Stagman; "and the minerals along the line are of course inexhaustible."

"But tell me, neighbor, is this same mode of travel as pleasant for the wayfarers as thou sayest?"

"Exceedingly pleasant for the survivors," answered Stagman. "Doubtless it sometimes happens that a carriage or two will run over a precipice, or the down-train from Little-go may run into the up-train from Hap-hazard, whereby some dozen lives may go amissing; but such accidents are unavoidable, and it is satisfactory to know that on these occasions there never yet has been the slightest blame imputable to any one concerned—the stoker being invariably a most respectable man, and the utmost attention paid to the signals."

"Nay now, neighbor Stagman," said Scapegrace; "all this is mighty comfortable and encouraging, and I long much to have share with thee in this same business."

"I know not," said Stagman, "whether

that may be; for the way is narrow, and many there be that would go in thereat. But look you, neighbor, I have promised to do you service if I can, and I will tell you how to set about it. There is an ancient friend of mine, who hath stood me in good stead before now, his name is Mr. Scrip; he hath holpen many a one in worse plight than thou art; so that by his aid, from being poor and needy, they have become well to do in the world in a short space. Let us go together to him; he dwelleth in Paper Buildings hard by; it may be that he will stand thy friend, and help thee out of this thy difficulty."

So methought the men went both together, and, knocking at the door of Mr. Scrip, they were shown into his apartment, which was all garnished with slips of paper, whereon were strange figures and characters written, which no man could read or understand. He wore a coat of many colors, the pockets of which appeared to be stuffed with papers bearing the like figures; he was always looking either up or down, and he moved to and fro continually, as if he could not sit still in one place for a moment.

"Mr. Scrip," said Stagman, "you must know here is a friend of mine who is presently sore bestead, and lacketh thine aid. He would fain have of thee some of those wonderful papers of thine, whereby so many have become so suddenly rich; and, for the sake of our old acquaintance, I pray you pleasure him in this matter."

Then methought Mr. Scrip looked fixedly upon Scapegrace, and shook his head consumedly. "The applications," said he, "are so numerous, that the Provisional Committee have been compelled to decline many from the most respectable quarters, and in all cases greatly to restrict the amount allocated." But observing that Scapegrace appeared much discomfited at these words, he said, after a time—

"Howbeit, as the man is a friend of thine, and this is the first time he hath come to me, I will for this once do for him according to his wish." So, putting his hand into his nether raiment, he pulled out certain slips of paper, and put them into Scapegrace's hand, saying, "Take these, and put them into the purse thou bearest with thee; they are called after my name: a fortnight hence thou wilt pay to me a deposit of twenty crowns thereon, but thereafter thou mayst sell them for ten times the sum."

"Alas," cried Scapegrace, "for now I am utterly undone! I have not a crown in the world, and how can I pay the deposit?"

"Nay, neighbor, have a good heart," cried Stagman, drawing him into a corner; "long before the fortnight comes, we shall have sold these papers to some other man, who will pay the twenty crowns for thee, and give thee a hundred beside for thy pains. At the worst, thou hast but to burn thy papers and be seen no more of men, which, if Gripeman should lay hold on thee, would happen in any wares. Take the papers, be of good comfort, thank Mr. Scrip for his kindness, and tell him thou wilt call another day with the twenty crowns."

So Scapegrace took the papers, and they thanked Mr. Scrip, and went their way.

CHAPTER II.

How Scapegrace, losing sight of Premium, was mocked at Vanity Fair.

And as they journeyed, methought the two men had much conversation together.

"Now, neighbor Scapegrace," said Stagman, "if thou wouldst sell this scrip of thine to advantage, we must betake ourselves to the great market at Vanity Fair, where all the fools in the world be gathered together, and not a few knaves besides. But the fair is a perfect maze, full of blind alleys, courts, and winding passages, among the which thou wouldst assuredly lose thy way if thou didst enter them without a guide; and with such confusion of wares in the shops and windows, that thou mightest walk about from morning to eventide without finding what thou wert in search of. I remember me well, that when I first resorted thither, I more than once went into the wrong shop, and bought many articles which turned out naught. Therefore must we get Interpreter to go along with us."

"Who is this same Interpreter?" asked Scapegrace.

"Interpreter," answered Stagman, "is a stock broker, who knoweth all the ups and downs of the place, the abodes of sellers and customers, and the booths where the best bargains are to be had. He hath his living by directing travellers through the Fair, and showing them where to buy and sell to good purpose. For a small consideration he will go along with us, and help us in this business."

But Scapegrace, who had waxed foolhardy, replied,—“Not so, friend Stagman. I fear not I shall find my way easily enough through the Fair, and bring my hogs to a good market without him, and save my money at the same time. Already, methinks, I feel the burden at my back lighter. Let us push on, I beseech thee, to our journey's end.”

"Neighbor Scapegrace," said Stagman, "thou art somewhat rash in this matter, for Interpreter's fee is but a trifle; and I can tell thee, that if by mischance thou shouldst come to lose thy way in the Fair, thou mayst chance to be very roughly handled. There is always a scum of villains there on the outlook to decoy strangers, and if they will not consent to be cheated, to flout and mock them with gibes and scurril jests. 'Twas but the other day they put Truepenny into the Stocks, and kept him there till he thought he should never get out again; and he only did get out by parting with all the ready money he had. I pray thee, neighbor, take warning, and be advised."

As he spake, behold a third man came towards them from behind, and shortly overtook them.

"Whither so fast, neighbors?" said he.

"Nay, Mr. Littlefaith," said Stagman, "we be all journeying, as I take it, the same road. We are bound for Vanity Fair; and from that little bundle which I see in thy hand, it should seem thou art on the same errand. Is it not so?"

"It is even so," said Littlefaith. "I would fain turn a penny like other men. Men say, in our village of Love-gain, that my neighbors, Plausible, and Saveall, and Worldly-wiseman, by their dealings at the Fair, have made a mint of money; and so would Obstinate, too, for that matter, if he had not asked too much for his wares, and so lost his market, and returned as he went. More fool he! I shall take the first good offer I get, I promise you."

"Well, now," said Scapegrace, joining in their talk, "since Littlefaith is going along with us to the Fair, surely we can do without Interpreter. Come, pluck up a good heart, and let us be jogging."

Then Stagman shook his head, and said nothing; but the three continued to walk on.

After a time said Stagman, "Since thou wilt not take Interpreter with thee, there is but one further advice which I can give. Not far from Vanity Fair dwelleth

a certain man, called PREMIUM; but his house is not easily found, for he liveth next door to Discount, and many strangers, thinking to find the one, have landed at the door of the other. In truth, it is said there is a passage between their dwellings, and that the two play into each other's hands; for oftentimes, when Premium see'th visitors coming, and liketh not their look—for he is a shy man, and easily frightened—he will disappear of a sudden, and send Discount to open the door to them, and to say he is gone out, and won't be home for a fortnight. This man Premium is almost always to be found hankering about the Fair; and so long as thou canst keep close upon him, thou art sure to go right. Follow in the direction he goeth: he will guide thee to a good customer; but having made thy market, bestir thyself, and go thy way quickly, lest evil overtake thee. But take care thou lose not sight of the man, for he often vanisheth when least expected; and shouldst thou fall into the hands of his neighbor, who is ever close behind him, then wert thou utterly undone."

And about mid-day, as they journeyed, they came in sight of the Fair, which was of goodly extent, with many lanes and alleys, through which great crowds were ever moving, and the din and hubbub of their voices, as they called out the names of their wares, was such, that at first the pilgrims were mightily confused. Littlefaith spake of turning back, but being encouraged of Stagman, he took heart again and went on.

And as they gazed about them, and marvelled at the multitudes that were wandering up and down the rows, cheapening the wares, "Now are we in good-luck," cried Stagman "for yonder on the outskirts of the market, if I mistake not, is Mr. Premium. Let us step up boldly to him at once and take his arm—for if we approach him timidly, he will disappear under one of the booths incontinently."

"But do you think we may venture?" said Littlefaith.

"Yea, verily," said Stagman; so hurrying up to him, they laid hold of him gently, but with a firm grasp, and saluted him. He was a portly person attired in a gold-colored suit, and put on a smiling countenance when the pilgrims laid hold of him; but methought he looked about him on every side to see whether he could dodge away, and escape. Finding, however, that they clung to him tightly, he made as if he were

much pleased to meet them, and returning their salutation—

"How now, old friend," said he to Stagman; "what wouldst thou have me to do?"

"Only to show us through the Fair," said Stagman. "These, my friends, are new to the place, and they would fain know how to sell their wares to the best bidder. I pray thee, go with us, for thou knowest all the outs and ins of this Babel."

So, keeping fast hold of Mr. Premium's arm, they entered the Fair; and if at a distance they were confused with the clamor and din of the crowd, they were beyond measure astonished when they got into the thick of it. Here was French row, Dutch row, Belgian row, Irish row, English row, and Scotch row; the chief crowd, however, was in the English row, which was so choked up at times with buyers and sellers, that it was not possible to move along at all. But as most people were glad to make way for Premium, who was well known there and much respected, the pilgrims got along the rows better than they thought.

"What will you buy, worthy gentlemen—what will you buy?" exclaimed many voices as they passed.

"Buy any Pennsylvanians, gents?" said a man in the raiment of a Quaker.

"Heavy stock, heavy stock, Jonathan!" cried another.

"Buy my Mexicans—best Mexicans!" said a third.

"Would not take a present of them gratis," cried a fourth.

"Spanish three's reduced—who'll buy?" said a fifth.

"Reduced to nothing," said a sixth.

"Portuguese deferred annuities?" said a seventh.

"Deferred to the day of judgment," answered an eighth.

"Glenmutchkins—guaranteed stock, 5 premium, *ex div.*," said a ninth.

"Won't do, Sauley," said a tenth—"won't do at any price."

And so on it went, all the dealers bawling and squabbling together, and trying to depreciate one another's wares.

But, in the mean time, a certain one came up to Littlefaith in the crowd, and seeing him in company with Premium, he asked him if he were inclined to sell his scrip.

Whereupon Littlefaith, turning round, saw that it was his old neighbor Plausible,

and answering, said, "Of a truth such was my errand hither, but what with the din and bustle about me, I doubt, shall never pluck up heart to find a purchaser."

"I fear, neighbor Littlefaith," said Plausible, "thou art in the right, and let me tell thee that same scrip of thine is little in favor here; howbeit, for the sake of old acquaintance, I would not have thee return empty—I will buy thy wares of thee. Thou canst not expect of me much profit, but here are twenty crowns, which will defray thy travelling charges—and leave thee a something over beside. Mayhap I may be able some time or other to find a purchaser. There is the money. Give me the scrip quickly; for I see a certain friend of mine, Mr. By-ends, who beckoneth to me, and cannot wait."

Then did Littlefaith take the crowns, and give unto Plausible the scrip, which when he had put into his bosom, he smiled and hastened away. When Littlefaith came back to Stagman, he told him what he had done.

"Thou faint-hearted fool!" said Stagman. "Knowest thou not thy wares were well worth a hundred crowns, which I warrant thee Plausible will make of them before the market is over. Out upon thee for a crazed coxcomb! get thee gone, and trouble us no more in this matter."

"Better is a bird in the hand than two in the bush," said Littlefaith; and so saying, he departed.

But while Stagman was thus gibing Littlefaith for throwing away his wares, suddenly Scapegrace uttered a cry, and said—

"Mercy on us, what hath become of Mr. Premium! I only turned my head for a moment to look at yonder Prospectus of the Grand Equatorial and Tropical Junction, and, lo! he slipped his arm from mine, and I saw him no more."

"Oh, woe is me!" cried Stagman; "what I foretold has come to pass, and now I fear a worse thing will yet befall us."

And, as he spake, behold there drew near a lean and ill-favored person, clad in ragged and sad-colored attire, whose doublet was much out at the elbows, and who looked ever towards the ground; and no sooner did Stagman see him drawing nigh, than he threw his scrip on the ground, and, hurrying through the crowd, he was seen no more. Then I knew that the man's name was DISCOUNT.

And when the men of the Fair saw that

Premium was gone, and that Stagman had fled as Discount drew nigh, they seized upon Scapegrace, and began to flout him at first with fair words and pretences, but at last more rudely and openly. "So, friend!" cried one, "you will buy nothing of us, it seems? Mayhap you have something to sell."

"I have in my scrip a few Eldorados, for which I expected a premium," answered Scapegrace.

"Don't you wish you may get it?" said the other sympathetically.

"Does your mother," said a third, with a look of sympathy, "your venerable mother, know that you are abroad at the Fair?"

"Perfectly well," answered Scapegrace; "it was mainly in consequence of her pecuniary distress that I came hither."

"Distress, indeed!" answered the other; "thou wouldst not have us believe that she has sold her mangle yet?"

"I said not that she had," replied Scapegrace; "but she would gladly have parted with it if she could."

"How are you off for soap?" said another in a compassionate tone.

"Very indifferently, friend," answered Scapegrace; "for my lodging has been but poorly supplied of late, and I think of changing it."

"Lodging, quotha! You sha'n't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, I promise you."

"My name is not Ferguson," said Scapegrace meekly; "neither have I the least intention of lodging here."

"What a shocking bad hat!" cried a voice from behind, and in a trice was Scapegrace's hat knocked over his eyes, and his pockets turned inside out; but finding nothing therein but scrip, they were enraged, and falling upon Scapegrace, they kicked and cuffed, and hustled him up one row and down another, through this alley and across that court, till at last, being tired of mocking him, they cast him out of the Fair altogether, and shut the gate against him.

In the case of illness, the gradual dying, the visible fading away of the cherished image before our eyes, slowly accustoms us to the thought of death—it is the soothing twilight preceding the night; whereas in the other case, the sun sets at once, without twilight. Yes, the greatest sorrow is the beholding the blooming countenance behind the pale ghastly face of death.—*Richter.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

MANNERS, TRADITIONS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SHETLANDERS.

IF Regina will permit an Ultima-Thulian, a dweller in the solitary isles of the Caledonian archipelago, to offer an occasional mite to her great metropolitan treasury of knowledge, I flatter myself I could "submit to public inspection" (as a fashionable *modiste* newly returned from the spring markets would say) some facts new to our modern periodical literature. Vigilant and far-searching as the spirit of literary enterprise now is, it has scarcely turned a thought to the fields of curious and interesting information that bound the northern extremity of our own empire. An adventure in Tahiti or New Zealand, a ramble in the Marquesas, a tiger-hunt in India, "a dinner in ancient Egypt," a legend of the twelfth century, is devoured with avidity, and admired, however trivial in itself, because it is associated in the reader's mind with the idea of rarity or distance. Like the fruits of warm climates, the knowledge that is dug from antiquity or transported across the Pacific is often more prized than the observations which we could gather from the study of society around us, and at the small cost of a few days' sail from the metropolis of the kingdom.

It is for this reason, probably, and because it does not require the writer to encounter savages or circumnavigate the globe, that our cluster of islands, lying between the parallels of the fifty-ninth and sixty-second degrees of north latitude, are a sort of *terra incognita* in the current literature of the day. An Englishman knows more of Australia or China, of the Oregon or the Punjab, than he does about any one of the Shetland Isles, though they are above ninety in number, and cover a space of seventy miles from south to north, and more than fifty from east to west. If he has read Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* he may, perhaps, remember the name of "Sumburgh Head," the southmost promontory of the group; or of the "Fitful Head," rendered classical by the same pen as the residence of Norna. If he has chanced to be at Windsor, or Brighton, or Buckingham Palace, he may have seen a little hirsute quadruped called a *shelty*, or Shetland pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and imported expressly for the equestrian amusement of the

royal children. But with this animal, and the two extreme points I have mentioned, the probability is that his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants—historical, geographical, zoological, and statistical—terminates.

Ask him about Foula, or Burray, or Bressay, or Papastour, or Whalsey, or Yell, or Fetlar, or Unst, the Out Skerries, the Noup, the Sneug, or any other locality between Lamba Ness and Quendal Bay, and he will turn a bewildered stare of amazement in your face, or, perhaps, exclaim, with a shrug of his shoulder, that he does not understand Gaelic. We venture to say he never heard of the Grind of the Navir, or the Villains of Ure, or the "Doreholm of Northmaven," or those sublime caverned rocks that present a mural front of porphyry, with arched doorways, to the wild fury of the Atlantic, roaring in the wintry blast, and battering the weatherworn rampart with the force of artillery. Were I to tell him about the Drongs of Hillswick Ness and St. Magnus Bay, towering above the waves like the ruins of Thebes or Palmyra, and carved by the storm into ten thousand shapes, more fantastic than castles in the air, or the cloud-built palaces that adorn the horizon in a gloomy November evening, he would, probably, inquire if I was describing to him the mountains of the moon, or had newly arrived from the last discovered planet. Take him to the Stones of Steffs, or the precipitous cliffs of Noss, rising perpendicularly from the sea, where a tremendous chasm is traversed by a wooden trough named a "cradle," slung across the abyss from rock to rock, and merely large enough to ferry over one man and a sheep, his head would turn giddy at the sight, or he might imagine himself making a first voyage to the north pole in Henson's aerial machine. It would puzzle him to understand *flinching* a whale, or *skyleing a lum*; nor could he say with old Basil Mertoun, "I know the meaning of *scat*, and *wattle*, and *hawkhen*, and *hagulef*, and every other exaction by which your lords have wrung your withers." Sights and sounds would arrest his senses droller than any to be met with in the modern Babylon, where you Londoners have no days two months long, and cannot like us shave by the light of the sun at midnight.

But I could tell him of other wonders in our islands besides those peculiar to our natural scenery, strange and picturesque though our coasts and headlands appear.

A great proportion of our inhabitants (they are reckoned about 30,000) are amphibious; the men, like the old sea-kings, spending more of their lives on the water than the land, "rarely sleeping under a roof or warming themselves at a cottage fire." The women, too, brave the dangers of a sailor-faring life; for they will navigate boats, as a northern chronicler says, "through terrible seas with the utmost skill and ability." And I verily believe our Arctic Grace Darlings would surpass the heroine of the Fern Islands in deeds of generous intrepidity, should it happen that distressed humanity required their aid. No part of the country is more than six miles distant from the sea, and some of our islands (or *holms*) are not larger than an ordinary drawing-room. We have "horses," and "warts," and "old men," hundreds of feet in height, but they are hills of peculiar shape. Our crows build their nests of fish-bones, for lack of sticks; and as trees and hedges are rare with us, our birds, instead of being inhabitants of the air, must become denizens of the soil. Our eagles are worth five shillings a head to any that can shoot them: we can buy a young calf for eighteenpence, and sell a pair of knitted stockings for four guineas. We are believers in magical arts and preternatural creatures, in the great kraaken and the sea-serpent, in mermaids and mermen, in witchcraft and the evil eye, in the power of invocations and maledictions, in amulets and spectral illusions and occult sympathies, in trows and elf-arrows, in "healing by the coin," "casting the heart," curing by rhyme or rowan-tree, or cow-hair, or a darning-needle stuck in the leaf of a psalm-book. We believe in the possibility of abstracting, by certain charms, "the profits" of a neighbor's cow, or transferring the butter from one woman's churn to another woman's dairy; and all by the "devilish cunning" of spells and cantrips. That such marvels in nature and humanity should exist in the broad daylight of this omniscient age, and yet so little be known about them by the millions who devour monthly articles, is a fact scarcely credible.

It is true we have been visited from time to time by tourists, and naturalists, and moralists, inspectors of education, commissioners of light-houses, &c. The Great Unknown delighted us with his presence in the summer and autumn of 1814, to gather materials for one of his immortal fictions, if fictions they can be called which represent life and nature in the mirror of truth. Here

he viewed our bleak and bold scenery, scaled our stupendous cliffs, studied our manners, which he has so admirably portrayed in the *Mordaunt*, the *Magnus Troil*, the *Minna and Brenda*, the *Norna*, the rustic *Yellowley*, the pedlar *Snailsfoot*, and other personages that seem to move and breathe in his fascinating pages. These are all set forth in his novel and his diary. His visit is not forgotten, and his *Pirate* is still the delight of our youths and maidens.

I pass over the old missionary Brand, who came about the beginning of last century on a religious errand, by order of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and I need merely allude to the *Tour* of Dr. Patrick Neill in 1804, to the excellent *Description* of Dr. Samuel Hibbert in 1822, and to the more recent steam-voyage of Miss Catherine Sinclair, about five or six years ago. This lady performed a whole volume out of a flying visit of forty-eight hours; and undertook to give a description of the country without stirring from Mr. Hay's drawing-room in Lerwick, and on a misty Sunday, when she could not see across the narrow bay opposite her window. But then she had Mr. Hay's chart obligingly spread before her, "on so large a scale that three inches are given to each mile, and not a single peat-stack seemed wanting; so we made a leisurely tour over this wide expanse, pausing occasionally to hear elaborate descriptions of the curiosities we *ought to have seen*, and of the accidents we might probably have met with; all very interesting, but also rather tantalizing." From an hour's inspection of this spacious map, this ingenious lady contrived to manufacture a *Journal of a Two Days' Residence in Shetland, with a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Habits, Manners, and Language of the Natives; their Dress, Appearance, and Costumes; also, New and Original Discoveries respecting the Geography, Astronomy, Natural History, and Geological Structure of these Islands, &c.* This may be intended as a "right merry jest," but it was rather too much to make the public pay seven and sixpence for it.

In my communications I can promise no exploits by land or water to rival this. But if any of the thousand and one contributors to *Regina*, or even her great *accoucheur* himself of 215 Regent-street, should take a fancy to adventure upon an excursion to our Scottish Cyclades, I can promise a welcome reception from our resident landlords, and *udallers*, and clergy, whose hospitality

is not the less warm though it may have a contracted field or limited opportunities for its exercise. I can imagine that a denizen of London, accustomed to the luxuries of cabs and coffee-houses, of coal-fires, easy chairs, and first-class carriages, may have grave objections to risk the perils of an Arctic tour of pleasure. He will likely picture to himself seas swarming with monsters,—the leviathan of the deep spread over many a rood like a vast continent—the marine snake, trailing its wavy length along the surface for miles, his neck covered with a flowing mane, his cold glaring eyes shining like carbuncles, and his head, when looking out for a victim, elevated mast high, with a mouth capable of swallowing a one hundred and forty horse-power steamer. He may dream of billows like mountains, of precipices and headlands, sunken reefs, dark caverns, boiling foam, currents, eddies, tempests, and the whole category of Shetland horrors sung by Norna of the Fitful Head to the trembling Brenda:—

“ By beach and by wave,
By stack and by skerry, by noup and by roe,
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio,
And by every wild shore which the northern
winds know,
And the northern tides lave.”

His nerves, like poor Dame Yellowley's, may be shaken at the thought of the hurly-burly of our *rousts*, or the ungovernable fury of our elements. He may be no admirer of the *fey folk*, or of the Satanical ponies the *neagles*, who gallop off with travellers whom they have allured to mount them, over lank and bog, casting the rider from some promontory into the sea, and then vanishing in a flash of light. He may, perhaps, have no great confidence in the prayers of Bessie Millie, who sells favorable winds to mariners for the small consideration of sixpence; and he may regard with still greater suspicion the humanity of our consuetudinary laws, which attach a sort of retributive punishment to every native who shall rescue a drowning stranger or assist a shipwrecked crew. But if such chimeras haunt his imagination, I fearlessly bid him dismiss them. The tourist is in no danger of casting anchor on a kraaken, or being dragged by the multifarious claws of some gigantic polypus to the bottom of the ocean. These legendary monsters exist only in our popular creed, and disturb the repose of none but the superstitious fishermen.

It is true if the visitor expects the accom-

modation of railways, or post-chaises, or turnpike-roads, he will be disappointed; but he will find our rude climate, and our barren soil, tempered by the warmth of a friendly greeting, and lighted up with a glorious luminary that for three months scarcely quits the horizon. During that period darkness is unknown, the short absence of the sun being supplied by a bright twilight. To use the words of a native historian, “Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Isles, the atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extreme range; the hills and the headlands look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur; the water in the bays appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, unless a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks.” Surely such a picture of tranquil grandeur as this, is enough to put heart into the most timid, to scare away all the traditional perils and monstrosities with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded our northern archipelago.

Another drawback to tourists has now been removed by the facilities which steam has supplied; the passage from Leith to Lerwick, a distance of ninety-six leagues, can be made as regularly as her majesty's mail, and in as short space as Roderick Random's post-wagon took to travel from York to London. No doubt the case was very different before this great revolution in smack and packet navigation was introduced. Then our means of communication with the rest of the world were difficult and few. A letter from Shetland to Orkney had to go round *via* Edinburgh; or if any of our enterprising merchants wished for early intelligence, he had to despatch a vessel of his own for the purpose, and after all might find the post-office authorities refuse for his convenience to interrupt the ordinary means of correspondence. We were often half-a-year behind in our information, which led us into the commission of ridiculous anachronisms and irregularities. Our clergymen prayed for kings and queens, months after they were dead and buried. A young prince, or princess, might be weaned, or walking, before we were apprised of its birth. The greatest national occurrences, the wars of the Commonwealth, the persecutions of the Stuarts, the change of one

dynasty for another, were events known at the extremities of Europe before they reached us. And if we were unwittingly guilty of high treason, in praying for one monarch when, by a fiction of the law, we were understood to have sworn fealty to another, the fault was not ours, but in the want of steamboats.

Tradition says, that the Revolution of 1688 was not known in Shetland for six months after it happened. Brand, the missionary, states, that "it was the month of May thereafter before they heard any thing of the late revolution, and that first, they say, from a fisherman, whom some would have arraigned before them, and impeached of high treason, because of his news." Martin, in his *History of the Isles*, repeats the story with some improvement. He says, "The Shetlanders had no account of the Prince of Orange's late landing in England, coronation, &c., until a fisherman happened to land there in May following, and he was not believed, but indicted for high treason for spreading such news."

This is the common report, which, however, is exaggerated, and not quite correct. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England had reached the island of Unst within little more than a month after it took place—the 5th of November, 1688. The intelligence was evidently accidental, but the fact is stated in a letter written by one of the ancestors of Mr. Mowat, of Garth, and dated 15th December, 1688, which thus concludes: "I can give no account of news, save only that the skipper of the wreckt ship confirms the former report of the Prince of Orange his landing in England with ane considerable number of men, bot upon what pretence I cannot condishend." Though the fact of the prince's landing was known, it may be true that months elapsed before the Shetlanders learned the event of the Revolution. Now all this has passed away. We are no longer reckoned out of the circle of Christendom, or to be on visiting terms with any thing more civilized than *shuas* and bottle-nose whales. Every week we hold communication with the Scottish metropolis, the three winter months excepted; and I see no reason why this interruption should be, for if steamers ply all the year round between New York and Liverpool, why not between Lerwick and Leith?

Suppose, then, one of your *literati* smitten with the curiosity to penetrate this extreme verge of her majesty's dominions, let

him put himself under my tutelage, and accompany me on the imaginary voyage. Like good Mrs. Glass, who presumes her hare to be caught before it is skinned, I stipulate that my friend be in Edinburgh before starting. He must be at the North Bridge Duty-house by half-past five o'clock in the morning of any given Friday in the spring, summer, or autumn months. There he will find cab, hackney, minibus, omnibus, or railway at his service, to set him down at the nether extremity of Granton pier, where he has to pay twopence for his *pirage*, and where he will observe the Sovereign steamer, of two-hundred horse power, rocking and roaring, casting forth volumes of black smoke, with various other symptoms of a determination to be off. The last bell rings at six precisely, the luggage is stowed on deck, the driver and the porter are paid. You muffle yourself up in cloak or Codrington, look out for a conversable visage among the crowd, make up your mind to be desperately sea-sick, cast a parting gaze on the friends left behind, and away you go full boil.

The broad Firth, studded with islands, the shore on either hand planted with towns, and verdant with forests and green fields, diverts your attention from certain disagreeable inward emotions that begin to turn your countenance yellow, and threaten a premature separation between your stomach and your breakfast. Sternwards lie the small isles of Crammond and Inchcolm, and ten miles in the distance the Firth is land-locked by the strait at Queens-ferry, with its projecting rock and promontory. The bay presented to the eye in this direction is picturesque and beautiful. On the right is seen Edinburgh, with its castle, steeples, monuments, hills, blue-slatted roofs, and long terraces of streets. The opposite coast of Fife is sprinkled with dwellings, and lined with fishing villages, the nearest of which are Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, and Dysart.

Half-an-hour's sailing brings you under the lee of Inchkeith, where there are an elegant lighthouse, a rabbit warren, and a few agricultural donkeys. Beyond this island the Firth expands. Bounding the view southwards are Musselburgh and Prestonpans, the hills above Haddington, the high-cone of North Berwick Law, and the stupendous Bass-rock, the *solangoosifera Bassa* of old Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend and host of Shakspeare. To the north the range of fishing towns (most of

them dubbed burghs by king James VI.) continues—Wemyss, Buckhaven, Leven, Largo, Elie, St. Monance, Pittenweem, the two Anstruthers, and Crail. At several of these places, if weather permit, the Sovereign takes on board, and lands passengers, which gives you an opportunity for extracting from your now loquacious companion a little of his historical, topographical, and antiquarian knowledge.

At Wemyss Castle he will point you out the window of the room where Queen Mary had her first interview with Darnley. Buckhaven, he will tell you, is a colony of Dutchmen, the most pure and undiluted in Scotland, descended from the crew of a vessel which was stranded on the spot in the reign of James VI. Leven is a manufacturing as well as a fishing town; it grinds bone-dust, and gives title to an earl. Largo is renowned as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. The house still remains, being a cottage of one story and a garret, in which the father of the imaginary hermit of Juan Fernandez carried on his humble craft of a shoemaker. Pittenweem was the headquarters of the witches of Fife; and on the beach, below the town, you will be shown the place where the last *suttie* of them was performed for the benefit of his infernal majesty, and to the great relief of the pious, witch-fearing, tobacco-hating King James. Anstruther (Wester) derives *éclat* from two celebrated personages, natives of the burgh, Maggie Lauder and Dr. Chalmers. The small house in which the latter was born stands close upon the harbor, and the field where the ancient "fair" was held, memorable in song for the scandalous gallivanting between Maggie and Rob the Ranter, lies immediately northward of the town. It was here, also, that the two heroes of the *Heart of Midlothian*, Robertson and Wilson, were apprehended for robbing the collector at Pittenweem, in 1736, the extraordinary circumstances of which, connected with the escape of the former, and the execution of the latter, caused the famous Porteous mob in Edinburgh, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. Crail is an ancient, out-of-the-way place, but has some repute in history. Here the Danes first landed in Scotland, and killed King Constantine in battle. Here John Knox inflamed the fish-wives, with one of his "rousing" sermons, to march with him to St. Andrew's and demolish the splendid cathedral; here Archbishop Sharp was min-

ister, and rebuked the Duke of Lauderdale, and sundry others of the Malignant nobles, on the "stool of repentance," in order to qualify them for being admitted into the communion of the true Covenanters.

Passing Crail a few miles you turn the point of Fife Ness, the "East Neuk," where the spacious bay of St. Andrew's opens before you, its dangerous entrance being signalized by the beacon on the Carr Rock. To the right you see the Isle of May—*Maia Sheepfida*,—and, farther on, the Bell lighthouse, which will remind you of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines, "Pharos loquitur," and Southey's legendary ballad, "The Abbot of Aberbrothock." In the distance on the left, the ruined towers of St. Andrew's, and the conical *dun* which gives its name to Dundee, are visible; and before you, on the opposite side of the bay, stretch the flat coast and the dim hills of Forfarshire. As you near Arbroath, probably your eye may catch something skimming rapidly along the beach, like an exploded Congreve rocket on a journey, or a Megatherium smoking a cigar. It is a train on the Dundee and Arbroath railway. This latter town is a place of very considerable manufactures, especially spinning flax; and here you will have a close view of the ruins of the magnificent abbey and its circular window, which serves as a landmark, and is commonly called *Big O* by sailors.

Beyond Arbroath stretch for miles the lofty precipitous cliffs of freestone called the Red Head, 250 feet in height, and eaten by the waves into detached colonnades and innumerable caverns, in one of which resides the famous White Lady, who is only visible in a clear day, when the eye can catch a hasty glimpse of her, in a direct line as the steamer passes the mouth of the grotto. This phenomenon is caused by the rays of light penetrating a hole near the inner extremity, and communicating with the surface above. The locality here is the classic ground of the *Antiquary*; the fishermen of Auchmithy being the prototypes of the Mucklelocks, and the Red Head cliffs the scene of the perilous escape of Miss Wardour.

Farther on is Lunan Bay, and, on rounding the point of Usan, Montrose, with its lofty steeple, its smoking factory chimneys, and its magnificent suspension-bridge, bursts upon the sight. The landscape here is rich, and the scenery picturesque; but the steamer stands often too far out to sea to enjoy it in perfection. From Montrose to

Stonehaven the coast is bluff and rocky; behind it, some dozen miles off, towers the great chain of the Grampians, and between lies the fertile valley or *strath*, called the *Howe o' the Mearns*.

From this point to Aberdeen there is little to attract the attention, except Bervie and Dunnottar Castle, near Stonehaven. The coast is the classic region of smoked haddocks. The celebrated *finnan* is prepared with *peat-reek* at the small fishing-village of Findon; and the *bervies*, greatly in request with the Edinburgh and Glasgow gourmands, derive their name from the town so called, where the first spinning-mill built in Scotland for yarn and thread was erected.

The ruin of Dunnottar Castle is one of the most majestic in Scotland. It was built in the times of Bruce and Baliol, and continued long the seat of the noble family of Keith. When sailing past it the appearance is strangely fantastic, as it consists of a mass of roofless edifices, so numerous as to resemble a desolate town. It is perched on a lofty perpendicular rock, like a huge inverted tub projecting into the sea, and almost divided from the land by a deep chasm; the summit is level, and contains about three and a half acres. Various historical associations are connected with this ruin. It was besieged by General Lambert, when Cromwell was in Scotland in 1652, and was eventually surrendered by Colonel Ogilvie of Barras, the governor. The crown and other regalia of Scotland were deposited there, and must have fallen into the hands of the besiegers had they not been secretly conveyed away by Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kineff parish, who buried them under the floor of the church, where they remained in safety till the Restoration. The concealment of these valuable memorials of Scottish royalty forms the subject of an interesting painting by Houston, which was among the pictures of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition of this year at Edinburgh. During the persecution under Charles II. Dunnottar, like the Bass Rock, was converted into a state-prison for the confinement of the refractory Covenanters. Here numbers of them were incarcerated in 1685; it is said about 167 men and women, apprehended for field-preachings, and treated with great barbarity, being shut up in a small subterranean vault in the warmest season of the year, until many of them perished from foul air, like the wretched

inmates of the Black Hole of Calcutta. A grave-stone in the churchyard of Dunnottar records the place of their burial, and the dismal vault is still called *The Whigs' Vault*. The seaport of Stonehaven, a little farther on, has a handsome appearance; the new part of the town being regularly built with broad, well-paved streets.

Leaving all these ancient relics and topographical curiosities behind, the tourist will find himself, about the tenth hour since quitting Granton pier, entering the harbor of Aberdeen. The average detention of the steamer here is four hours, but the time depends much on the state of the tide. While lying at anchor here you will have leisure to survey the granite buildings of that northern capital, and also to form a more intimate acquaintance with the Sovereign, by discussing a substantial Scotch dinner, washed down with first-rate Glenlivet, made into hot toddy, which, if well primed and mixed, will impress you at the end of the fourth hour, if your memory keep steady, with rather a favorable opinion of the Highland alcoholic districts. The Sovereign you will find a trim, elegant, spacious vessel, quite able for her latitudes, and ready to oblige every daring son of Adam who burns with desire to get a sight of the North Pole.

But the time is up, the steam is on, the plunging wheels are in motion, and in ten minutes you are off, the churned waves receding and leaving a foaming track behind, like a highway on the ocean. The Browsers of Buchan and Peterhead lie far to the left; but the Sovereign heeds them not, paddling her weary watery way direct to Wick, which generally occupies ten hours. Here another detention occurs, and frequently a long one, from the quantity of goods and passengers to land, cattle to ship, &c. There are few attractions at this place, unless it be the odor of fish, which are here so abundant that the fields in Caithness are sometimes manured with herrings. Had you time for a trip into the interior, you might regale your eye with a sight of the cacophonious ruins of Girnigo Castle or the verdant plantations of Stirkoke. But the Fates and Captain Snowie forbid, and northward away! is the word.

The voyage across the stormy Pentland Frith is usually made in five hours, the island of South Ronaldshay being the first of the Orkneys that appears to the left. Advancing onwards you pass Copin-

shay, with its "horse," a precipitous rock said to be nearly one thousand feet high. The view of this island amuses and amazes travellers. "It presents," says Miss Sinclair, "a gigantic barricade of rocks inhabited by millions of birds, which we saw, though I had not time to count them, sitting in rows like charity children with black hoods and white tippets, ranged along every crevice in the cliffs. Several guns were fired, when an uproarious noise ensued, which can be compared to nothing but the hurraing of a whole army. Above, below, and around, the sea, air, and rocks, seemed one living mass of birds, screaming at the full pitch of their voices, rushing through the air, careering to the very clouds, flickering in circles overhead, zigzagging all around us, and then dropping like a shower into the ocean!"

If the sea is smooth, the steamer takes a narrow channel which lies between Copinshay and Deerness, the most easterly parish in the mainland; and after rounding a bold headland called the *Mool*, she stands through the *String*, a rather intricate passage which divides the mainland from the island of Shapinsay. Leaving *Thieves Holm* to the left, she brings up in Kirkwall Roads generally between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Her detention here is short, rarely exceeding an hour; and retracing her course down the *String*, she proceeds northward, passing Stronsay, Sanday, and North Ronaldshay, arriving at Lerwick about four o'clock in the morning, the voyage being generally made in about twelve hours.

This is a dreary, solitary passage, the only human habitation to be met with being Fair Isle, about half way between the two northern archipelagos. It rises "like an emerald in the wide ocean, quite a little world in itself, covered with grass of a most vivid and luxuriant verdure." On nearing this Arctic oasis, you will hear from some of your topographical fellow-tourists the *Traditionary Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, Commander of the Spanish Armada, in the year 1588*. According to this narrative, the ducal commander of the Invincible Armada, after being chased by the English admiral, was driven on Fair Isle, where his anchorless ship struck and went to pieces, himself and 200 of his men effecting a landing in their boats with the greatest difficulty. This was a perilous addition to the population of so small a terri-

tory, which could scarcely yield enough to support the few families that occupied it. The Spaniards soon consumed all the victuals in the island, devouring fish, fowl, sheep, horned cattle, and even horses. Famine was the consequence, and the love of self-preservation taught the natives to withhold farther contributions to the strangers, and to secrete, in the darkness of the night, among the recesses of the rocks, the provisions that were indispensable for their own existence. Many of the Spaniards perished of hunger, others were thrown by the famishing islanders over the cliffs into the sea.

Their destitute situation was, at length, made known to a gentleman in Shetland, Mr. Andrew Umphrey, who farmed the Fair Isle; and, with the assistance of his boats, they were conveyed to Quendal Bay, where the duke became the guest of Malcolm Sinclair, "a worthy Scottish gentleman," until a vessel should be equipped to convey him and the survivors of his crew to the Continent. Tradition says that the duke, having a mind to produce an imposing effect on his hospitable entertainer, dressed himself up in the splendid costume of a Spanish grandee, and asked him if he had ever before seen a person of his rank and mien? Sinclair being a true Presbyterian, and knowing his guest to be a foreign Papist, bluntly replied in broad Scotch, "Farcie in that face, I have seen many prettier men hanging in the Burrow Muir!" the said locality being then the common place of execution at Edinburgh. The duke and his party, however, did effect their return, having been safely landed at Dunkirk in a vessel equipped for the purpose.

When the rocks of Fair Isle have receded from the view, the two promontories of Sumburgh Head and Fitfiel Head (the White Mountain) salute the eye; and by degrees the shores of Dunrossness and the outline of the mainland are developed in perspective.

"The country," says Dr. Hibbert, "seems to be characterized rather by the number than by the height of its hills; but the nakedness of the surface, which not a tree or shrub interposes to conceal, recalls every chilling idea that may have been preconceived in the mind of hyperborean desolation. The stranger can scarcely avoid contrasting the sterility that appears before his eyes with the richness of the valleys he may have so lately quitted on the banks of the Forth. Shetland truly appears

to be what was long ago said of it by a Stirlingshire visitor, 'the skeleton of a departed country.'"

Having landed the tourist in Lerwick, without being wrecked against the north pole, or lodged, like another Jonah, in the stomach of an ichthyosaurus, I shall leave him to select his own amusement, to examine Fort Charlotte, or gaze on the numerous boats that stud Brassay Sound, or take his ease in his inn, or go fishing for *podleys* or *silloks*, or any other occupation that may chance to hit his humor. He will not find our metropolis quite so large as London or Pekin, or so regularly built as Edinburgh or St. Petersburg. It has *one* street of considerable length, in the form of an amphitheatre, along the shore, with numbers of lanes, or *closses*, leading backwards to a road on an eminence above the town. The houses are built of grey and white sandstone: some of them are handsome, fitted up with every accommodation in modern style. But in viewing the position of the place, it will be seen at a glance that no architect had been consulted in planning the streets. The oddest angularities prevail, no order being observed. Backs are turned to fronts, gable ends to the street, projecting at angles of every degree. With the exception of those newly erected, the tenements appear as if they had dropped from the clouds, and as if every proprietor had made it his original study to be as unlike his neighbor as possible. Gas and stone pavement have been introduced. We have a court and town-house, a news-room, a bank, a prison, a masonic lodge, and a manufactory for straw plait. The utmost quiet reigns in the town, whose echoes are never awakened by steam-whistles, or mail-horns, or even the wheels of carriage, cart, or gig. The clattering of a shelty's feet is the only noise—except when we have drunken sailors—pedestrian, equestrian, or vehicular, that greet the ear.

Whilst you are enjoying yourself after your own fashion, allow me to revert to the descriptive sketch with which I set out, and which has suffered a little interruption by my account of the voyage. The absence of general vegetation is one of the first things that arrests the stranger's notice. Every thing looks brown, parched, and barren. Our indigenous trees are few, scarcely deserving the name, and never requiring a visit from the commissioners

of woods and forests. Indeed, thousands of the natives have no other idea of a tree than a log of fir, which they may have seen in a Norwegian clipper or a drifted shipwreck. They cannot understand how it is rooted in the earth and shoots out foliage. A phenomenon of this kind would be as new and marvellous to them as the icy ocean would be to the scorched negro of Central Africa. Dr. Niell mentions that a native Shetlander, who had spent his days in his own island, having occasion to visit Edinburgh, when trees were first pointed out to him on the coast of Fife, observed, that "they were very pretty;" but, added he with great simplicity, "What kind of grass is that on the top of them?" the term grass, or *girse*, being applied in Shetland to all herbs having green leaves. Trunks and branches are found in peat-mosses, showing that trees must have existed at one time. But they have vanished. Our groves are merely a few dwarf bushes of birch, willow, and mountain-ash, stunted and scattered over the bleak soil, and scarcely of height sufficient to hang a dog. If there be any other more commanding specimens of the genus *arbor*, they are, perhaps, some old plum or sycamore in one or two gardens, which, at the age of 100 years, may have attained the stature of forty or fifty feet. Except in these cases, we have nothing in the timber line suited for higher purposes than making a barber's pole, or the rafters of a cottar's shieling. We have no native coal, but abundance of peat; no cholera, but often rheumatism, catarrh, and dyspepsia; no Roman Catholics, but a few Methodists, Independents, and Anabaptists. Until the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, we were unknown in the parliamentary representation of the British empire; but since that time we have had the honor to return half-a-member. Our only musical instrument is the fiddle, for, like all northern nations, the Shetlanders are fond of dancing; but the Presbyterian discipline, true to its puritanical character, discourages these amusements, lest they should tend to foster idleness and vice. This I think is a mistaken rigor, for the effect of such prohibitions is to check innocent and healthful enjoyment, to induce a morose habit, and clap an extinguisher on some of the happiest associations of life. It is said to be a characteristic of the colder regions that the people are addicted to stimulating beverages, but I cannot accuse my countrymen of that.

On the contrary, they are remarkable for sobriety; and though Father Matthew has not yet paid us a visit, temperance societies have been established, the effect of which has been to diminish the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to cause some of our conscientious spirit-dealers to shut shop, and abandon the traffic altogether, from an honest conviction of its impropriety. We have benefit societies, but their advantages do not seem to be highly appreciated,—owing, perhaps, to the desultory habits and precarious occupation of the people, who would rather trust to the lottery of the sea and the fishing-boat with its immediate gains, than to a distant and doubtful reimbursement from a society. The only branch of this benevolent scheme that succeeds is the Fisherman's Fund, for the relief of widows, orphans, and invalids or aged persons. It was established nearly forty years ago, and is understood to have a capital of nearly 3000*l*. Though we scarcely require the services of the Irish apostle, we have much need of Macadam. Our roads are miserable. We have no regular highways or turnpikes, and, fortunately, no highwaymen. In many parishes there is not even a foot-path nor a sheep-track. The traveller must take the sun or the nearest shrub for his compass, and pilot his way over the dreary waste by *meaths* from hill to hill, and from *toon* to *toon*. There are no public conveyances, no carriages, no carts, no railroads, no bridges, no canals, no harbors, but only some open roadsteads, or winding creeks, called *voes*, which deeply indent all the larger islands, and afford great facilities for internal communication were the inhabitants provided with the means. It has been suggested that small steamboats, using peat for fuel, might be employed as a substitute for land conveyance both for passengers and the produce of the country; but I much fear there is neither capital nor enterprise for such an undertaking. In the absence of regular roads, wheeled carts are of little use; but in their stead, ponies with pack-saddles are employed. There are a few parishes—Tingwall, for example—where tolerable roads for *summer* are made; but you may judge of their quality for mail or stage-coach purposes, when you learn that during winter they are so broken up, people cannot go to church on foot without wading knee-deep in mud. In like manner, some of the *voes*, as that of Hillswick, afford safe anchorage for vessels, being

sheltered from every wind, and of sufficient capacity to contain the whole navy of Britain. The spade is almost the only implement used in husbandry, for with us agriculture is nearly as much in its infancy as when Noah stepped from the ark, or, to go a little further back with Dryden, "when Adam delved and Eve span." A plough is a rarer sight here than the constellation of that name. The laird and the minister may have one or two, drawn sometimes by a pair of oxen, sometimes by a quartette of ponies. The harrow is even more primitive in its structure and operation than the plough. It is guiltless of iron in any form, and so rude that, like Solomon's Temple, you might suppose no edge-tool had ever been lifted upon it in the making. It consists merely of two parallel bits of wood, about three feet long, with from eight to ten circular teeth in each piece, the whole frame-work being connected at the ends by a cross-bar.

In using them, the employment of animal labor is dispensed with, for they are drawn by a man, often by a woman, harnessed to them by a rope tied to each end of the parallel bars. Sometimes the land is too rough for a wooden harrow; instead of which, after the ground is delved and sown, a person takes a besom of heather, and sweeps mould, seed, and manure over head. This substitution of the human being for the brute is degrading enough, but it is not so looked upon by us. In former times, it was not uncommon to make women perform the work of horses even in more civilized parts of Scotland than our remote islands. When the foundation of Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh was dug, not longer ago than 1632, the "softer sex" were compelled to do the severest part of the drudgery—carting away the rubbish! Among the disbursements in the treasurer's book for that year, belonging to the hospital, are mentioned the prices paid for "shakells to the wemeine's hands," also "loks and cheines for thair waistes," "*item, ane quhip (whip) to the gentlewomen in the cairt, 12s.*" and "to the man that keipis them, 3*l*. 12s." The money is Scottish, so that the price of iron, and leather, and the amount of wages in those days, must have been very small. Perhaps for the credit of Scotland, I ought to add the explanation given of these extraordinary facts, to show that in the seventeenth century females generally were not put to such servile and shocking work. The "*gentlewomen in the cairt,*" and the

"sax wemen that drew the red," were doubtless hardened offenders of a particular class, upon whom every kind of church censure, such as the *jougs*, *sackcloth*, and the *cutty-stool*, had been fruitlessly expended.

As Edinburgh had then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure in the manner stated above, by employing these incorrigible culprits in "redding (clearing) the found" of the hospital. But in Shetland, as I have said, for a man or woman to do the work of a horse, is nothing more than a part of our agricultural system. Corn, peats, or other articles, are transported on the human back, in *casies* or *cubbies*—a sort of rude basket made of straw. Occasionally the pony is employed in carrying, and then the *creels* or heather baskets are used, which are balanced one on each side, by means of the *clibber* and *mazy*.

While our husbandry is in so primitive a condition, it may readily be supposed that the march of improvement has made but indifferent progress with us. But to compensate for this drawback, we have advantages which our richer neighbors in the more genial climes of the south do not possess. We have cheap land, cheap rents, cheap beef, cheap mutton, cheap bread, cheap poultry, cheap fish, cheap every thing. What would an English or a Lothian farmer say to getting a whole island to himself at the rate of eight shillings the statute acre, with plenty of women to labor it, at wages of sixpence a-day! Nay, in some of the islands this rent would be deemed extravagantly high, 1200 per cent. too dear! In Yell, for instance, an estate of 73,000 acres, nearly one-half in pasture, the rest arable and inclosed grass land, only produces an average rent of scarcely *eight-pence* per acre! Surely here is scope for Lord Brougham's agricultural schoolmaster to look abroad, and instruct our landowners and husbandmen in the virtues of guano. True it is, our soil is none of the best, partaking more or less of the quality of moss, mixed with clay or particles of the decayed rock on which it rests. The atmosphere, too, especially in winter, is uniformly moist, but temperate beyond what will be credited by those accustomed to the cold prevalent at that season in the interior of the three kingdoms. Snow rarely lies above a day

or two at a time; although we have occasionally snow-storms of two, or nearly three months' duration. A few years ago the clergyman of Yell noted the following in his memorandum-book on the 24th of December:—"This day the turnips are as green as they were at Michaelmas; the rye-grass among bear-stubble measures from eight to ten inches of green blade; and among the last year's rye-grass the daisy is every where seen in bloom." Let the Carse of Gowrie, or the sheltered fields of Hampshire and Devonshire, match this if they can. Last Christmas, such was the mildness of the temperature, we could boast of our young gooseberries, and winter blossoms, as well as our more southerly neighbors. And then there are certain troublesome vermin, abundant enough in more favored climates, from which we are exempt. There are some of our islands to which neither the mouse nor the rat have yet found their way. The grouse or moorfowl is also a stranger to us, though common in Orkney and the Highlands of Scotland; and the reason perhaps is, that the heather with us is too stunted to afford them the shelter they require. It is not many years since justices of the peace were as rare as mice or moorfowl, for except the sheriff-substitute, there was not a magistrate of any kind in Shetland. Nay, it would appear we must have had a visit of St. Patrick to scare away certain loathsome reptiles, for as an eminent living naturalist observes in his tour, "The untravelled natives of Unst had never seen either frogs or toads, and indeed had no idea of the appearance or nature of these animals!" Our domestic cattle are abundant, but their diminutive size and price would astonish the dealers in Smithfield market. A good fatted cow ready for slaughter weighs from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half hundred weight; so that a flesher could tuck her under his arm; and an alderman at one of your civic feasts would not feel alarmed were one of them served up entire in an ashet before him. Beef is reckoned extravagantly high if it exceed three-halfpence or two-pence the pound. A whole calf may be purchased for eighteenpence; and if the skin is re-sold it brings a shilling, leaving only sixpence as the price of the carcass. A ewe fit for the butcher will sell for four or five shillings, and a male lamb for about a third part of the sum. The native race of sheep are small sized, and scarcely weigh more than twenty or twenty-four pounds of mutton,

carrying a fleece of from one to one-and-a-half pounds of wool. They have small tails; and it is rare to see a ewe with horns. The practice is now getting in, where it can be safely adopted, of crossing the native breeds with black and white-faced rams, and where the pasture is sound, either of the crosses answer very well, as both mutton and wool are improved in quantity. But wherever the pasture is deep and wet, they are invariably found not to be so hardy, or to thrive so well, as the original breed. In some parishes their number is very great, and they form a sort of common property, or at least, the proprietor cannot always distinguish his own; for as all the tenants in these cases exercise an unlimited right of pasturage on the hills, or "scathold," as the tenure is called, except the few who drive their sheep into the same *cruive* or *pound*, no other person can possibly know the exact number belonging to each individual. My friend, the minister of Sandsting and Aithsting, whose parish, spiritually as well as pastorally, contains one of the best flocks in our islands, is very learned in his description of the character and habits of this animal, although the terms which it is necessary to employ may, perhaps, sound oddly to those whose knowledge of the English tongue is drawn exclusively from Johnson's *Dictionary*. In his account of his parish, he tells us, the sheep are of various colors, white, black, grey, as Shakspeare's goblins; *catmugged*, brown, or *moorit*, black and white in equal proportions, or *shilah* and piebald. Every neighborhood has a particular pasture, or *scathold*, on which his sheep are fed; and every person knows his own by their *lug-mark*, that is, one has a hole in the ear, another a slit or *rift*, another a *crook* or piece cut out of the ear behind or before, &c.; and it is a rule in the parish that no two persons are allowed to "lug-mark" their sheep in the same way. Each neighborhood has also a *cruive* into which they drive their sheep, for the purpose of smearing them, taking off the wool, marking the lambs, and keeping them tame. The mode of sheep-shearing here is rude and cruel, for the wool is not clipped off as in other places, but is torn from the animal's back by an operation called *rooing*. For the most part two, and sometimes more persons, tear the wool from the poor tortured beast at one time; and though it may not sometimes occasion much pain, in general it is a troublesome and savage process.

The customs regarding the feeding and ownership of this animal are curious. When a stray sheep is found, the individual who finds it takes care of it for a year and a day. Proclamation is then made at different churches in order to discover the right proprietor; and if after that no one appears to claim it, it is sold, one-half of the price being allotted to the person who took charge of it, the other half to the poor of the parish in which it was found. The neighbors whose sheep pasture together are called *scat-brither*; and those who have a few pasturing in any place at a distance from their residence, or perhaps not in the parish, are called *out-scatholders*. A lamb may be grazed at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per annum; and a cow or ox for eight or ten shillings during summer; in winter the sum demanded for fodder is about the same. Pigs and ponies compose a material part of our domestic animal stock. Almost every family keeps one pig, many have two; and several keep large herds of swine, which are sent off to the hill or common pasture in summer, where they contrive to shift for themselves, their principal food being earth-worms and roots of plants; but occasionally they fall in with a more savory morsel in the shape of a young lamb or a sickly ewe, or birds' nests, of which they are as fond as a Chinese, or any other Oriental gourmand. The native breed is very small, with short, upright ears, and a long cartilaginous nose, with which he commits sad havoc when he steals a *raid* into the potato-field or the farm-yard, digging, and ploughing, and committing every species of destruction. When he puts on his winter clothing, an uglier animal cannot be conceived to exist. Next his body is a close coating of coarse wool, above which rises a profusion of long stiff bristles, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and presenting a most formidable, *noli-me-tangere* appearance to every assailant, human or canine. Of the bristles and wool elastic ropes of great strength are made for *tethering* horses and cows. But, in spite of his revolting appearance, a Shetland pig, when well fed, would not discredit the board of an epicure. His pork is delicate, his ham delicious, and might contend for the premium of the old glutton monarch who proclaimed a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. A considerable improvement both in appearance and size has been made on the native race in consequence of the introduction of a better spe-

cies, brought to our islands in some of the Greenland ships. A pig, in its different stages of existence, has almost as many distinctive names with us as a lion or a camel among the Arabs. When sucking, or in a state of infancy, he is known by the name of a *runny* or *grice*; one fed about the fire-side is a *patty*; one with young a *silik*; a boar is called a *gaat*. The most prevalent distemper to which they are liable is the *gricifer*, which deprives them of the use of their hind legs, and is seldom curable. Of the pony little need be said. He is well known, for he is almost the only live inhabitant, except the fisherman, that visits foreign parts. He is of every color, white, black, brown, grey, dun, cream, chestnut, piebald, and of every size on a limited scale, between twenty-eight and forty-four inches. He is hardy, docile, and capable of showing high mettle. Like the hog, he undergoes a marked transition in the annual aspect of his "outer man," for when the sheltie (as Dr. Hibbert remarks) "is in his winter or spring garb it is difficult to suppose that his progenitors were the same animals which travellers have described as prancing over the arid tracks of Arabia. The long shaggy hair with which he is clothed has more the appearance of a polar dress, or of some arctic livery specially dispensed to the quadruped retainers of the genius of Hialtland." Instead of the sleek skin and handsome appearance which he displays with so much spirit in the summer months, in winter his exterior is uncouth, his symmetry disappears, all his motions are dull and languid. The general torpor of nature seems to freeze up his energies and paralyze his whole frame. His food is coarse and scanty; but, notwithstanding the privations he endures, he frequently lives to a good old age. I have known them live thirty years and more, and even at that age able to travel a pretty long journey in carrying *feals* from the hill to mix with manure for composts. No attention is paid to the breed, which consequently is degenerating; and this is to be regretted, for the best proportioned is always the one first sold, and fetches the best price. They might easily be improved, and were due care employed, I am convinced there would nowhere be found a finer race of animals. Their value is from twenty or thirty shillings to six pounds sterling; and their yearly export to England and Scotland forms a considerable traffic. At one time the Orkney traders were in the habit of

coming over and bartering linen for ponies; but this practice ceased when a regular packet communication was established between Lerwick and Leith. At that time, and until the introduction of steam-navigation connected us with the rest of the world, we had less intercourse with our neighbors the Orcadians than with any other part of Great Britain. A letter or parcel to the nearest of these islands had generally to be sent to Edinburgh, and thence was returned to its destination by a voyage across the Pentland Firth. Now, thanks to James Watt and the gallant Sovereign, *tout cela est changé*. We are, at least nine months in the year, within reach of civilization and fashion once a-week.

Having said a few words about cows, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass over the dairy and its management, which are always important matters in a Shetlander's household economy, and have even been sung in poetry and regulated by ancient laws. In the article of milk we have nothing to complain of; it is good in quality and yielded in greater quantity than could be expected from the size of the cow, which, when put on good feeding, will give thirteen or fourteen quarts per day, being more than Burns's "dawtet twal-pint hawkie" gave in the rich pastures of Ayrshire. It is in the proper management of the milk that we fail; and here our want of cleanliness, especially in the olden time, not only compelled the interference of the magistrate, but afforded a theme for the sarcastic wit of the traveller and the poet. In the parish of Sandsting the excellent and respected minister states that those farmers who keep four or more cows churn once every day in summer; but the quantity of butter is not in proportion to the frequent churning, for the cream is never properly gathered. An old but abominable fashion prevails, greatly injurious to the reputations of our housewives, for when the operation of churning is advanced to a certain stage a *heated stone* is dipped into the churn, and by this means the labor is shortened and an addition is made to the quantity, though not to the quality of the butter. Part of the curd thus becomes incorporated with the butter, which presents a white and yellow spotted appearance, resembling mottled soap or the grease-butter of Sir Robert Peel's tariff, with which the House of Commons was made so merry by the premier during the great corn-law debate. It must be confessed that by very few is attention paid to the

dairy, so that one of the ancient local acts would still require to be enforced, which ordains, "That no butter be rendered for payment of land-rent, or for sale, but such as is clear from *hairs, and claud and other dirt*." It is the custom for landlords to have part of their rents made payable in butter; and probably this regulation, added to the want of proper milk-houses and due attention to the milk-vessels, may help to account for the sad neglect of cleanliness in this department. Very little butter is sold; and no wonder, seeing our peculiar style of manufacture is no recommendation to the foreign market. The butter-milk is called *bleddick*, and into this is poured a quantity of boiling water, by which means the curd is separated from the *wey* or serum. The former is named *kirn*, and eaten with sweet milk; the latter is called *bland*, and used as drink instead of small-beer. It will keep for several months, when it acquires a strong acidity. The stigma of untidiness in regard to the dairy attached in former times to the Orcadians as well as to us, although our neighbors have now completely wiped it off (and why should not we?), for their butter is the finest that can be eaten, and commands a high price wherever it is known. The case, however, was not always so; and I have in my possession a curious poem entitled *The Character of Orkney*, printed in 1842 from a volume of miscellaneous verses in manuscript, preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, wherein the author indulges his humor with more severity than justice, I am inclined to think, on the slovenly habits of the people in their persons, as well as in their food. On the articles of butter and cheese his coarse ribald wit is not surpassed by that of Butler, whose quaint style he seems to imitate, although he wrote in 1652, when Cromwell was in the north of Scotland. I shall give a short quotation slightly modifying the antiquated spelling:—

"A man may venture
In riding booties, and well pull'd up, to enter
Their very dayries; which being now my theme,
Sitt downe and supp a whin soure milk and
creame

While I discourse itt. Have you ever been
Downe in a tanner's yard? and have you seen
His lime-pits when the filthy muck and haire
Of twenty hides is washt and scrapt off there?
'Tis Orkney milk, in color, thickness, smell,
Every ingredient—and it eats as well.
Take from the bottome upp an handfull on't,
And that's good Orkney butter—fie upon't!

This grease (for soe they trully call it) pleases
The eye, the taste, the smelling, &c.
They use a charme, too, with three heated
stones.
Nine *Ace Maryes*, and seven ill-far'd groans,
To fetch their nasty butter upp, which when
They're done the witches conjure down againe
Through their own whems. Their punishment
in this
Is well proportion'd to their wickednesse.
Then of the aforesaid buiter take and squeeze
A parcell 'twixt two rotten boards—that's cheese.
Judge, then, my friends, how much our lime-pits
vary
In smell, taste, color, from an Orkney dary."

The edge of this rough satire was, doubtless, whetted by the strong national English prejudices of the time. But whatever proximity to truth there might have been in it at the middle of the seventeenth century, the description is totally inapplicable now, and nothing, even in Shetland, comes near the overcharged picture of loathsome filth which this morose critic has drawn.

Before quitting the subject of our "hearths and homesteads," there are one or two other customs which ought not to pass unnoticed. Our principal articles of food are oats, bear (or *big*), and potatoes. Wheat has been attempted, but does not succeed; turnips, carrots, cabbages, and other esculents, are not cultivated to any extent in the open fields, although they thrive well enough in the gardens. Some families will plant as many as three thousand cabbages, which they use as food both for man and beast.

In raising the potato-crop, a different mode of culture is adopted here from that which prevails in other parts of the kingdom; and, as we wholly escaped the mysterious rot of last year, probably we may owe this fortunate exemption to our peculiar manner of husbandry. When preparing the field for the seed, the manure is not laid in the furrow and the cut seedling stuck into it. It is spread on the surface of the ground, and delved in with the spade. Sometimes the potato is planted in the furrow thus prepared, and covered up; and sometimes the earth is first delved and the seed dibbled in afterwards. The plan of spreading the manure on the surface instead of burying it in the drill, is recommended, I observe, by some of the thousand and one potato-doctors or agricultural theorists, as they are called, as an antidote to prevent the recurrence of the disease; and certainly the experiment is worth trying, and may plead our example in its favor.

The oats in general use here are the old

Scotch or grey-bearded kind, which is pleasant enough to the taste, but dark-colored, and from the very imperfect way of dressing it, the meal is never entirely freed from the chaff and dust. The way in which corn is here prepared for meal is accurately described by my reverend friend last mentioned. Every family has a small oblong kiln built in their barn, called a *cinnny*, which will dry about a half barrel of oats at a time. This kiln, instead of an iron-plate floor, is furnished with ribs of wood; and these are covered with layers of oat-straw, called *gloy*, upon which the grain is laid. In an opening about a foot square in the end of the kiln, like an oven or boiler, a gentle fire is kept up till the grain is sufficiently dried. It is then taken off the ribs, put into a straw basket made for the purpose, called a *skeb*, and while warm, well rubbed under the feet, an operation which is intended to separate the beard and dust from the grain. It is next winnowed betwixt two doors, or in the open air, if there be a slight current, put into another straw basket called a *buddy*, and carried to the mill to be ground. When brought home from the mill, two sieves are made use of, a coarse and a finer, to separate the seeds from the meal; and it is twice sifted carefully before it is fit to be eaten. The larger seeds taken out with the coarse sieve in the first sifting are given to the cows; and the finer seeds taken out with the smaller sieve are reserved for *sowens*, a sort of pottage made from the sediment of the meal that rests at the bottom of the vessel in which the seeds are steeped or soaked in water. This is or was a kind of national food in Scotland, when foreign luxuries were not introduced in such abundance; and it is still prescribed to invalids, from its lightness of digestion. Sometimes corn is dried very hard in a pot; the meal prepared from this is called *burstane*, and is generally ground in the *quern* or hand-mill, a simple, primitive instrument, but now rarely found except in Shetland and the museums of antiquarian societies. It consists of two hard flat stones, hewn into a circular shape, the one laid above the other, and perforated with a large hole in the centre, through which the grain slowly filters, and is ground by the rapid motion of the upper stone, into which a wooden peg, sometimes a long shaft, is fixed and turned by the hand.

Our houses and cottages, it must be confessed, are poor and mean, without the

neatness and accommodation to be found in the dwellings of the same class in the other districts of the kingdom. In general they are mere huts. The landlords show an aversion to building farm-steadings, or if they have erected them once, tenant after tenant must be content to occupy them as they are, and when they become ruinous, he must either repair or build anew for himself.

Dr. Macculloch, when he visited the Western Isles, declared that he often could not distinguish the cottages in the remoter Hebrides from heaps of rubbish. He mentions that when conversing with one of the natives, he had supposed the interview took place on a dunghill, and was not a little surprised to learn that they were standing on the top of the house. Cottages in Shetland are not much in advance of those in the Hebrides, and have something of the Irish economy about them, contrived, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay," by harboring the quadrupeds as well as the bipeds of the family. They are in general of a rude, comfortless description, being usually built of stone and turf, or with dry mortar. The rafters, joists, couples, &c. are nearly in their natural state, being chopped and moulded to fit by a hatchet. The luxuries of slating and ceiling are unknown. Over the bare rafters is laid a covering of *pones* or *divots* (sods), and sometimes *flaws*; and above these is a coating of straw, which is secured by ropes of the same material, or of heather, called *simnins*. The floor is the hardened earth, without carpets, boards, or any other artificial manufacture; and if the weather be wet, which it frequently is, the access is somewhat difficult, especially to those who have any regard for keeping their feet dry and clean. This becomes a difficult matter even in the interior, from the moistened compounds that strew the floor. The dunghill occupies a place as near the door as possible, that it may be enriched by the accumulations of every fertilizing substance; and frequently, before the door of the mansion can be reached, a passage must be made through the *byre* (cow-house), and perhaps other impediments unnecessary to specify. The furniture is homely, and contains nothing superfluous. It is generally so arranged as to supply the want of partitions, or divisions into rooms, the only apartments being a *but* and a *ben*, that is a kitchen and parlor. In the kitchen end of the house, in

addition to the family, there are generally assembled the household dogs and cats, a calf, a *patty* swine, and, perhaps, some half-dozen *caddy* lambs; the term being applied to winter lambs fed in the house, or to those which have lost their dams, and are reared on cow's milk. Glass windows are nearly as rare with us as they must have been with the Jews in the wilderness. When an opening has been left for a window, it is sometimes filled up with a bladder or untanned lamb-skin, stretched on a frame, an invention rather superior to the Irish plan of substituting rags and old hats. The cottages have scarcely yet got into the fashion of wearing chimneys, or even the humbler imitations called *lums*. Instead of these, the frugal inmates have from two to six holes in the roof, to admit light and allow the smoke to escape; and for the better promoting the latter evacuation, a piece of *feal* or *divot*, or two pieces of board joined at right angles, called a *skyle*, is placed on the weather side of the hole, and performs the office of a can or an *old wife* on your city chimneys. No doubt the *skyle* has the disadvantage of being immovable, and to shift or open and shut it might appear a task of some difficulty. But here necessity, it may be indolence, sharpens invention; for instead of mounting on the roof every time the wind changes, some have a long pole reaching down inside, by which this operation is performed; and the order for having this done is, "*Skyle the lum*." These descriptions might be further extended, but I prefer giving a few more lines from the curious old poem already quoted, which I greatly fear are, in this respect, more applicable to us than to our Orcadian neighbors:—

"Wee have but little iron heere, or none,
But they can make a lock and key of bone
Will serve to keepe the flesh i' th' ambry, till
It creeps out or informs us by the smell."
'T is eatable then, when neither ratt nor mouse,
Nor dog nor cat will touch 't, it serves the house.
The proverbes say no carrion kills a crow,
That heaven sends meat, the devill cooks — 't is
so.

Would you behold a true representation
Of the world's method ere it had creation?
Looke, then, into an Orknay ambry, see
How all the elements confounded bee
In that rude chaos; here a mess of cream
That's spilt with casting shoes in't, makes a
streame

Of fair meanders, winding in and out,
Bearing before itt every dirty clout
The nurse has throwne there. Are they not to
blame
That say wee never have got *clouted* cream?

There, att another end, runs a whole sea
Of kaile, and in't a stocking cast away.
Here broken eggs (it is no matter whether
Rotten or sound, or both) have glued together
The bread and candles, and have made o' the
sudden,

By falling in amongst the meal, a pudding;
And in the deluge it would make one swound
To see how many creatures there lie drown'd:—
As fleas and lice, and ratts and mice, and worms,
Of all sorts, colors, ages, sexes, formes.
Then in another corner you shall see,
If you are quarter'd in the house with mee,
A cog of sowings laid along, half gott
Out o' the ambry into the nearest pott
To meete the milk that's running towards itt
From a crookt bowle, wherein the goodwife spit
Butt yesterday; and into that there drops
A bannock, whilst the wean greeetes for the sopps.
Their handes are ladles, and the tongs take out
The flesh, and serve to stir the broth about.
Those hands, that were not washt since that they
spread

Muck, when the barley-field was manured;
Butt the tongs from the pott return again
Into the ash-heaps, butt indifferent clean.
My spruce, clean landlady, the other day
Did call her maydens dirty sluts, they say,
Because they were a putting in the creame
To th' churne, b' fore the dog had lickt the same.
Butt here's enough of this, you may conclude
With me, the people here are somewhat rude."

As regards Orkney this picture of accumulated abominations is a libel, nor is its severity to be justified by any thing to be found among the lowest of our population. Forty years ago there certainly was greater want of tidiness and comfort than at present. Dr. Patrick Niell, an eminent naturalist, who visited the islands in 1804, says,—

"The greater part of the Shetland tenants appeared to me to be sunk into a state of the most abject poverty and misery. I found them even without bread—without any kind of food, in short, but fish and cabbage; living in many cases under the same roof with their cattle, and scarcely in cleaner apartments; their little agricultural concerns entirely neglected, owing to the men being obliged to be absent during the summer at the ling and tusk fishing."

The latter part of this representation is still true. Fishing and farming continue to be joint occupations, to the great detriment of the latter; but in other respects, improvement has taken place, chiefly through the liberal and enterprising spirit of some of our principal landowners. Farm-cottages are being built on a better plan, and a spirit of emulation is beginning to be excited. Among the landed proprietors who have given encouragement to this spirit, are Sir Arthur Nicholson, Bart.;

Messrs. Mouat, of Garth; Hay, of Lexfirth; Scott, of Melby; Edmondston, of Bunes; Bruce, of Simlister, whose mansion-house in Whalsey, built of granite, cost 20,000*l.*; Gifford, of Busta; Ogilvy, of Quarff; Bruce, of Bunavoe, and various others, whose fame may not have reached your great metropolis, but who are well known here for their public spirit and their hospitality. We have had improvers, too, in a smaller way, who have cultivated Scots barley and reared green peas. An old soldier, Mr. Jerome Johnson, who had been with General Abercromby in Egypt, and at Gibraltar and Minorca, on returning home at the close of the war, set himself to carry into effect the knowledge he had acquired in foreign parts. Commencing with the *kail-yard*, he gradually converted it into a neat, small garden, bearing shrubs, flowers, currants, onions, carrots, tobacco, &c.; and, as he owned a few acres of land, he became a zealous agriculturist, and had the honor of being the first that introduced the culture of the field turnip into Fetlar. It must be confessed, however, that the patriotism of our landlords has yet a wide sphere of action for its agricultural enterprise.

From the (Edinburgh) Torch.

THE LAST LINES OF POETS.

RALEIGH—COWPER—BYRON—L. E. L.—AND
MICHAEL BRUCE.

"SIR WALTER hath been as a star at which the world have gazed," were the words of Yelverton, the attorney-general, on the solemn mockery of a trial, at which the gallant Raleigh was condemned to be executed; but had they known the fresh lustre which his noble bearing in his last moments was to throw over his varied career, even his bitterest enemies would have paused in their vindictive persecution. Calm and serene, he rose superior to all their malice; while his fearlessness of death was such, that the Dean of Westminster, mistaking its cause, reprehended his levity; but Raleigh "gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the

joy within. Not," he added, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." Nor is his fortitude so surprising when we consider his eventful life. He had been familiar with death—he had faced it on the briny wave amid the ragings of the mighty deep, and in the tented field amid the flashings of the red artillery, and it had been his companion in the dark and gloomy dungeon; but it had ever found him firm and unshaken, and with a hope it could not destroy,—a hope that shone but the brighter, the darker the night by which he was surrounded, a hope that whispered of and pointed to a future.

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Tavelleth towards the land of heaven."

The night before execution, after having taken a most tender and affectionate farewell of his wife, Raleigh next bade adieu to poetry, "wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The verses, which breathe a spirit of the most unshaken fortitude, end thus,—

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

But these were not to be his last lines, although probably intended as such. We may suppose that, during their composition, his mind, busied with its subject, took no note of lesser matter; but, on their completion, the neglected candle, "dimly burning," caught his eye, when, with all his usual decision and spirit, he penned the following appropriate couplet:—

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

And Raleigh was "put out," but only to live again. The snuff cleared away, the candle burns ever the brighter; and Raleigh's death purged from his fame the dross which ever clings to mortal man, while his death-scene threw around it an additional—an immortal lustre.

How different, in every respect, from the bold adventurous hero, gay poet, and gallant courtier, was the gentle, sensitive, and melancholy bard of Olney! And what a contrast is afforded by their closing scenes! Raleigh—firm, collected, and courteous as ever, the centre of a dense crowd of Lords and Commons, smilingly observing, as he passed his finger along the edge of the fatal axe, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases"—met death like a soldier and a Christian. Cowper—in peace and retirement, his pillow smoothed by a few tried and tender friends—shrunk from the last dread change with a morbid religious terror that seemed to shut out every hope of salvation. Yet, how pure had been his life—how moderate his desires—how innocent his recreations—and still how trying his doubts and fears! In some "Lines on receiving his Mother's Picture"—after recalling his boyish days, and hesitating whether, so dear their recollection, he would not, if he could, restore them—he says, picturing her bliss and his trials,—

"Thou, with sails so swift! hast reached the shore

'Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, *scarce hoping to attain that rest*,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course."

On leaving his beloved retreat at Weston—which he seems to have done with a presentiment that he would never see it again, as he, immediately before his departure, wrote with pencil the following distich on the window shutter of his bed-room:—

"Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;
Oh! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye!"

Cowper repaired, for the benefit of the sea-air, to the coast, where he wrote his last poem, "The Castaway," in which the same feelings of despondency are but too visible. After picturing the fate of one

"Wash'd headlong from on board,"

with his strugglings for a long hour—to him a life-time—and his cries for help, where no help could come, till

"At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more;

For then, by toil subdued, he drank
'The stifling wave, and then he sank;"

he thus finishes, applying the case of the Castaway to his own morbid state,—

"No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he."

Thoughts too sacred to be lightly treated, too important to be summarily dismissed, must occur to us all as we read the last lines, so dark and hopeless, of a poet so gentle and pure,

"Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation."

Some twenty years after the author of "The diverting History of John Gilpin" had

"Slept the sleep that knows no waking,"

another, but very different, poet, then in the zenith of his fame, "the observed of all observers," gave to the world, in verse as bounding, fiery, and impetuous as the subject it treated of, the story of another horse and rider—Mazeppa and his "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." Had Byron never written any thing else, we would have thought less of him as a poet, but possibly more of him as a man: the "dark spirit" was never, however, long absent from him, and then he delighted and revelled in biting scorn, and wild profanity, and sensuality the grossest. But if his untamed and withering pride did pour forth all its gall and wormwood, think how bitter were the springs from which they flowed! Neglected in youth, with fiery passions and keen susceptibility, he ran his race of folly and of sin through all the length and the breadth of both London and Continental dissipation, and found with the Preacher, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Yet his indomitable mind was "scotched, not killed," and a brighter era seemed opening. Greece and its wrongs supplied a healthy stimulus to his jaded and sickened spirit; he started at the call of sacred liberty as the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet; and a glorious field wherein to bury past error lay before him. In January 1824 he arrived at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, to aid with person and purse the struggle for independence; but discord,

rapine, and cruelty met him at every hand. Still he was not to be discouraged; and he fought and labored on with a perseverance and determination too great for his weakened constitution. The noxious fens of Missolonghi, too, impregnated every breeze with death, and acted with double force on the frame of one so long accustomed to the clear skies and balmy zephyrs of Italy. The last lines he ever wrote would make it appear as if the old connexion between prophet and poet were not yet quite dissolved:

"Seek out, less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

Surrounded by turbulent chiefs and an unbridled soldiery—who looked up to him as a master-spirit, and whose only bond of union he was—far from the halls of his fathers, and the scenes of his boyhood—self-exiled from his native land—died on the 19th day of April 1824, Charles Gordon Byron, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

"Who lives that's not
Depraved or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends'
gift?"

In the same year that Byron's star set at Missolonghi, dawned the promising glimmerings of genius in a sister poet, who was, like him, to perish in a foreign land and unhealthy clime, and that, too, in her thirty-seventh year. In 1824 Letitia Elizabeth Landon, better known as L. E. L., published the "*Improvisatrice*," which at once earned for her no mean niche in the poetic temple; and her subsequent efforts still further raised her name—displaying greater freedom and power, and a more natural style than are to be found in her earlier productions. Almost all L. E. L.'s poetry breathes a sad and melancholy tone, and her life was by no means a happy one; yet was she herself of a sweet and almost playful disposition. Having, in 1838, accompanied her husband, Mr. M'Lean, to Cape Coast in Africa, of which place he was Governor, she was one morning, about two months after her arrival, found dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid in her hand. This poison she had been in the habit of taking for spasms in the stomach, and an overdose is supposed to have been the cause of her death. While far from the land of her birth, her thoughts still

turned with affection to England and her friends there. The very night before her death, she wrote "*Home*" in a cheerful and affectionate strain, without one foreboding of that fate that was so soon to number her with the dead. Her last lines, too, breathe of hope and love—love for those she had parted from, and hope to meet with them again:—

"Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—we meet again."

An omen, alas! how bitterly falsified. Night after night, on her voyage to Africa, had she watched the North Star gradually sinking beneath the horizon, till at last it entirely disappeared.

"Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone."

How eloquently do those last two lines now speak to us! But with L. E. L. they seem to refer merely to the loneliness she felt on the setting of the star, which was so closely linked in her mind with England: for, bidding it adieu, her thoughts revert to her friends there—to them it was still visible!

"Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you."

At the early age of twenty-one, died Michael Bruce, a poet of high promise, of whom Scotland may well be proud. Short, however, as his life was, it was but little else save one long struggle of pinching poverty, which his delicate constitution was but ill able to endure. If at scarce a moment's notice, on L. E. L. the icy hand of death was laid, its approaches to Michael Bruce were gradual and slow, but not, on that account, the less sure. His principal poem, "*Lochleven*," ends with a brief re-

ference to himself, from which it is evident that he was, even then, aware that his days were numbered.

"Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground !
Far from his friends he strayed recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night ; while slow disease
Preyed on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot."

His last poem, an "Elegy—written in Spring," is well known ;—as it was his last, so is it his best. After picturing "grim Winter" retreating to "Zembla's frozen shore," and the earth again donning her "robe of green," and putting forth her flowers, while

"All around
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen ;"

he contrasts his own condition with the state of Nature, in the lines, with which we are all familiar :

"Now, Spring returns : but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known !
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are
flown ;"

and then he takes farewell of the "blooming fields," and "cheerful plains," and of the "world and all its busy follies," in the following beautiful and affecting stanzas, which close with a hope that one so blameless in life might well cling to as his sheet-anchor :—

"Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful
plains !

Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes :
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching
eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
arise."

From the British Quarterly Review.

LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain, from the commencement of the twelfth century to the close of the reign of Queen Mary. By M. A. E. Wood. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn, 1846.

For some years past, there has been an evident increase among us of the antiquarian spirit ; and so widely is it now diffused, that even the gentler sex has not escaped its influence. Solomon, a long while ago, left it on record, that there was 'nothing new under the sun ;' but in our day things are altered. And that the sisterhood should be found hunting in the dark recesses of our national archives, disturbing the dust of centuries ; and, having dragged forth the torn, burnt, fading records of the past, peering into those strange collections of, to the uninitiated, unmeaning scratches, which comprise the epistolary communications of the earlier ages of our country, is, we think, in entire and eminent contradiction to the proverb. It certainly is a new feature in their history, and one well worthy of notice ; since researches of this nature call for the exercise of qualities, natural and acquired, in which they have generally had the credit of being most deficient. Is it possible that we have all this time been under-estimating the mental powers of mother Eve's daughters ? We really begin to think so, under the pressure of the accumulating evidence in their favor. For when we examine their productions, we discover that the patient investigation, the keen discrimination, the calm judgment, the learning even, that have long been deemed proper to the lords of creation, are not found wanting in these new occupants of the field of historical inquiry. Nor has stern science denied its hard-earned honors to a woman's brow.

Truly here is a change. Not only from the degraded position assigned to woman in other climes, and in the world's younger days ; of which there yet remains a miserable relic in the synagogue thanksgiving of the Jew,—that God has made him a man, and not a woman ! Nor yet from her condition of slavery, in the dark places of the earth ; where a treble portion of the original curse on fallen humanity has been, and is, her portion ; but even from, almost, our

own days, and in our own country, where among the middle classes, the *executive* of domestic affairs, the mere pie and pudding department, was held to comprehend her 'whole duty;' varied by cross-stitch, and tent-stitch, and back-stitch, and all the other stitches, whose name is Legion, invented for the especial behoof of busy fingers and idle heads. Slowly has her emancipation from the fetters that once bound her been accomplished. But it has been no less sure, and we will add, complete; for we have no sympathy with those restless spirits, who, in their new-fledged zeal for the 'rights of woman,' would fain have her plunged into the rough business cares and ostensible political strifes, which form the every-day life of men. Far from her be *such* a recognition of her equality with the more dominant half of our race. There is, we believe, after all, an essential difference in the minds of the two, which would still be apparent, though educated alike; and most deplorably would the one fulfil the duties of the other. While, as a matter of taste, for a woman to assume that prominent, leading part, in the affairs of life which these would assign to her, and which has ever, and in all countries, been peculiar to the rougher sex, would, in our humble estimation, be just as repulsive as that the latter should be inducted into feminine employments, and, Hercules-like, handle the distaff. The gentleness, the tenderness, the quick susceptibilities, all that constitutes the peculiar charm of her character, totally unfits her for that rude contact with the world that awaits the man, and which serves but to brace his more hardy system: rubbing off his angularities, and toning down the intenseness of his individuality; the natural product, perchance, of superior strength and more bounding energies. Not that we have any fears of our countrywomen being beguiled into this 'false position.' But, as from the far west, the phrase above quoted has been wafted to us, (a phrase which we must own we do not exactly understand,) and even echoed on our own shores by eloquent lips, we have thought it meet to take this opportunity of letting our gentle readers know that we have no intention of championing their new claims. Not even though they should seek to move our compassion by reminding us that our ungallant code still treats them, under certain circumstances, as legal nonentities! Right well may they be content to remain so, say we, since

this nonentity shields them from painful responsibilities, and still more painful duties. Their privileges, if they will take our word for it, are already sufficiently ample; and so far from any extension of them being required, it only remains for them to make good use of those they possess: though in our heart we are persuaded there is little need for our impertinent advice to this effect.

But, if utterly unfit for man's rough, stern cares, it does not follow that the peculiar qualities of woman's mind and heart should forbid a participation in his mental pursuits; and we rejoice to observe that this is becoming of less unfrequent occurrence, for we are fully convinced it has no necessary tendency to disqualify her for those domestic details which form her own province. The time for sneers at literary ladies is gone by; and they will, we doubt not, be found to the full as accomplished in household matters (how undignified the word looks!) as some of their ancestors, or neighbors, whose whole souls have been bound up in them; and whose acquirements are comprised within the narrow limits of scolding the maids, or superintending the interesting though inelegant operations of roasting joints and flourishing a broom. We chance to have enjoyed peculiar facilities for making our observations on this head; and, but that discretion ties our tongue, or rather controls our pen, we could support our position with such an array of facts as must convince the most skeptical. Nor will we be driven from it, even though some ill-natured masculine soul should be malicious enough to remind us of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's pudding, in which *brandy* was, on the score of economy, compelled to do duty for an inadequate supply of the more innocent lacteal fluid. He shall never persuade us that Epictetus had any thing to do with so egregious a blunder, or that the lady's cookery would have been improved by her having less Greek.

But oh, this poring over dusty, damp-eaten manuscripts! We wish we could give some of the specimens of handwriting, as like Chinese as any thing else, with which Miss Wood has favored us in her sheet of autographs; in order to afford some idea of the unutterable toil and difficulty she has had to go through for the benefit of lazy folks, like ourselves, who can only relish antiquarian lore in Mr. Colburn's clear type and smooth page. It

would fairly have distracted us; ruined our temper, as well as our eyes. And then the orthography! Each fair penwoman had, we presume, her own private and particular rules on the subject, seeing general ones were lacking. It alone would have defied our skill and patience, even had it not been combined with what might aptly be termed 'the *wanderings* of a pen;' so vagaryish, so at 'its own sweet will' does the feathered implement appear to have been between these royal and noble fingers. No wonder that the writers so frequently apologize for their 'evil hand.' We ourselves have earned an unenviable celebrity for the production of illegible manuscript, (our dearest friend had the cruelty to term it *manuscratch*!) even when in the innocence of our heart we fondly deemed that we were tracing the very best of all possible pothooks and ladles. But never, never did we perpetrate such hieroglyphics as these. *A priori*, one would say they were unreadable—that nothing *could* be made of them. But our lady-editor knows better. In her hands they become faithful and eloquent records of the past, which stand out bright and clear to our view—like far-off objects, which, invisible to the unaided eye, are by the optician's skill, brought almost palpably within our reach.

The period which Miss Wood has selected for her research is one extending from the beginning of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century: from the reign of Henry I. to that of Mary. The sources whence she has drawn her materials are our own inexhaustible public depositories, those of France, and the collections of private individuals.

The plan of publication is similar to that of Sir Henry Ellis's *Letters illustrative of English History*; and the preliminary notices and remarks that introduce each letter, to indicate the character of the writer and the circumstances under which it was written, reflect great credit on the accuracy, care, and diligence of the editor. They form a very important addition to the work, and the more so, that all the authorities are given with scrupulous fidelity. The collection is, of course, of an entirely miscellaneous character, exhibiting the female mind in the various relations of life, civil, religious, domestic, and social; so that the feelings, prejudices, customs, and modes of thought, of the various generations included, pass in complete review before us. And as events must always be

viewed in connexion with, and through these, publications of this nature can never be otherwise than most valuable materials for the historian; enabling him to *contemporize* himself (if one may coin a word) with the time of which he treats, and to regard the various transactions of the period on which he is engaged, from the same point of view as did those who were actors in them.

The earlier letters here presented to us, we must own, possess little interest for the reader, save that which is to be found in their antiquity. But, as the editor observes, their insertion was necessary to the design of the work; which was to present a continuous series of epistolary correspondence, exclusively feminine: a good idea, which she has well and thoroughly worked out. Among these, which include specimens of the correspondence of many of the queens of England, we must, however, notice a letter of Eleonora, mother of our Richard I., to Pope Celestine (A. D. 1192), as quite a curiosity, both from its extraordinary style, fierce invective, and great length, extending to nine printed pages! It must have been something new to the pontiff to receive such vehement remonstrances against his negligence and bad faith, in failing to exert himself for the liberation of the royal crusader, 'the most delicate youth,' as his mother terms him, as the following; which, though traced by the hand of another, Peter of Blois, must yet be regarded as the genuine and passionate sentiments of the almost frenzied 'Eleonora, by the *wrath* of God, Queen of England,' as she styles herself. After bitter lamentations over the death of her sons, Henry and Geoffrey, the captivity of Richard, the violence and cruelty of John, then ravaging his brother's dominions, she breaks out—

'Restore my son to me then, O man of God, if indeed thou art a man of God and not a man of blood; for know that if thou art sluggish in the liberation of my son, from thy hand will the Most High require his blood. Alas! alas! for us, when the chief shepherd has become a mercenary, when he flies from the face of the wolf, when he leaves the little sheep committed to him, or rather, the elect ram, (how very odd a phrase!) 'the leader, of the Lord's flock, in the jaws of the bloody beast of prey. . . . Though late, you ought to give your life for him for whom, as yet, you have refused to write or speak a single word. . . . You, . . . force me to despair. Cursed be he that trusteth in man. Where is now my refuge? Thou, O Lord my God. To

thee, O Lord, who considerest my distress, are the eyes of thine handmaid lifted up. Thou, O King of kings, and Lord of lords, look upon the face of thine anointed, give empire to thy son, and save the son of thine handmaid, nor visit upon him the crimes of his father, or the wickedness of his mother.'

Bold, and extraordinary language for that time! One could hardly have thought that a pope in the twelfth century might have been safely fulminated against after this manner. No wonder that in her last letter the queen should thus, beautifully, apologize for her violence. 'I beseech you, O father, let your benignity bear with that which is the effusion of grief, rather than of deliberation. I have sinned, and use the words of Job: I have said that which I would I had not said. But henceforth I place my finger on my lips, and say no more. Farewell.' We scarcely need say that this is at once tender and dignified.

The editor will perhaps forgive us if we say that there appears to us no anachronism (as she intimates in her note, page 20) in Eleonora's upbraiding Celestine with the non-fulfilment of his promise,—'the sons of Ephraim, who bent and sent forth the bow, have turned round in the day of battle.' The allusion being, not as Miss Wood supposes, to the sending of a bended bow—an ancient mode of announcing war—but to Psalm 78, 'like as the children of Ephraim, who, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.' And again: 'starting aside like a broken bow.' The pope's deceitfulness in promising, and then failing of the performance, being here intimated. Will she further excuse our suggesting that her emendation of *corrigit*, for '*corripit*' (in the original), is not at all required by the sense, 'he who corrects not,' &c. (page 23.) It would be too offensive to refer her to her dictionary for proof of this, but we may perhaps be allowed to present her with an instance of its use. 'Neque in ira tua *corripias* me'—neither *chasten* (or correct) me,' &c. Psalm 38th.

It is a trifling matter, but we do not like to see documents of this nature altered one hair's-breadth without the most urgent necessity. It suggests a doubt whether liberties have not been taken with the text elsewhere; and other equally needless, but more important alterations effected, which may (as this does *not*) affect the sense.

There is a fair proportion of mere business letters in these volumes; but though

not particularly attractive in themselves, they are yet interesting as evidence both of the habits of their writers, and of the abilities to manage their own concerns, possessed by our countrywomen in the olden time. They manifest an amazing competency for this; we can scarcely imagine our modern noblewomen equal to them, albeit some, if report be true, are eminent in railway speculations. It is amusing to find royal and noble ladies, not only arranging state affairs, (we might instance the letter of Eleanor of Castile to her son, Edward I., as a model for a business letter—clear, curt, and to the point,) but showing so intimate an acquaintance with the various details in the management of their estates, as one would have supposed proper and peculiar alone to their stewards. Nay, surely, in those days it must have been—every woman her own steward! so deep do they seem in the mysteries of corn, and cattle, and rent, and every imaginable and unimaginable item about a property. Jane Basset's letters to her step-mother, Lady Lisle, for whom she acted as *chargé d'affaires*, are entertaining specimens. She seems to have been a spirited damsel, if we may judge from the complaints of Sir John Bond, to whom the young lady appears to have been exceedingly distasteful. He was associated with her in her charge; and what little liking he might have for her at first, 'it pleased Heaven to decrease on further acquaintance.' For after, at Michaelmas, 1535, simply announcing her arrival and establishment in the house, he thus writes Lady Lisle, in the January after—

'Touching Mistress Jane Basset, I wot not what to say. Her sisters cannot please her; your ladyship hath commanded to deliver unto her such things as I thought *was* necessary for her.' (the grammar in these old letters is really delightful, it is *so* bad, enough to make Lindley Murray's hair stand on end!) 'yet she will not be pleased. I have delivered unto her two feather-beds, and three pairs of sheets, with all that longeth thereto; also she hath two cows, one horse, with other things; also she hath a greyhound lyeth upon one of the beds, day and night,' (scarcely tidy of Mistress Jane,) 'but it be when she holdeth him in her hands, and that is every time when she goeth to the doors.'

But it was 'diamond cut diamond;' the lady was not to be ruled by Sir John. She set him at nought, and added to her other offences that of buying a third cow,

when her right of pasturage only extended to two! Thus writeth *she* to my Lady Lisle—

‘Jesus.

‘Honorable Lady,—My duty remembered. &c., advertising you that I have received (your) amiable letters, by the which I perceive the contents of your mind. First, I have received the stuff of Sir John Bond by a bill, and will do my diligence in it according unto your mind, God willing. I have received your beds, both flock and feathers, with cushions and coverlets, as he received them, by his saying; but God knows in what case they be; some of them be not able to bide the handling of them to be carried unto the wind. And in my next letter, I will write unto you an inventory of every thing that I have received, and in what case that every thing standeth, God willing. There is much as yet that I have not received; and as for your cattle in the park, there is three heifers, and three kine, which kine I have, I thank you. One (heifer) the vicar will deliver me for the cow he sold at Allhallows’-tide, and the other heifer he will sell, as he saith. He hath spoken unto the parson to have the tithing-calf ready.

‘You shall perceive that your miller hath been with me making his moan; except that the water be stopped in time, the mill shall stand still, which will be to the great hinderance of all your tenants, and others also. The vicar and John Davy saith it must be made; but there is no setting forth in it as yet. . . . The miller hath done his good will, and doth daily, unto his great pain; but it is not one man’s work, as you know. Write you unto me in your letter of this matter; for if you write any thing unto them that it please them not, it shall be hid long enough from me because I shall not call on them. There is but few letters that cometh unto me from you but is opened before it cometh unto my hands, and sometimes it shall be drowned in Bacus Lane, an if it be not pleasure unto all parties. Write you unto them by parables, as though you knew nothing of this, because of the saving of my writer harmless of displeasure.*

‘I pray you to commend me unto my brothers and sisters, all in general, as well as though I had rehearsed them by name. And thus I leave you and all yours in the keeping of Jesu.’

This pious commendatory conclusion is common to almost all the letters, varied with ‘God have you in his keeping,’ ‘Give you long life,’ ‘The Trinity preserve you with long life and increase of honor,’ &c. In these matters, there was certainly more of the form of piety then, than now; and forms, it may be observed, are valuable as

usually tending to preserve the spirit they enshrine. Whether the spirit animated *this* form, it would, perhaps, not be prudent too curiously to inquire. And yet its air of simplicity and goodness is very pleasing, were it only as record of that habit of bringing our Christian faith to bear upon the common business and friendly intercourse of life in which it must have originated. Quaint as it is, and unthinkingly written, as we doubt not it might often be, there is yet something striking and monitory in the old devout preamble to testamentary documents; and in their *first* bequest of man’s body to the dust, whence it sprang, and his spirit to God who gave it.

Poachers, it would appear, were a plague not unknown to our landed ancestors; who, if they could have had their own way, would have put into execution some rather more stringent game-laws than those which we find so intolerable now-a-days. At least, we must thus judge if we allow a *lady* to be their spokeswoman. The Countess Dowager of Oxford, writing to Cromwell (A. D. 1534), regrets that certain circumstances should have prevented his doing her the favor of putting these unwelcome intruders to the torture, in order to make them confess their guilt, as the Lord Chancellor was obliging enough to do for her mother! The aggravation of the case must certainly be taken into account; still though the lady *was* obliged, by this sudden intrusion of ‘hunters,’ to cut short a friendly visit to Mr. Secretary, we must say that to us, of the nineteenth century, it sounds a *little* strange that one of the softer sex should indicate such a remedy for the evil. That patrician fingers should trace the characters recommending torture, because some deer had been killed! Nay, that a *woman* could thus coolly write of wrenching sinews, and tearing muscle, to wring confession of *any* offence! ‘Say not that the former days were better than these.’ We need not wonder at the pitiless cruelty of *men* to their fellow-men, when woman’s heart was thus steeled. It is hard to conceive of such a state of public opinion and feeling, as must prevail where sentiments so revolting as these could exist in the mind of a high-born matron; and be so quietly and naturally expressed, as though the horrid procedure were the merest thing of course. Thank heaven for the softening influence of modern refinement.

Who does not retain a lively recollection of Henry VIII.’s favorite, Suffolk, the ac-

* Jane Basset could not write.

complished and chivalrous Brandon; who, in allusion to his romantic love-match with Mary, sister to Henry, and widow of the French king, Louis XII., bore on his shield, at the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold, the whimsical but right sensible quatrain—

“Cloth of gold do not despise,
Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze.
Cloth of frieze be not too bold,
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold.”

Some dozen letters, together with the prefixed notices, (which we must again remark as doing the greatest credit to the editor's zeal and pains,) give us the whole story, which is as interesting as it is romantic. The outlines of the sketch will be sufficiently familiar, but the filling up of the picture gives it its great charm.

Betrothed when quite young to the Emperor Charles V., then Prince of Castile, the match was subsequently broken off; and Mary, whose affections had become engaged to Charles Brandon, was sought in marriage by Louis of France, who had fallen in love with her from a portrait that had been sent out to him—a union that could not have been particularly attractive, under any circumstances; seeing the royal suitor was both old and sickly. Nevertheless, it was not one to be rejected for such trifles; neither is it always in the power of ‘kings’ daughters’ to refuse the bestowal of their hand, merely because their heart cannot accompany it. There were political reasons for it, and so youth and beauty were sacrificed to age and decrepitude. Some letters passed between them before the ceremony of their marriage took place, and it must have cost the poor princess an effort, to write to her future magnificent but unloved spouse—

‘The thing which I now most desire and wish, is to hear good news of your health and good prosperity. . . . It will please you, moreover, my lord, to use and command me according to your good and agreeable pleasure, that I may obey and please you by the help of God.’ . . . ‘I have . . . heard what my cousin the Duke de Longueville has told me from you, in which I have taken great joy, felicity, and pleasure; for which, and for the honor which it has pleased you to do to me, I hold myself ever indebted and obliged to you, and thank you as cordially as I can. And because by my cousin you will hear . . . the very singular desire that I have to see you, and to be in your company, I forbear to write to you a longer letter, praying for the rest,

sire, our Creator to give you health and long life.’

Poor soul! Louis, however, treated his reluctant bride with respectful attention and affection. The marriage was solemnized by proxy, in September, 1514, and the same day he wrote to urge her immediate presence in France; whither she set out, in October, and was received with great splendor. The king anticipated the desired interview, by riding forth, under pretence of hunting, to meet her as she approached Abbeville; and when they met, kissed her, and ‘whispered to her five or six good honest words.’ Brandon, who followed her, as ambassador, informs his master that ‘there was never queen in France that had demeaned herself more honorably and wisely; . . . and as for the king, there was never man that set his mind more upon woman than he does on her, because she demeans herself so winning unto him.’ And she herself writes to Henry—‘How lovingly the king, my husband, dealeth with me, the lord chamberlain . . . can clearly inform your grace.’

But in yielding to her brother's wishes on this occasion, it appears that Mary had, as the price of her acquiescence, stipulated that after Louis's death she should be permitted to marry as she pleased; and Henry, who was aware of her affection for Suffolk, had given her a pledge to that effect. A permission of which she was at liberty to avail herself sooner, we should imagine, than she anticipated; for her antique spouse only survived their union eighty-two days! Still, though she had Henry's promise, she doubted its fulfilment; for very soon after her becoming a widow, we find her thus addressing him:—

“Sire, I beseech your grace that you will keep all the promises that you promised me when I took my leave of you by the water-side. Sire, your grace knoweth well that I did marry for your pleasure at this time, and now, I trust, that you will suffer me to marry as me liketh for to do. . . . Sire, an if your grace will have granted me married in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your grace, nor no other, shall have any joy of me; for I promise your grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which, I think, your grace would be very sorry of, and all your realm.’

Doubtful of Henry's keeping faith with her, and alarmed by rumors of a design to marry her into Flanders, the young queen,

after being greatly distressed and harassed in various ways, at last took the matter into her own hands, and settled it by a private marriage with Suffolk; a step which plunged them into considerable embarrassment, owing to the difficulty of concealing it from Henry, whose anger was much to be dreaded. In this dilemma they made a friend of Wolsey; who, after giving the duke a hearty scolding, and telling him that the king was 'so *incholed*,' that he did not know how to help them, suggests that a large bribe out of the princess's dower might be the most acceptable peace-offering. And the queen, dear, silly 'woman-kind!' lays all the blame upon herself; assuring her irate brother, that she had put it to Suffolk, either to marry her in four days or lose her for ever.

'Whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises as he made your grace. . . . And now your grace knoweth the both offences of the which *I have been the only occasion*. I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister requiring you to have compassion on us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your grace to write to me, and to my lord of Suffolk, some comfortable words.'

Bless her innocent heart! But we can scarcely forgive Brandon for following it up in the same style, and, Adam-like, screening himself behind his Eve, when it comes to his turn to make his apologies. And yet his letter to his incensed master affords touching evidence of the sincerity and strength of their attachment. 'She said that . . . an she went into England she should go into Flanders, to the which she said that she would rather to be torn to pieces than ever she would come there, and with that *wept*. I never saw woman so weep . . . and so I granted thereunto, and so she and I was married.'

We are too much in the habit of regarding historical personages as we do figures in an historical painting: they seem as utterly removed beyond the circle of our sympathies. But how such life-like scenes and details do away with all this! A chord of our common nature is struck, and we feel that heart sounds in unison with heart. We feel that we are all bound in one common bond of humanity with those whose 'thick, small, dust' has, ere this, half effaced the perishing records of their mortality. Their hopes, their fears, and cares

are ours; and they stand before us, 'bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.'

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!'

But the much desired pardon was at length obtained—bought, we should say, by the sacrifice of the whole of the queen's dower, and some of her French property beside; and 'cloth of gold and cloth of frieze,' as the story-books say, lived happily ever after. Occasionally, it must be said, somewhat inconvenienced by the heavy price at which they purchased their happiness. We will venture to engage, it was never regretted!

Charles, the emperor—the monk, again saw his betrothed at the court of England, the wife of him for whom she had dared so much. Surely he too had loved her; for amid festivities that celebrated his visit to our shores, we are told that he was too much moved to share in them, but sat, silently and moodily, apart.

The system of wardship which existed in the 'good old times' is well known to have been an oppressive one. But it has generally been considered as one chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the higher classes, the nobility and gentry; so that we were scarcely prepared for such an illustration of it as that which these volumes afford us.

'Pleaseth your good lordship,' says Mrs. Joanna Creke, to Cromwell, 'to understand that fourscore years past, the abbot of St. Albans, that then was in those days, had wrongfully my husband's grandfather to his ward; when he was fourteen years old, the abbot sold him to a fishmonger of London, and he kept him two years.'

She goes on to narrate the subsequent fate of this child, to whom the abbot at length made sundry gifts, as acknowledgment of, and amends for, the injuries he had done him. But, unjustly acquired, and harshly exercised as had been the power of this guardian, the curious part of it is, that his authority seems to have been regarded as heritable, by his successors; for this strange statement is but the preamble to the poor woman's petition that Cromwell would protect *her* children from a similar fate, with which they were threatened. She entreats his assistance, 'or else the abbot that now is will do my children wrong; for he will not show his records, but doth say he will have my son to his ward, and I am not able to go to the law with him.' So help

had she none, unless my lord privy seal's interference could avail her. It is *some* improvement on such a state of things, even to be in the lord chancellor's hands!

Widows were almost as unfortunately circumstanced, as the king would occasionally marry them, according to *his* pleasure rather than their own. So that we find one noble lady applying, as usual, to Cromwell, for redress in a case of this sort, concerning one who appears to have been sent for the purpose of making himself agreeable to her, and of whom 'of all creatures alive, she could not find in her heart to make a husband.' Her hope is, that the king 'will be so much good and gracious lord to give me liberty to marry, if ever it be my chance, such one as I may find in my heart to match me unto.' A wish so moderate, that we trust my Lady Audelay had it gratified.

But of all the busy lady scribblers of that busy-sixteenth century, commend us to Margaret of Scotland, as the most interminable. From our very heart we pity Harry the Eighth for those everlasting *begging* letters, produced by the unwearied hand, and inexhaustible brain, and particularly empty exchequer, of his royal sister. The stereotyped plague of 'poor relations' seems to have fallen on his head with a vengeance. She deluges him with missives; it is a positive hailstorm of paper petitions—two, three, four, and even five printed pages long, and most of them in her own eminently 'evil hand.' No wonder that her requests were treated, as she often complains, with so little regard; and that she occasionally got snapped at in reply. But still, despite negligence and rebuffs, she kept on her undaunted course; perpetually backing her demands with intimations of the damaged respectability that would accrue to Henry, were she denied this, that, and the other—money or goods, as the case might be. She persecuted him from a pure desire to uphold the family credit! It was well for him that those were not the days of Rowland Hill and pennypostages, else (supposing that possible) she had worried him still more extensively.

But her position was a distressing one, and it was rendered worse by her own imprudence and disreputable conduct. Widowed at an early age, by the death of her husband at the disastrous Flodden Field, she very soon found herself guardian of the infant prince, and regent of his turbulent kingdom. An anxious and perilous posi-

tion, which she did not long endure *alone*; for within a year of James's death, she espoused a Douglas, Earl of Angus; and by so doing, raised a storm in the country which was not easily laid, and from which she suffered severely. Many and varied were the difficulties into which it brought her,—she had even to contend with actual poverty; and in all her troubles, her appeals for assistance to her brother, and his minister, Wolsey, are incessant. 'I am at great expenses,' she writes to the former, ' . . . and my money is near hand wasted; if you send not the sooner other succors of men, or money, I shall be super-expended, which were to my dishonor.' And again, two months after, she puts it more strongly: 'I pray you to send me some money, as you think necessary; for it is not *your* honor that I or my children should want.' During the commotions to which the question of the regency gave birth—whether she or Albany should have it—we find this vigorous-minded woman unweariedly at work; scheming, plotting, acting, till at length, touched by her distress, Henry sent for her into England, promising to provide for her there. By stratagem she got out of Scotland; and after a tedious detention by illness at Harbottle, she set out for London, where she remained some time with her brother. But even here, she was so much pressed by poverty as to have to beg Wolsey to borrow money for her of the king, till her own rents, &c., should be paid her, being loth to speak to him about it herself. She remained nearly two years in England, and then, finding things rather quieter at home, returned thither; being met on the borders by an escort of nobles and soldiers, to the number of three thousand. She entered Edinburgh, June, 1517, and seemed satisfied with her reception, except in one particular—that there was an attempt to prevent her having access to her son, the young king, which was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. It has been said that her widowhood was a brief one. But her attachment to Angus, so hastily and imprudently gratified, was not destined to be a lasting one. Jealousy, and dissatisfaction with his assuming a right to interfere in the disposal of her revenues, made her as vehement against him as she had been for him, and she seems early to have contemplated a divorce, as the best means of getting rid of him and his impositions: while, as usual, the want of money, added its irritating influence to her chafed spirit. In one of her

long, worrying letters to her brother, (for she had eminently the gift of tediousness in her compositions,) she makes heavy complaints of the earl.

'Also, please you to wit that I am sore troubled with my Lord of Angus, since my last coming into Scotland, and every day more and more, so that we have not been together this half-year. Please your grace to remember that, at my coming now into Scotland, my Lord Dacres and Master Magnus made a writing betwixt me and my Lord of Angus for the surety of me that he might *not have no power to put away nothing*' (what a droll conjunction of negatives!) 'of my conjunct feoffment without my will, which he hath not kept, and the Bishop of Dunkeld . . . and others his kinsmen, caused my Lord of Angus to deal right sharply with me, to cause me to break the bond that he made to me, which I would not do . . . with much more evil than I shall cause a servant of mine to show your grace, which is too long to write.'

She had *some* mercy it seems. 'And I am so minded that, an I may by law of God, and to my honor, to part with him, for I wit well he loves me not, as he sheweth to me daily.' She certainly had sufficient ground of complaint, seeing he had taken her house, and withheld her living from her; and we entirely concur in the justice of her remark, that to do *that* was not the way to gain her good will. She reminds Lord Dacres of the empty promises that Henry had made her, and adds pointedly, 'but it must be deed that will help me.' It was just this *deed* that she found it so hard to get. And no wonder; for with her quarrels, and cares, and fickleness, she must have been a troublesome suppliant to her 'dearest brother the king.'

We cannot, of course, trace her through all her ever-varying circumstances, or even through the turnings and windings of her most diplomatic mind. But when her representations of its being essential to Henry's credit to assist her failed of their effect, it is amusing to notice how her woman's wit supplied her with a more cogent argument. She had two parties to deal with—her brother of England, and the Duke of Albany, the head of the French party; and she dexterously played off the one against the other. Well knowing how distasteful it would be to the English government that the French interest should have any ascendancy in Scotland, she intimates her decided preference for English help, *if it was to be had*; but failing this, she should be obliged to throw herself on the adverse fac-

tion. Adroitly taking credit to herself for having, out of regard to her brother's pleasure, refused the liberal offers of pecuniary assistance made to her in the name of the King of France, she reminds Surrey (in a letter of seven printed pages!) of the ill-will she had brought upon herself from some of the Scottish lords, for this preference of his master's interest. 'And this I get for the king's grace my brother's sake;' whereon she builds a fresh argument for Henry's assistance.

'Wherefore his grace should help me and defend me, and let them wit that his grace knoweth this, *but not by my rehearse!* and that he is not contented that such things should be laid to my charge for his sake; and send to me plainly, and ask if they have done thus to me, and that he marvels that I will not advertise his grace of these doings, saying that he will defend me, and that he will not let me be wronged; and this being done, it will cause the governor to pass away for fear.'

There is something very droll and girlish, in this prompting of what her brother should do and say. To a *man*, it was, no doubt, somewhat provoking to have his patience tried day after day by such diffuse, rambling communications.

Angus, meanwhile, had been sent into France, to see if banishment would mend his manners and morals; both of which, as the queen deemed, were grievously in fault. Thence he repaired to England, and sought, by offers to serve the English interest, to induce Henry to favor his return to his native land. Of this Margaret seems to have been much afraid, from the earnest remonstrances against it which she addressed to her brother; as usual, enforcing her plea by threatening what she would do if it were not granted. Angus, however, *did* come, and his wife, whose shameless affections had been gained by another, Henry Stewart, took measures for procuring a divorce; which she at length obtained, the sentence being pronounced March 11th, 1526. On the 2nd of April, she owned that she had secretly married her favorite—whether before or after her legal separation from the earl does not appear: and in March, 1527, we find this profligate woman (for so must we term her) seeking, in the same way, a release from her third husband! The cool, collected manner in which she deals with the matter is revolting. Again and again does she complain to Henry and the Duke of Norfolk, of the

delay that she experienced in the pronouncing the sentence after it had been obtained; entreating the former to use his influence in procuring that this should be done: with misplaced piety assuring him that, 'with the grace of God,' she should never have such a trouble again! Her last letter to him is dated 12th May, 1541, when death had been busy in the royal house of Scotland. In the succeeding November, that 'hand that cannot spare' was laid on her also: and were we adherents of that faith which teaches that the departed spirit may be helped by the prayers of the living, over the ashes of this true Tudor should we breathe an especial 'on whose soul may God have mercy.'

Her numerous and very voluminous letters will not be without value in the illustration of that period of Scottish history to which they refer; while her character might well form a study for the historical biographer. The editor informs us that she has assigned to herself this task, and promises us its results, in the form of a memoir of Queen Margaret. We may perhaps venture here to express our expectation of its being well done.

The reign of Henry VIII. is rich in female correspondence. The ladies of that age seemed determined to make the most of their newly-acquired accomplishment; and much expenditure of goose quills and ink was its consequence. Politics, polemics, physic, and cookery—nothing came amiss to them. It has a strange look to see the name of Thirlby, one well-known in the ecclesiastical records of Mary's reign, in connexion with a receipt for making marmalade. His fair correspondent had, it appears, been favored by him with directions for making the desired sweetmeat; but having forgotten them, she begs him to write to her of the thing he taught her, 'how many pounds of sugar must go to how many pounds of quinces, barberries, and damascenes, or plums. For,' says she, 'I have clean forgotten how many pounds of the one and of the other. Now the time of quinces is come, I would fain be doing.' Thirlby, we presume, was eminent in such matters, as she begs him not only to write to her of this, but of any thing more that he might be pleased to teach her.

But the most amiable picture of domestic life in the sixteenth century is afforded us by the extracts from the correspondence between Lady Lisle, her husband, and step-

children; and bad taste though it may be, these parts of the work are, we think, far more interesting than those which may claim our regard in the light of historical documents. We must plead guilty to the charge of preferring character and manners to facts. The lady Honor, Viscountess Lisle, a daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville, was twice married: first, to Sir John Basset, of UMBERLEIGH, in Devonshire, who left her with a numerous family of children, including step-daughters; and, secondly, to Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, son of Edward IV., by whom she acquired another batch of step-children, comprising two families, his own daughters, and Sir John Dudley, *his* step-son. So that five different families were united in hers. To her husband, Lord Lisle, she seems to have been tenderly attached; and her letters, addressed to him during a brief absence, are charming from their simplicity and sprightliness, and the affection that breathes throughout them; while their style is such, that, a few quaintnesses excepted, they might, with their modernized orthography, pass for the genuine effusions of much later times. She seems to have possessed, in an eminent degree, that fluency and facility of expression in epistolary correspondence which is generally considered so peculiarly a woman's endowment. Nor was she less skilled in more masculine acquirements, if we may judge from the manner in which she acquitted herself in some intricate business matters entrusted to her by Lord Lisle. 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,' says Solomon, when describing a good wife; and this test of good wifeship Lady Lisle may well abide; for such was the confidence reposed in her by her lord, that when, during his lieutenancy of Calais, he had got into some difficulty, through a thoughtless promise to Cromwell, she was dispatched into England to remedy the mischief, as well as to attend to some other of his concerns that required both tact and patience in their management. Lord Lisle had imprudently engaged to make over to Cromwell (whether as a *bribe* or not does not appear; most likely it was, for this was too common a way of doing business with him), a certain estate at Painswick, which formed his wife's jointure, and which, after her death, was to revert to Sir John Dudley, whose mother had originally possessed it. And on the minister's refusing to release him from his engagement, the affair was put into Lady Lisle's hands, as the

party most interested, to make the best she could of so bad a business. To England she went, and her letters, during this absence, are delightful transcripts of her character, while, at the same time, they evidence the minute attention which she gave to the involved and troublesome objects of her journey. ('Surely,' she says, 'I lose no time, but am up every day three hours before day.') First, there was my lord's folly in the matter of Painswick to be remedied; secondly, a private and particular quarrel of her own with the Earls of Bridgewater and Hertford, touching certain property of Sir John Basset's, to be adjusted; thirdly and lastly, my lord wanted an increase of his salary as governor of Calais, and seems to have thought better of his lady's abilities than his own in the seeking of it. In this she failed, and met with rather a rough repulse from the lord privy seal, (whose influence was then at its height,) of whom, in communicating the disappointment to her spouse, she says—'but how he handled me and shook me up I will not now write, nor it is not to be written. Howbeit, he made me plain answer that your annuity should be no more but £200. I trust the king will be better lord unto you, or else I should be sorry.' The affair of Painswick was settled, but not much to her advantage. She had, however, the satisfaction of entirely recovering the property of the Bassets, which made some amends for her want of success in the other two affairs.

The terms of affection in which she addresses her lord, are such as evidently come from the heart. There is a piquancy about these antique endearments which is lacking in our more elegant, modern ones, and a warmth and genuineness that at once finds its response. Her first letter, describing the voyage to Dover, is altogether charming.

'MINE OWN SWEET HEART—This shall be to advertise you that I have had a goodly and fair passage, but it was somewhat slow, and long ere I landed; for this night at ten of the clock I landed. I thank God I was but once sick in all the way, and after that I was merry and well, and should have been much merrier if I had been coming towards you, or if you had been with me. Your absence, and my departure, maketh heavy, also that I departed at the stair at Calais so hastily, without taking my leave of you accordingly, made me very sorry. . . .

'This letter I began yesternight at supper-time . . . and because it was in the night late,

they looked not for me, so that there was no provision here ready for me; but while the supper was in dressing, I told to John Nele, Marks, John Smith, and Lamb, whom I had at supper, merry tales; and then John Nele promised me to come again in the morning for a token and letter to your lordship, but, contrary to his promise he went his way at three of the clock in the morning, giving me no warning thereof, which I assure you *have* made me not a little sorry, for that I fear you should conceive any unkindness or displeasure towards me, thinking me so negligent that I would not write to you. The counsel and company of John Nele did me much ease, and caused us to come to land much sooner than we should have done, but he did me not so much pleasure that way, but he have done me much more displeasure by this means. I beseech your lordship to be good lord to Asheston, the gunner, for I assure you he is an honest man, and I think he loveth your lordship as well as any man in Calais. Lamb had a very evil chance, and ran his ship against the pier; I think John Nele *have* showed you thereof, but I was out of the ship ere that time. The said Lamb will take no money of me for passage, not for the ship; but he have taken of me two crowns for himself, which I gave him for the passage. He saith you shall agree with his owner. I gave him the two crowns because he had loss by the breaking of his bowsprit and fore part of the ship. And thus, good sweetheart, I bid you most heartily farewell; praying to Almighty God to send me good speed in my suit, that I may have a short end, and return to you shortly again, for I shall think every hour ten till I be with you again.

'From Dover the 7th day of November,

'By her that is both your and her own,

'HONOR LISLE.

'I pray you show Mistress Minshaw that William, her son, was not sick in all the way.'

We have given this letter almost entire, for in our opinion nothing can be more beautiful. The easy grace of the style, the minute narration of incident, the overflowing love, and its slightly (for it is but slightly) antiquated cast, (bad grammar included,) are perfectly fascinating. There is every thing that there ought to be in such a letter; and if, as it is said, a woman must be judged by her letters, very high indeed must be our estimation and admiration of Lady Lisle. There are, we imagine, few of the well-born and well-educated women of *this* century, who would acquit themselves, as correspondents, better and more agreeably than this fond wife of the sixteenth. But her affection for her husband was *then* remarkable. We are told that Sir Francis Brian, addressing her lord,

adds that, it was unnecessary to write to her as well as to him, because, 'though they be two bodies, they are but one soul.'

In a few days after, she again writes to her 'own sweet good lord,' her 'good heart-root,' as she elsewhere styles him, concerning her dispute with the Earl of Bridgewater; and, after detailing her proceedings in the matter, she expresses her hope to finish it ere long:—

'For fain would I be with you, notwithstanding you promised me that after my departing, you would dine at ten of the clock every day, and keep little company, because you would mourn for mine absence; but I warrant you, I know what rule you keep and company well enough since my departing, and what thought you take for me, whereof you shall hear at my coming home. . . . From London . . . by her . . . which had much rather die with you there, than live here. . . . I pray you make no man privy to my letter; for this quarrel I make you is but fantasy.'

But if we were to yield to our inclination, we might go on quoting my Lady Lisle by the half hour, so perfectly to our taste is her fluent correspondence. In reply to the one above, Lord Lisle excuses himself for having broken his promise to dine daily at 'ten of the clock;' he had been too much engaged to 'mourn by day,' but 'in the night,' he says, 'I swear by God I sleep not an hour together for lack of you.' What a burst of affection also is here:—

'And when you write that you never longed so sore for me as you now do, I assure you, my good heart-root, your desire in that behalf can be no vehementer than mine is; for I know that I am here at great charge, and think that small profit will rise on it, as far as I can perceive, which maketh me not a little heavy; for I can neither sleep, nor eat, nor drink, that doth me good, my heart is so heavy, and full of sorrow, which I know well will never be lightened till I be with you.'

The conclusion of her history is sorrowful. On sundry charges preferred against him, Lord Lisle was recalled from his deputyship, and committed to the Tower; and his affectionate wife, separated from him, was also placed in custody, with most mean and inadequate provision for one who had been accustomed to more than the ordinary magnificence of those in her station. Her daughters were removed from her, and she was neither permitted to see nor speak to them. In this miserable condition—beautifully illustrative of the *good* olden times—

she remained two years; at the conclusion of which her lord received his acquittal, not only from Henry, but from a mightier than he,—that grim monarch, before whom the prison doors fly open, and who wrests his prey from the very fangs of the captor! And when this tender and faithful wife, released from her own durance in France, hastened to our English shores, in the fond hope of greeting his liberation, it was to find him an inhabitant of a still more

'distant land;
Beyond the expanse of earth, and utmost sky,
Beyond the far horizon's mistiest verge,—
Where beat no waves of time upon the strand.'

The joy of deliverance had been too much for him; and he had sunk under it. Of Lady Lisle two notices occur subsequently on the patent roll of Henry VIII.; but beyond this nothing further is known of her history.

Her peculiar talent seems also to have been possessed by her daughters; whose school-girl letters, here given us, are models of well-bred, girlish, sprightliness. But that want of space forbids it, we should have yielded to the temptation to transfer some of them to our page. As it is, we must content ourselves with indicating them, and referring the reader to Miss Wood's volumes. We must, for the same reason, deal in the same way with some other of these letters; which might well have claimed our attention. One, in particular from Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., on her receiving the appointment of maid of honor to Queen Catharine; which exhibits her character in the most unfavorable point of view, as too clearly manifesting the very unworthy nature of her designs and expectations, even at that period. The appointment, she receives as indicative of the king's feelings towards her; acknowledges it as such, and avows her own reciprocation of them. Further on, we find her fiercely reproaching Wolsey for forsaking her interest, and telling him, 'For the future I shall rely on nothing but the protection of Heaven, and the love of my dear king, which alone will be able to set right again those plans which you have broken and spoiled, and to place me in that happy station which God wills, the king so much wishes,' &c.

This needs no comment.

The few notices that occur of her much injured mistress, can but have the effect of deepening the sympathy with which her

wrongs must ever be regarded. The sufferings of her after life, of which her cruel separation, even unto death, from her child seems to have been the one most bitterly felt, were but in accordance with the annoyances and distress that marked her residence in an English court, during the days of her early widowhood. Both Henry VII. and her Spanish friends seem agreed to harass and neglect her. Nor was the Princess Mary much less to be pitied. It is not a little painful to read the abject submissions and supplications with which she was forced to pursue her tyrannical father and king, ere he could be induced to restore her to favor, and forgive her the sin of being her mother's daughter! for *that* was the 'head and front of her offending.' Of her character the editor of these letters seems inclined to take a somewhat more favorable view than that which has so long been popular among the Protestants of England; without running into the opposite extreme, as some would do, by way of balancing the excessive opprobrium under which she has lain. Certainly, the various documents that have of late years come to light, would dispose us to such a judgment; and to pronounce that her virtues were her own, and her faults chiefly those of her faith and times. We would not here be misunderstood as the apologist of Mary. The *woman* may well claim our compassion. As a child, she was oppressed and injured by him whom nature pointed out as her protector; in more mature life, she was persecuted for her religious creed, and forbidden, by her brother and sovereign, the exercise of its worship; and subsequently, during her joyless rule, she sunk under ill health, conjugal neglect, and national disasters. Nevertheless, as a queen, certain acts of her reign (for which, as the ostensible head of her government, she must stand charged, whether their blame really rests with her or not) must ever call forth our deep abhorrence. Even here, however, we must bear in mind the state of public feeling and opinion of the day; the recklessness of human life and suffering which was common to all, and which admitted, as we have seen, that a woman, nobly born and bred, should suggest *torture* for some pitiful deer-stealing out of her park. We must bear this in mind, or we shall fail in rightly estimating the precise amount of Mary's *personal* guilt in the revolting persecution that bears her name.

We must do Miss Wood the justice to

say, that she has presented the public with a work as entertaining and interesting, as it is valuable. It is an important contribution, not only to our historical knowledge, but also towards an acquaintance with the minds, manners, habits of thought, and education (using the word in its larger sense) of our countrywomen of other days; and the more we know of them, the better we like them. While there is something inexpressibly touching in this familiar intercourse, (for what acquaintance can be more intimate than that derived from a person's letters?) with generations passed away; in having those, whose very dust is now indistinguishable amid the kindred earth to which, centuries ago, it was consigned, thus brought before us in all the freshness and vividness of to-day—so like ourselves!

The present is, we believe, the editor's first appearance as a candidate for literary distinction; and we have pleasure in congratulating her on the very creditable manner in which she has acquitted herself, in an undertaking so tedious and laborious as must have been the collection, illustration, and modernizing of these letters. The modernizing we would generally rather dispense with; but many of these would have been utterly unintelligible to any but the antiquarian reader, had this process not passed upon them. There are some words and names which she has found it impossible to make out with certainty; and we fancy that we could help her to a better guess at a few of them than she has herself given us. For instance, judging from the connexion, we would suggest that Kirkbyshire (page 352, vol. ii.) was not Kirkby East, in Lincolnshire, but one of the many places of that name in Yorkshire. 'Hayllom' we should be disposed to think referred to that part of Yorkshire, which from a very early period has been known by the name of Hallamshire, rather than, as she conjectures, to Hayham; excepting its being 'in the Wolds,' may render our reading an improper one. We are uncertain whether they are confined to the East Riding. And the word "laif," in a letter of queen Margaret (page 8, vol. ii.) is evidently not *love*, as she renders it, but *lave*, the *rest*; so the Scotch ballad—

'Whistle o'er the *lave* (or *rest*) o't.'

But, considering the materials she had to deal with, we may rather be surprised that

there are so few instances of the kind, than that we should have been able to point out these, which we do with all deference to the lady's own judgment. We must, in concluding our notice of them, again repeat our expression of the pleasure and interest with which we have perused her volumes.

From the Literary Gazette.

JESSE'S ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Anecdotes of Dogs. By Edward Jesse, Esq., author of "Gleanings in Natural History," &c. 4to, pp. 336. London, R. Bentley.

To sit down on our stool to review this delightfully illustrated book is something like getting into the saddle to go out with the hounds. We look around, and there are all the animals as lively as spring. For a whipper-in, no one could be more *au fait* than Mr. Jesse, who seems to be quite familiar and intimate, as it were, with every dog in the pack, knowing as much of their breeds, habits, and characters, as if he were himself of the same genus, the very son of a dog. Then the tail-pieces are so *apropos*, and the whole got up in so good a style, that we feel our admiration for the whole species increase as we contemplate their variety and beauty; as our veneration for their intellect is greatly augmented whilst we read these true stories of their humanity, courage, sagacity, and general talent, not to say genius. Man, indeed, ought to love dogs, in return for the affection they display towards man. Yet Mr. Jesse is not quite sure whether or no they are the reclaimed descendants of the wolf, though he inclines to consider them a distinct race, and unquestionably no connexion with Reynard the Fox. Thus, says he:—

"We dismiss the fox as an alien to the dog, or at all events as a distinct species. Then comes the claim of the wolf as the true original of the dog. Before considering this, let us revert to the question of what constitutes a species. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that it is the power of breeding together and of continuing to breed with each other; that this is partially the case between the dog and the wolf is certain, for Lord Clanbrassil and Lord Pembroke proved the fact beyond a doubt above half a century ago, and the following epitaph in the garden at Wilton House is a curious record of the particulars:—

Here lies Lupa,
Whose grandmother was a wolf,
Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose
Mother was half wolf and half dog.
She died on the 11th of October, 1782,
Aged 12 years.

Conclusive as this fact may appear, as proving the descent of the dog from the wolf, it is not convincing, the dog having characters which do not belong to the wolf. The dog, for instance, guards property with strictest vigilance, which has been entrusted to his charge; all his energies seem roused at night, as though aware that that is the time when depredations are committed. His courage is unbounded, a property not possessed by the wolf; he appears never to forget a kindness, but soon loses the recollection of an injury, if received from the hand of one he loves, but resents it if offered by a stranger. His docility and mental pliability exceed those of any other animal; his habits are social, and his fidelity not to be shaken; hunger cannot weaken, nor old age impair it. His discrimination is equal, in many respects, to human intelligence. If he commits a fault, he is sensible of it, and shows pleasure when commended. These, and many other qualities which might have been enumerated, are distinct from those possessed by the wolf. It may be said that domestication might produce them in the latter. This may be doubted, and is not likely to be proved; the fact is, the dog would appear to be a precious gift to man from a benevolent Creator, to become his friend, companion, protector, and the indefatigable agent of his wishes. While all other animals had the fear and dread of man implanted in them, the poor dog alone looked at his master with affection, and the tie once formed was never broken to the present hour."

The preliminaries of the family tree being settled, our author proceeds to tell us anecdotes of wolf-dogs. Newfoundlands, collies, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, terriers, spaniels, poodles, Esquimaux, greyhounds, pointers, pugs, turnspits, foxhounds, beagles, mastiffs, and bulldogs; all in that gossiping, light-reading manner, which is calculated to make a performance of the sort so popular. Let it be our task to unkennel a few samples of these anecdotes, choosing such as we think may be either new or least known, and, by way of criticism, add a few analogous specimens from our own canine budget. We pass at once to the colley, of which Mr. Jesse relates:—

"A lady of high rank has a sort of colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if he is told to ring the bell when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, 'Ring the bell, dog.' The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his bow

bow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him, 'Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you?—come to my lady.' His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say—if he could—'It is all right now.'

And again :—

"At Albany, in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a half a quarter of a mile. The dog *usually* received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on *one day only* neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on the arrival of the next mail buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

[By the way, the word "*usually*" spoils this story; for if the reward were not constant, the revenge for the omission of *one day only* could not be accounted for.] The Newfoundland has always been noted for remarkable intelligence; and Mr. Jesse tells :—

"Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shows the sense, and I am almost inclined to add reason, of the Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.

"A gentleman had a pointer and Newfoundland dog which were great friends. The former broke his leg, and was confined to a kennel. During that time, the Newfoundland never failed bringing bones and other food to the pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend.

"During a period of very hot weather, the Mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets should

be secured by the police, and removed to the prison-yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a ship-owner of the port, who, with several others, was tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then, hearing the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined them, and had succeeded in three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the jailor. * * *

"A gentleman, from whom I received the anecdote, was walking one day along a road in Lancashire, when he was *accosted*, if the term may be used, by a terrier-dog. The animal's gesticulations were at first so strange and unusual, that he felt inclined to get out of its way. The dog, however, at last, by various significant signs and expressive looks, made his meaning known, and the gentleman, to the dog's great delight, turned and followed him for a few hundred yards. He was led to the banks of a canal which he had not before seen, and there he discovered a small dog struggling in the water for his life, and nearly exhausted by his efforts to save himself from drowning. The sides of the canal were bricked, with a low parapet wall rather higher than the bank. The gentleman, by stooping down, with some difficulty got hold of the dog and drew him out, his companion all the time watching the proceedings. It cannot be doubted but that in this instance the terrier made use of the only means in his power to save the other dog, and this in a way which showed a power of reasoning equally strong with that of a human being under a similar circumstance."

To match this we may as well here relate the following yet more wonderful fact. A dog was one day accidentally run over by a "shay-cart" in Portland-street, and had his leg broken; which being witnessed by a humane surgeon living near, he took the creature up, and dressed the limb carefully with splints, &c., and restored him to his grieved master, with whom he was a mighty favorite. As he got better he was from time to time carried to the doctor's to have his wound dressed. By and by he got well enough to limp there by himself, and finally, when quite restored, the habit had grown so confirmed with him, that he used every now and then to make a grateful and friendly call by way of acknowledging the service which had been done him. Such was the state of affairs, when one evening his well-known scratch and tapping at the surgery door was heard more *impatiently* than was wont, and when it was opened to him he walked in with a companion dog who had got a severe hurt on his leg, and was accordingly brought and recommended as a *patient*, for similar bandages and lotions to

those he had found effectual in his own dilapidated case.

Mr. Jesse goes on with other instances of sagacity:—

"A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprung into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved. * * * *

"An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, has remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. This fact favors the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. He is a cross with the Newfoundland breed, and besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shows his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbor is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at their door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or any thing he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased at being allowed to lead his master's horse to the stable."

We regret that Mr. Jesse does not appear to have seen the wonderful dogs which were exhibited some year or two ago in the Quadrant, one of which beat us at dominos,

as recorded in our faithful chronicle at the time; and both of them performed feats of sagacity which could not be explained by any process short of human reasoning powers. Learned dogs have been in numbers, but these French scholars (something like Spanish pointers in form) were the most marvellous ever witnessed. Not that London dogs are destitute of a sort of cockney ability. We knew one who was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, hot as fire, just out of the oven, which he instantly dropt, seized his money off the counter, and from that day *changed his baker*. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better behaved tradesman.

Of a colley we have the following from Mr. Jesse:—

"The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away, and, at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night-time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them."

These creatures do such acts on the Scottish mountains in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks, that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of voice is sufficient to regulate all their movements: and you may see them a mile or two miles off, on top of hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. We saw a colley once in Perthshire taking a flock of sheep to Falkirk Tryst, or Fair: and as the road was dusty, he chose to indulge his charge occasionally with a bit of green walk and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in a hedge, he bounded into the field and ran on to the

farther extremity on his route; if he found an opening there, he returned and drove the sheep into the pasture to pick up a little on their way—if not, he occupied the gap, and resolutely denied them entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road.

Mr. J. affirms that the greyhound, if kindly treated, is as sensible as other dogs; not so the pug. But the pointer is one of the most sagacious—and his action in sporting is highly eulogized. On Monday we saw a water-spaniel which was so fond of duck-shooting, that when very hungry his owner threw him down a piece of meat, and at the same moment took up his gun to go upon the deck of the yacht; and the animal left his food untouched to leap upon deck to see the piece discharged. This fellow liked also a sport of his own, which consisted in catching crabs in the water and giving them a crunch betwixt his jaws, which spoilt their swimming for ever after he had dropt their mangled shells. This species is closely allied in acuteness to the Newfoundlanders: of whom Mr. J. farther relates:—

"A Newfoundland dog of the true breed was brought from that country, and given to a gentleman who resided near Thames Street, in London. As he had no means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, he sent him to a friend in Scotland by a Berwick smack. When he arrived in Scotland, he took the first opportunity of escaping, and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back to his former residence on Fish Street Hill, but in so exhausted a state that he could only express his joy at seeing his master, and then died. So wonderful is the sense of these dogs, that I have heard of three instances in which they have voluntarily guarded the bed-chamber doors of their mistresses, during the whole night, in the absence of their masters, although on no other occasion did they approach them."

We will not swear to the truth of the following, but we heard it on the spot, at Limehouse, near unto Blackwall. A dog attached to the yard of a leading shipbuilder there was stolen by a sailor, and concealed on board a vessel bound for India and China. In the Chinese seas the vessel was attacked by pirates, and, after a sharp battle, driven ashore and destroyed. Almost the entire crew perished; but what was the astonishment in the building yard when, months after, the dog made his appearance, having, by some means or other, found his way back from China and dark pirates to

the neighborhood of white-bait banquets on the banks of the Thames! Two more anecdotes from our author, and two more of our own, and we have done with the dogs:

"A mastiff belonging to a tanner had taken a great dislike to a man, whose business frequently brought him to the house. Being much annoyed at his antipathy, and fearful of the consequences, he requested the owner of the dog to endeavor to remove the dislike of the animal to him. This he promised to do, and brought it about in the following manner, by acting on the noble disposition of the dog. Watching his opportunity, he one day, as if by accident, pushed the dog into a well in the yard, in which he allowed it to struggle a considerable time. When the dog seemed to be getting tired, the tanner desired his companion to pull it out, which he did. The animal on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, as if sensible that he had saved his life, and never molested him again; on the contrary, he received him with kindness whenever they met, and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home."

In the following anecdote, we have the dog in the character of a groom:—

"The extraordinary sense of a dog was shown in the following instance. A gentleman, residing near Pontipool, had his horse brought to his house by a servant. While the man went to the door, the horse ran away, and made his escape to a neighboring mountain. A dog belonging to the house saw this, and of his own accord followed the horse, got hold of the bridle, and brought him back to the door."

In the next, the dog is a physician:—

"During a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them; the house-dog at last entered the kitchen, having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance: for they all revived by the warmth of the fire."

The dog of the succeeding anecdote was a church-goer, and sound Protestant:—

"It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy, a favorite terrier,

which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew."

And here is a good Catholic of a dog, and unconvertible :

"Mr. Southey, in his 'Omniana,' informs us, that he knew of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterwards sold to a Protestant ; but still he refused to eat anything on a Friday."

The following dogs were sentimental dogs :--

"Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the Colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favorite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress, after a long absence."

From Fraser's Magazine.

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

PART II. AND CONCLUSION.

HOGG has told an amusing anecdote of Wordsworth at Mount Rydal. It chanced one night while the bard of Kilmeny was at the Lakes with Wordsworth, Wilson, and De Quincey, that a resplendent arch, something like the aurora borealis, was observed across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other. The splendid meteor became the subject of conversation, and the table was left for an eminence outside where its effect could be seen to greater advantage. Miss Wordsworth, the poet's sister, who accompanied them, expressed a fear lest the brilliant stranger might prove ominous, when Hogg, thinking he was saying a good thing, hazarded the remark

that it was neither more nor less "than joost a treeumphal aitch raised in honor of the meeting of the poets." Miss Wordsworth smiled, and Wilson laughed and declared the idea not amiss. But when it was told to Wordsworth he took De Quincey aside, and said loud enough to be heard by more than the person he was addressing, "Poets ! poets ! what does the fellow mean ? Where are they ?" Hogg was a little offended at the time, but he enjoyed it afterwards ; and we have heard him tell the story in his own "slee" and inimitable manner, and laugh immoderately as he told it. Poor James Hogg ! REGINA has reason to remember James ; nor was the poet of "Kilmeny" forgotten when dead, by the great poet of the *Excursion*. There is nothing more touching in poetry since the time of Collins than Wordsworth's extempore verses on the shepherd's death. He knew his claims to be called a poet, and time will confirm his judgment and make the Rydal Aurora a story merely to amuse.

Poets, where are they ? Is poetry extinct among us, or is it only dormant ? Is the crop exhausted, and must the field lie fallow for a time ? Or is it that, in this commercial nation of ours, where every thing is weighed in Rothschild's scales of pecuniary excellence, that we have no good poetry because we have no demand for it ? We falter while we think it is so. Poets we still have, and poetry at times of a rich and novel, but not a cultivated flavor. Hardly a week elapses that does not give birth to as many different volumes of verses as there are days in a week. But then there is little that is good ; much that *was* imagination, and much that might have passed for poetry when verse was in its infancy among us. Much of that clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme—that cuckoo kind of verse which palls upon the mind and really disgusts you with verse of a higher character. But now we look, and justly too, for something more. Whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel than he that sails by others' maps can make a new discovery. All the old dishes of the ancients have been new heated and new set forth *usque ad* — But we forbear. People look for something more than schoolboy commonplaces and thoughts at second-hand, and novelties and nothing more, without a single grain of salt to savor the tun of unmeaningness which they carry with them. It is no easy matter to become a poet,—

"Consules fiunt quotannis, et novi proconsules,
Solut aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur;"

or, as the old water-poet phrased it,—

"When Heaven intends to do some mighty
thing
He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

South was of opinion that the composition of an epigram was the next great difficulty to an epic poem.

"And South beheld that master-piece of man."

Coxcombs who consider the composition of a song an easy matter should set themselves down, as Burns says, and try. Ask Tommy Moore how many days and nights he has given to a single stanza in an Irish melody? Ask Sam Rogers how long he has spent over the composition of a couplet in *An Epistle to a Friend*; or Wordsworth how long he has labored with a sonnet; or Bowles—yes, ask the Vicar of Brewhill, if he does not owe the bright finish of his verse as much to pains as happiness? Dryden toiled for a fortnight over his *Alexander's Feast*, and yet he wrote with ease—not the ease of the mob of gentlemen ridiculed by Pope, but with great fluency of idea and great mastery of expression. Good things are not knocked off at a heat—for a long jump there must be a very long run, and a long preparatory training too. There is no saying "I will be a poet." Only consider not the long apprenticeship alone, but the long servitude which the muse requires from those who would invoke her rightly.

"In a poet no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked; to a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety, for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth, and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."*

Every one remembers (poets themselves perhaps excepted) the long course of study and preparation which Milton laid down for himself before he stripped for the *Par-*

adise Lost. And yet one would hardly think, on first reflection, that any course of preparation was necessary for the poet of *Comus* and *Lycidas*, and the *Hymn on the Nativity of Christ*. But Milton fully understood the height of his great argument, and how unequalled with every lengthened preparation he must be to record it rightly. But people (not poets) start epics nowadays without any kind of consideration. No subject is too great for them. *Satan*, *Chaos*, *The Messiah*, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *the Fall of Ninurck*, *The World before the Flood*. One shudders at the very idea of subjects so sublime taken up as holiday recreations by would-be poets, without the vision and the faculty divine, or any other merit (if merit it may be called) than the mere impudence of daring:—

"When will men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt the jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven's gates with her bright
hoofs?"—BEN JONSON

Benjamin West, the painter, trafficked with subjects of the same sublime description. And in what way? "Without expression, fancy, or design;" without genius and without art. People forget, or choose to forget, that *subject* alone is not sufficient for a poem. Look at Burns's "Mouse," or Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," or Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," or Gainsborough's "Cottager" with a dish of cream. It is the treatment which ennobles. But there is no driving this into some people's ears. Big with the swollen ambition of securing a footing on the sun-bright summits of Parnassus, they plume themselves on borrowed wings and bladders of their own, and after a world of ink, a world of big *ideas*, and a copied invocation, they struggle to ascend, and pant and toil to the end of an epic in as many books as the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*. Would that your Robert Montgomerys, your Edwin Atherstones, and sundry such who understand the art of sinking in the low profound—would that they would reflect for five minutes on what an epic poem really is! And what it is, and ought to be, glorious John Dryden tells us in a very few words. "A heroic poem," he says, "truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." And so it is.

* Rasselas.

"A work," says Milton, "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine: but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

And yet Murray and Moxon are troubled once a-week, at the least, with the offer of a new epic, for a certain sum—so run the terms—or, in case of declining that, for half profits. As if epics were blackberries, and men sought fame as Smith O'Brien seeks reputation—by an impertinent folly of their own! But "Fools rush in," and there will still be poetasters—Blackmore and his brethren—in spite of critics, hard words, and something harder still—contemptuous neglect.

Few live to see their fame established on a firm and unalterable foundation. The kind criticisms of friends conspire at times to give a false position to a poem, or the malice of enemies unite to obtain for it one equally undeserved. Who now reads Hayley? How many are there in the position of Gascoigne and Churchyard as described by old Michael Drayton?—

"Accounted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspired with bravefire; had they
Lived but a little longer they had seen
Their works before them to have buried
been."

That "lived but a little longer!" It is well they didn't. How will it be with the poets of the past generation two hundred years from this? They cannot possibly go down "complete." There must be a weeding. Fancy Sir Walter Scott in twelve volumes, Byron in ten, Southey in ten, Moore in ten, Wordsworth in six—to say nothing of Campbell in two volumes, Rogers in two, and Shelley in four. The poets of the last generation form a library of themselves. And if poetry is multiplied hereafter at the same rate, we shall want fresh shelves, fresh patience, and a new lease of life, for threescore and ten of scriptural existence is far too short to get acquainted with the past and keep up our intimacy with the present. The literature of the last fifty years is a study of itself—Scott's novels, Scott's poetry, Scott's Miscellanies, and Scott's Life! Then of the present, there are the daily papers, the weekly journals, the monthly magazines, the quarterly reviews, all of which we are expected to have a fair passing acquaintance

with. There is Mr. Dickens's last book on the table, which I have not as yet had time to read, and old Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* by its side, coaxing me to renew a youthful acquaintance with its pages; and there are *Tristram Shandy*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and dear delightful *Amelia*, which I fain would read again, but cannot, I fear, for want of time. Only observe the dust on that fine Froissart on my shelves, and that noble old copy of Ben Jonson's works in folio, with a mark, I could swear, in the third act of the *Alchemist* or the *Silent Woman*. There is no keeping pace with the present while we pay any thing like due attention to the past. I pity that man who reads Albert Smith who never read *Parthenissa*; but perhaps he pities me because I am indifferently up in the writer he admires. How people are cut off from the full literary enjoyments of this life who never read "Munro his Expedition," or the Duchess of Newcastle's Life of the Duke her husband, or Tom Brown, or Ned Ward, or Roger L'Estrange, or Tom Coryat, or "the works sixty-three in number" of old John Taylor, the sculler on the Thames!

We wish for poets who will write when Nature and their full thoughts bid them, and are not exacting when we look for more than one sprig of laurel to grace a garland. We have already enough of would-be poets—Augustus Cæsar, King James I., Cardinal Richelieu, the great Lord Clarendon, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the famous Lord Chatham; but poetry is what old George Chapman calls it,—a flower of the sun, which disdains to open to the eye of a candle.

"No power the muses' favor can command.
What Richelieu wanted Louis scarce could
gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, and wish'd
in vain."

Your "rich ill poets are without excuse."* "Your verses, good sir, are no poems, they'll not hinder your rising in the state."† "'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish."‡ People affect to think that the same talents and application which raised Lord Mansfield to the highest honor

* Lord Roscommon.

† Ben Johnson.

‡ Selden's *Table-Talk*.

of the gown, would, had they been turned to the study of poetry, have raised him to as high a position in the catalogue of our poets. 'Tis pretty enough when told in verse—

“How many an Ovid was in Murray lost;”

yet we are inclined to think that there is very little in it, and that Wordsworth is nearer the mark, who says of self communing and unrecorded men,—

“Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.”

But this one word “accomplishment” implies a good deal more than mere dexterity and ease—culture and the inspiring aid of books,

“Pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords.

For words are in poetry what colors are in painting, and the music of numbers is not to be matched or done without. Look at Donne. Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? Whereas his verse is now—if verse it may be called—

“A kind of hobbling prose,
Which limps along and tinkles in the close.”

There goes much more to the composition of even a third-rate poet than rhymesters at first are willing to allow, for to nature, exercise, imitation, study, art must be added to make all these perfect,—*οὐτε φύσις ἰκανὴ γινέται τέχνης ἄνευ, οὐτε παρ' τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κεκτημένη*—Without art nature can never be perfect, and without nature art can claim no being.

One of Boswell's recorded conversations with the great hero of his admiration was on the subject of a collection being made of all the poems of all the English poets who had published a volume of poems.

“Johnson told me,” he says, “that a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had gone the greatest length towards this, having collected about 500 volumes of poets whose works were little known; but that upon his death Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity, as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good may be found.”

This was a kindly criticism, uttered in

the good nature of an easy moment, hardly applicable to the volumes of verse we see published now. Surely there are many put forth without a redeeming stanza or passage to atone for the dry desert of a thousand lines through which the critic is doomed to wander in quest of beauties which he fain would find. Surely Coxeter's collection contained a very large number of one-idea'd volumes! We could have helped him from our own shelves to a very fair collection of verse printed before 1747, when this “curious” collector died, full of the most trivial nothingnesses. For a little volume of verse of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, said to be unique, or nearly so, Mr. Miller has been known to give twenty guineas or more, and think himself lucky that he has been let off thus easily. Some of these twenty-guinea volumes we have had the curiosity to look into. Poetry there is none; nothing more, indeed, than the mere similitude of verse. Songs, differing from sonnets because the lines are shorter, and sonnets, only to be recognized as such from the fourteen lines which the writer, in compliance with custom, has prudently confined them to.

“Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.”

It is curious, however, to see any collection complete; and Mr. Miller is to be praised for his unceasing endeavors to make his collection of English poetry (literally so called) as complete as possible.

The poet of the *Irish Melodies* made an observation when at Abbotsford, too curious to be passed over in a paper of this description, when we consider the merit of the remark itself, the rank of the poet who made it, and the reputation of the poet who responded to its truth:—

“Hardly a magazine is now published,” said Moore, “that does not contain verses which, some thirty years ago, would have made a reputation.”

Scott turned with a look of shrewd humor on his friend, as if chuckling over his own success, and said,—

“Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows!” and added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, “we have, like Boabdil, taught them to beat us at our own weapons.”

There cannot be a doubt but that the poetry of the present day is of that mediocre level of description which neither pleases nor offends; and that much of it, if pub-

lished sixty years ago, or even thirty years ago, would have secured for more than one writer a high reputation at the time, and possibly a place in Chalmers' collected edition of our *British Poets*. Such a reputation as Miss Seward achieved, or Hayley, or Oram, or Headley, or Hurdis:—

"Fame then was cheap, and the first comers sped;
And they have kept it since by being dead."

DRYDEN.

There was a time when a single poem, nay, a decent epigram, procured a niche for its writer in the temple of our poetry; but these times are gone by, inundated as we now are with verses of one particular level of merit, as flat as the waste of Cumberland, and equally unprofitable; so that the poet, ambitious of a high reputation in our letters, must make it upon something that is completely novel; and there, as Scott remarked, will rest the only chance for an extended reputation.

Poetry has become an easy art, and people have been taught to pump for poetry without a Gildon or a Bysshe to aid their labors. Wakley can laugh in the House of Commons at the poetry of Wordsworth, and treat the senators who surround him with a happy imitation of the great poet of his time. Verse has become an extempore kind of art, a thing to be assumed when wanted; and O'Connell can throw off at a heat a clever parody upon Dryden's famous epigram; as if, like Theodore Hook, he had served an apprenticeship to the art of happy imitation. That the bulk of the so-called poetry of the present day—"nonsense, well tuned and sweet stupidity"—is injurious to a proper estimation of the true-born poets who still exist, there cannot be a doubt; that it is injurious, moreover, to the advancement of poetry among us, is, I think, equally the case. Poetry in the highest sense of the word, was never better understood, though never, perhaps, less cultivated than it is now. Criticism has taken a high stand; and when the rage for rhyme has fairly exhausted itself, nature will revive among us, and we shall have a new race of poets to uphold, if not to eclipse, the glories of the old. There are many still among us to repeat without any kind of braggart in their blood:—

"O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
How could I reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage."

SPENSER.

When poetry was all but extinct among us, Cowper and Burns came forward to revive the drooping Muse, and show us, unmistakeably enough, that men and studies may decay, but Nature never dies.

There is little reason to suppose that the great poet of the *Excursion* is likely to remain more than a few years among us; for though, thank God, in health and vigor, and as fond of poetry as ever, he has outlived by the period of an apprenticeship, the threescore years and ten, the Scriptural limitation of the life of man. When Wordsworth dies, there will be a new Session of the poets for the office of poet-laureate. To whom will the lord-chamberlain assign the laurel, honored and disgraced by a variety of wearers? To whom will the unshorn deity assign it? There may be a difference of opinion between the poet's God and the court lord-chamberlain; there have been differences heretofore, or else Shadwell and Tate, Eusden and Cibber, Whitehead and Pye, had never succeeded to the laurels of famous Ben Jonson and glorious John Dryden. Who are your young and our rising poets likely to become claimants, and to have their case considered by Phœbus Apollo in the new session he must summon before very long?

"A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;
The laurel that had been so long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved."

And,

"Therefore, the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to carry the laurel away that day."

How Suckling would put them forward, we must leave to the fancy of the reader. We can do very little more than enumerate the names of candidates likely to be present on the occasion. We can conceive their entry somewhat after the following manner. A herald, followed by an attendant with a tray of epics from *Nineveh* at twelve shillings to *Orion* at a farthing, and the authors arranged pretty nearly as follows:—Atherstone first (as the favorite poet of Lord Jeffrey's later lubrications); Robert Montgomery, 2; Heraud, 3; Read, 4; Horne, 5; and Ben Disraeli, 6. To the epic portion of the candidates the dramatists will succeed, fresh from Sadler's Wells and the Surrey, and led by Talfourd and Bulwer, and followed by Mr. Marston, Mr. Trowton, Mr. Henry Taylor, Sir

Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Spicer; Jerrold representing comedy, without a fellow to rival or support him. Then will follow the ballad-writers; Macaulay by himself, and Smythe and Lord John Manners walking like the Babes in the Wood together. To the trio will succeed Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, Monckton Milnes, Charles Mackay, and Coventry Patmore, followed by a galaxy of ladies for the gallery, led by Mrs. Norton and Miss Barret; with Camilla Toulmin, with a bunch of flowers; Frances Brown, with a number of the *Athenæum*; Eliza Cook, with Mr. Cayley's commendation; Miss Costello, with a Persian rose; and Mrs. Ogilvy, with her quarto volume of minstrelsy from the North. We can fancy Apollo's confusion at the number; and should in some measure be inclined to abide by his opinion, should he give the laurel at the end, as Suckling has made him, to an alderman of London:

"He openly declared that 't was the best sign
Of good store of wit to have good store of coin;
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face."

"Only," and how admirable the wit is:—

"Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown,
When he lends any poet about the town."

"O rare Sir John Suckling!"

Is Alfred Tennyson a poet? His merits divide the critics. With some people he is every thing, with others he is little or nothing. Betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, it is hard to judge uprightly of the living. The zeal of his friends is too excessive to be prudent, the indifference of his enemies too studied to be sincere. He is unquestionably a poet, in thought, language, and in numbers. But the *New Timon* tells us he is not a poet; Peel tells us that he is, and gives him a pension of 200*l.* a-year to raise him above the exigencies of the world. But the satirist has dropped his condemnation from the third edition of his poem, and the pension still continues to be paid. Is it, therefore, deserved? We think it is, not from what Mr. Tennyson has as yet performed, but what he has shown himself capable of perform-

ing. His poems are, in some respects, an accession to our literature. He has the right stuff in him, and he may yet do more; but unless it is better than what he has already done, he had better withhold it. His admirers—and he will never be without "the few"—will always augur well of after-performances (though never realized) from what has gone before, and attribute to indolence and a pension what from fear and inability he was unable to accomplish. His detractors, on the other hand, will have little to lay hold of; they may flatter themselves with having frightened him into silence, but their liking for his verses will warm as they grow older. He has nothing, however, to fear, if he writes nobly from himself, and the Muse is willing and consenting. Great works—

"A work t'outwear Seth's pillars, brick and
stone,
And (Holy Writ excepted) made to yield to
none."—Dr. DONNE.

appear too rarely to raise expectation that this or that person is likely to produce one. It is near 200 years since Milton began to prune his wings for the great epic of his age and nation; and what has our poetry produced since then in any way approaching what Milton accomplished? Much that is admirable, and much that will live as long as Milton himself, but nothing of the same stamp, for though Scott may affect to speak of *Manfred* as a poem wherein Byron "matched Milton upon his own ground," yet we all of us pretty well know otherwise; and that the Muse of Byron is as inferior to *Paradise Lost*, as the *Farmer's Boy* to *The Seasons*; or any of the great dramatists of the age of Shakspeare to Shakspeare himself.

Before Mr. Tennyson tries the temper of the public for a third time (which we hope he will do, and before very many years go by), it behoves him to consider the structure of his verse and the pauses of his numbers a little more maturely than he has hitherto done. It behoves him, moreover, to rub off a few affectations of style, the besetting sin of too many of his verses, and too often mistaken, by the young especially, for one of the marks of originality, and not for what it is—one of its peculiarities; and what is more, a very bad peculiarity both in matter and in manner. Coleridge understood the deficiencies of Mr. Tennyson's Muse when he uttered the following capital criticism upon him:—

"I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres; such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He would probably thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses."*

This is something more than a clever criticism on the Muse of Mr. Tennyson; it is a most admirable piece of advice, and deserves to be remembered. Tennyson, and Browning, and Miss Barrett, should act upon it forthwith; they would improve their numbers very materially by such an exercise of their ears. Coleridge's own poetry is a lasting exemplification of the rhythmical charms of English verse. He never offends you—he always pleases:—

"His musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,"

that every verse he wrote will satisfy the ear and satisfy the fingers.

A second critic of distinction who has passed judgment on Mr. Tennyson is Mr. Leigh Hunt, always an agreeable and not unfrequently a safe critic to abide by:—

"Alfred Tennyson," writes Mr. Hunt, "is of the school of Keats; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that Keats has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations, and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression. In his desire to communicate this music he goes so far as to accent the final syllables in his participles passive, as pleachéd, crownéd, purple-spikéd, &c., with visible printer's marks, which subjects him but erroneously to a charge of pedantry; though it is a nicety not complimentary to the reader, and of which he may as well get rid. Much, however, as he reminds us of Keats, his genius is his own. He would have written poetry, had his precursor written none; and he has also a vein of

metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge, as may be seen by his verses entitled 'A Character,' those 'On the Confessions of a Sensitive Mind,' and numerous others. He is also a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that in 'The Moated Grange' becomes affecting; and, in 'The Miller's Daughter,' would remind us of the Dutch school, if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, varied with a pleasant joviality. Mr. Tennyson has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of 'Hyperion,' nor even of such gentler narrative as the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the poem of 'Lamia,' and 'Isabella,' but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him."*

This is criticism in full accordance with the kindlier sympathies of our own nature; but much of the weight and value of it must depend on the rank the reader is willing to assign to Mr. Keats. It is, however, intended as a very high encomium: Mr. Hunt appropriating a place in our poetry to Keats which I am afraid he will find very few willing to concede to him.

Our poetry is in a very sorry kind of plight if it has to depend upon Tennyson and Browning for the hereditary honors of its existence. The *Examiner* will tell us "No!" The *Athenæum* will do the same; papers remarkable for the vigor of their articles, the excellence of their occasional criticism, and the general asperity of their manner. A page out of every ten in Herrick's "Hesperides" is more certain of an hereafter than any one dramatic romance or lyric in all the "Bells and Pomegranates" of Mr. Browning. Not but what Mr. Browning is a poet. He is unquestionably a poet; but his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it, and his numbers at times are overlaid with affectation, the common conceit of men who affect to tell common things in an uncommon manner. He clogs his verses, moreover, with too many consonants and too many monosyllables, and carries the sense too frequently in a very ungraceful manner from one line to the other. Here is a passage from the seventh number of his "Bells and Pomegranates," which it really is a torture to read:—

"But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the vine-
yards
Grape harvest began:

* Table-Talk, p. 222.

* Book of Gems, p. 274.

In the vat half-way up in our house-side,
 Like blood the juice spins,
 While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
 Till breathless he grins,
 Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
 To keep the grapes under ;
 For still when he seems all but master,
 In pours the fresh plunder
 From girls who keep coming and going
 With basket on shoulder,
 And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
 Your girls that are older,—
 For under the hedges of aloe,
 And where, on its bed
 Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
 Lies pulpy and red,
 All the young ones are kneeling and filling
 Their laps with the snails
 Tempted out by the first rainy weather,—
 Your best of regales,
 As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
 When, supping in state,
 We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,
 Three over one plate,—
 Macaroni so tempting to swallow
 In slippery strings,
 And gourds fried in great purple slices,
 That color of kings,—
 Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought
 you !
 The rain-water slips
 O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
 Which the wasp to your lips
 Still follows with fretful persistence—
 Nay, taste while awake,
 This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
 That peels, flake by flake,
 Like an onion's each smoother and whiter !
 Next sip this weak wine
 From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
 A leaf of the vine,—
 And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh,
 That leaves through its juice
 The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth
 . . . Scirocco is loose !
 Hark ! the quick pelt of the olives
 Which, thick in one's track,
 Tempt the stranger to pick up and bite them,
 Though not yet half black !
 And how their old twisted trunks shudder !
 The medlars let fall
 Their hard fruit ; the brittle great fig-trees
 Snap off, figs and all ;
 For here comes the whole of the tempest !
 No refuge but creep
 Back again to my side or my shoulder,
 And listen or sleep."

This may be poetry, but it is poetry in the raw material ; for the numbers are those of a scrannel pipe, and such as Cadmus alone could pronounce when in the state of a serpent. This which follows is the mere twaddle of a Cockney at Calais or Cologne :—

"Home-Thoughts from Abroad.

"Oh, to be in England,
 Now that April's there,
 And who wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf.
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops, at the bent spray's edge.
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song
 twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could re-capture
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields are rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !"

This is very inferior to Ambrose Philips, who acquired the distinction of Namby Pamby for similar verse, *e. g.* his "Lines to Cuzzoni," which Charles Lamb had got by heart. Here is something infinitely better, and by a living poet, one of the props our poetry depends on, and a member of parliament withal—Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes :—

"The Violet Girl.

"When fancy will continually rehearse
 Some painful scene once present to the eye,
 'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
 That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
 Though bright my morning mood and short my way,
 But sad experience in one moment earned,
 Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,
 I mark'd a girl whose wont it was to stand,
 With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
 And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
 She plied with accents miserably mild ;
 It was a frightful thought to set together
 Those blooming blossoms and that fading child.

Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
 Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
 And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
 On Life's wild waste to struggle as it can !

To me that odorous purple ministers
 Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
 While meanest images alone are hers,
 The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
 In the disfurnish'd chamber of dim cold,
 How she must loathe the very smiling flowers
 That on the squalid table lie unsold !

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much and harbingers of more,
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our vilest mortal sore."

Si sic omnia dixisset! This is poetry in all languages; it is like mercury, never to be lost or killed.

There is a passage in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters to her daughter which still continues to excite a smile on the lips of every reader,—

"The study of English poetry is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved."*

The reason assigned for the study of English poetry by English ladies, is truly characteristic of Lady Mary and of the female mind. A lady is to read through every volume of verse, and remember what she reads, to see that her lover writes his own valentine. Ye gods, should one swear to the truth of a song! If a woman will marry a poet, she had better go through the course of study Lady Mary recommends. Not that she is safe to secure a poet to herself after a very long life of study. How few read Randolph, and yet he is a very fine poet. Lady Mary might have taken a copy of verses from Randolph to every female writer of the day, and passed them off for the production of a young, a handsome, and a rising writer, and no one would have set her right, or detected the imposition that was passed upon her. We are afraid we must recom-

mend the study of our early English poets to English ladies on some other ground than the chance detection of a lover pleading his passion in the poetry of another under pretence of its being his own. Not that we have any particular predilection for "romancical ladies," as the dear old Duchess of Newcastle calls them, or girls with their heads stuffed full of passionate passages; but we should like to see a more prevalent taste for what is good, for poetry that is really excellent; and this we feel assured is only to be effected by a careful consideration of our elder poets, who have always abundance of meaning in them. It is no use telling young ladies that Mr. Bunn's poetry is not poetry, but only something that looks very like it, and reads very unlike it. The words run sweetly to the piano; there is a kind of pretty meaning in what they convey, and the music is pleasing. What more would you want? Why every thing. But then, as we once heard a young lady remark with great good sense and candor (and her beauty gave an additional relish to what she said), these unmeaning songs are so much easier to sing. Your fine old songs, so full of poetry and feeling, require a similar feeling in the singer, and young ladies are too frequently only sentimental, and not equal to the task of doing justice to passionate poetry conveyed in music equally passionate, and where they can do justice to it they refuse because it is not fashionable to be passionate, and it really disturbs and disorders one to be so, and in mixed society, "above all."

It cannot be concealed that we have never been so well off for lady-poets as we are at present. Only run the eye over Mr. Dyce's octavo volume of *Specimens of British Poetesses*, and compare the numerical excellencies of the past with the numerous productions of the present day! A few specimens of the elder poetesses—such as the "Nocturnal Reverie," and "The Atheist and the Acorn," both by the Countess of Winchelsea, it would be very difficult to surpass, or even, perhaps, to equal; but in the general qualifications for poetry, both natural and acquired, the ladies, since Charlotte Smith, far surpass their female predecessors. Mrs. Norton is said to be the Byron of our modern poetesses. "She has very much of that intense personal passion," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and

* Letters by Lord Wharncliffe, 2d edit. iii. 44.

deeper communion with man and Nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong, practical thought, and his forcible expression." This is high praise. "Let us suggest, however," says the *Athenæum*, "that, in the present state of critical opinion, the compliment is somewhat equivocal, it being hard to decide whether it implies a merit or a defect." If Mrs. Norton is an eminently thoughtful writer, Miss Barrett is still more so. She is the most learned of our lady-writers, reads Æschylus and Euripides in the originals with the ease of Porson or of Parr, yet relies upon her own mother-wit and feelings when she writes,—

"Nor with Ben Jonson will make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators."

If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Mrs. Southey is said to be the Cowper of our modern poetesses. But it would be idle to prolong comparisons. Whatever we may think of our living poets, we have every reason to be proud of our living poetesses.

We will conclude with an anecdote. A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Modern English Poetesses." It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

"Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful line?"

1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love Lies a Bleeding*.

2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.

4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

5. Lady Emeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.

7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Bell*.

8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

9. And the authoress of 'Phantasmion' is *Heart's Ease*."

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week of-

fered him a volume,—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed; parcels of verse from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. "I wished," Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, "ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the *Nine*, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed." This deserves to be remembered.

From Fraser's Magazine.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE novelist, the dramatist, the lyrist, is now a peer of France. The bold defender of the liberty of the stage, the spirited pleader before the Tribunal de Commerce, sits on the benches of the *noblesse viagère*: the author of the interdicted drama,* of the supposed offence against the family of Orleans, is installed among the constitutional nominees of Louis Philippe. Long life to him at the Luxembourg—the Baron Victor Hugo! Whether he will attempt in the upper chamber the ambitious rôle of his friend and brother bard, De Lamartine, in the lower, remains to be seen. We trust that he will not avail himself of his position as a senator to press those Rhenane, and (he must pardon us) insane pretensions which produced that marvellous political paper from the tourist; otherwise we shall be compelled to part company, and to range ourselves, with hostile look intent, against one with whom, admiring him as we do, we would fain continue upon terms of cordial intimacy. It is not, however, in the arena of political controversy that we are now to seek him; so let us have no unfriendly an-

* "Le Roi s'amuse."

ticipations. We resume the pen to fulfil an engagement made to our readers to increase their acquaintance with the bard whom we introduced in a former paper; and it now devolves upon us to exhibit him in the exercise of his art upon other subjects than those, the admirable treatment of which has justly earned for him the title of Historical Poet *par excellence*. There is no lack of variety in Victor. Few are the children of song in whom will be found a greater diversity of matter, a more free and facile multiformity of style. *Ennui* is a state of feeling he is never likely to produce in his readers; for want of transitions and novelty none will cast him aside. Besides the materials of history,—wars, revolutions, politics,—in his dealings with which we have already displayed something of his spirit, abundant are the subjects which engage his muse—which his taste selects, his imagination embellishes, his sympathy associates itself with, and his voice interprets. Into the feeling-fraught heart of humanity he enters, and inly dwells; with beauty-breathing nature he respires; with calm-inducing, thought-suggesting, love-fostering nature he meditates, and quickly feels. Gentle, domestic affections; home, parents, children, friends; the love of infancy, and the reverence for age; kindly cheerfulness and chastened sorrow; a calm, meditative melancholy dwelling upon recollections of early hopes and dreams gone by—these are among the feelings which occupy him, who at other times, with the eye at once of poet, patriot, and sage, regards the changing scenes and actors in the great drama of nations. Pensive, serene, peaceful, glides among homely haunts, by the household hearth, amid the fields, the hamlets, and the woods, the verse that elsewhere rolls its mighty stream around kings and conquerors, triumphs and trophies, and shattered thrones, and contending factions. To him may be applied in their comprehensiveness the words of one with whom he, Frenchman though he be, has much in common:

“Not love, not war, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor duty struggling with affections strange,
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell:
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange
Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,
And sage content, and placid melancholy.”

WORDSWORTH.

An intent and earnest perusal of Victor Hugo will reveal this disposition, of which probably few English readers would suspect a poet of a nation they are too accustomed to regard as the pattern of frivolity. We confidently recommend such study to all who desire the gratification of delicate taste, and deep and truthful feeling, contenting ourselves with producing here a few specimens of the versatility of Hugo's powers. We have seen that he can build the lofty rhyme in the shape of Ode Historical. In many an effusion of less pretension, he exhibits not less excellence; in many a happy strain of individual sentiment, in some delicious ballads. His lays of love have a surpassing delicacy and tenderness; his verses which respect personal emotions and experience, be they enjoyments or regrets, mourn they or exult, have an intensity communicating itself by a charm that attests the truth of the feeling, and the felicity of the expression. Imparting his own emotions he seems but to be the echo of yours. It is thus that the true poet is known and approved—he is *felt*: he speaks *for* the incapable man; his language is your feeling, clothed as you would clothe it, had Heaven but willed to endow you with that glorious “art divine of words;” and your heart leaps with gratitude to the interpreter of that, which, beating in your breast and crowding your brain, had never found freedom and expression but for him whose magic voice sets open the gates, and liberates thought from its silent chamber, and struggling, fluttering, panting passion from its cage. So is it, in many a strain of personal intensity, that Byron has made himself the voice of the burning longings of the heart; so that Campbell has breathed the breath of delicate passion in verse of such sensible fragrance, that, as you read, you inhale a rich atmosphere of which you had dimly dreamed, but never tasted before. These are they that relieve the burdened heart from its incapability, and give form and vocality to the vague, the bodiless, and the unexpressed. What the spirit has dreamed, what the soul has imagined and felt, has at length been told to it—to itself, better than itself yet knew; the wondrous, the all-expressive, the *very* words it has never been able to devise for its emotions, *they* have been spoken; and the “Eureka!” of the philosopher was not more joyous, or more sincere, than the recognition which the heart at such moments makes of the long-desired, the at-last discovered. Hear

the Victor in a mournful mood,—a plaintive but subdued strain, wherein, many a listening ear will catch the tones which, soothing sorrow by the faithful expression they yield to it, are the favorite music of melancholy:—

Regret.

Yes, Happiness hath left me soon behind!

Alas, we all pursue its steps! and when
We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,
Like the Phœnician virgin,* wake, and find
Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless
space

"We seek the lost companion of our days:
"Return, return!" we cry; and lo, apace
Pleasure appears! but not to fill the place
Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,
Will to the wanton sorc'ress say, "Begone!
Respect the cypress on my mournful brow,
Lost Happiness hath left regret—but thou
Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,
O friends, that in your revelry appears!
With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,
And, smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own
Some fond regret 'neath passing smiles con-
cealed:—
Sufferers alike together and alone
Are we:—with many a grief to others known,
How many unrevealed!

Alas! for natural tears and simple pains,
For tender recollections, cherished long,
For guileless griefs, which no compunction stains,
We blush;—as if we wore these earthly chains
Only for sport and song!

Yes, my blest hours have fled without a trace:
In vain I strove their parting to delay;
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,
Like an o'erclouded smile, that in the face
Lightens, and fades away.

There is a graceful melancholy, at once kindly and dignified—a deep but not a morose mournfulness, which pleases us greatly in this unpretending composition. There is a polish, and a finish too: excellencies observable in many of the smaller poems of our author, and in which he strikes us as bearing a peculiar similarity to our own elegant and tasteful Campbell.

On a former occasion we expressed our admiration of Hugo's powers as a descriptive poet; asserting our opinion, that in

delineations of natural scenery he is without a rival in the poetical literature of his country. We shall only so far qualify that praise as to say, that if fault is to be found with his landscapes, it is that they are occasionally too crowded. The richness of resource with which he accumulates image upon image is sometimes indulged to an excess, which may be thought to impair the general effect. Yet, for ourselves, we confess that even in those instances we have experienced in the perusal that species of pleasing bewilderment which every one must have felt when, in some gorgeous prospect, rich with the wonders, the graces, and the sportive caprices of Nature, the demands made upon the eye are too numerous to be satisfied,—fail (if failure it can be called), by the very abundance of beauty. For examples of our author's descriptive powers applied to external nature, we specially refer the reader to a poem in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, entitled "Au bord de la Mer," containing a magnificent picture, and furnishing a conspicuous instance of Victor's *diffuse* style: to two pieces in the *Feuilles d'Automne*, under the titles of "Pan," and "Bièvre;" and to a portion of a long narrative in the *Rayons et Ombres*, "Ce qui se passait aux Feuillantes vers 1813." In these particularly, and in some delightful verses "à Virgile," in the *Voix Intérieures*, will be found that richness and truthfulness of description, that intimacy with and enjoyment of Nature, which distinguish in a remarkable degree the poetical character of our favorite—in so great a degree, that there are really few pages of Victor's volumes (some of the historical poetry excepted) in which the reader will not be made sensible, by prompt and vivid metaphor, striking simile and illustration, that he is in the hands and under the guidance of one whose study has been the book of Nature since first he looked upon its pages, who has mastered his subject with the mastery of love, and treasured it in heart and mind,—a store from which he can draw inexhaustibly, and with all the freedom, vigor, and boldness, of one who, knowing that he hath the knowledge, knoweth also how to employ it.

There is, however, a form of poetical power which, perhaps, may be most properly termed *allusive description* (readers of Milton cannot be unacquainted with its exercise); and which, not so exclusively respecting scenery—understanding that word as applied to the mere components of a

* Europa.

landscape—consists in presenting an idea of a region, a country, or (if you like) a more confined locality, either by the designation of some prevailing quality which at once conveys the spirit, the influence of the whole to the reader's mind, reflects the light and shade that form the color of the scene, or by grouping together, in more or less quantity, the separate objects of association and interest which, at once heightening and heightened by the attractions of external nature, giving and receiving charm, make up a more complete picturesque than is within the reach even of that art,—

“Which morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry.”

For the antiquarian and man of art are the remains and monuments of a country; for the painter its landscapes; for the historian its annals; for the romancer and the lover of grotesque lore its traditions, fables, superstitions, legends; for the commentator on life and character, its manners, tastes, and tone: but *all* of these are for the poet. Of other men, each appreciates in his own department; but the poet alone combines and exhibits in masterly portraiture the whole of which their respective subjects are parts. Thus, he compels and seizes the spirit that eludes the grasp of others: thus, he brings into presence before his readers that national existence which is composed of a people's past and present, its aspect and its associations, its history and romance, its tone of feeling and popular characteristics, its works of art, its riches of nature—scenery, and soil, and clime. Victor Hugo abounds in this allusive description; and of its two modes of bringing scenes before the eyes we select some few examples, which the reader, taking the author's volumes in his hand, will have no difficulty in multiplying. Sometimes this presentation of the scene is effected by an epithet, the beauty or the vivid truthfulness of which is instantaneously felt and acknowledged; and in this our Victor is most happy, as—

“Le volcan de la Sicile blonde,”

wherein you see the yellow surface of that land of the golden ear, the granary of old Rome,—

“De noirs Escurials, mystérieux séjour.”

You recognise the resort of Philip the dark-souled, up among the gloomy sierra of Guadarama.

“Le Nil, le Rhin, le Tibre; *Austerlitz rayonnante,*
Eylau, *froid et brumeux.*”

You behold that immortal sun peering over and blazing upon Moravian uplands; you behold, too, that wintry scene of horror on the inhospitable plain of Prussian-Poland. In

“L'Arabie *infranchissable,*”

you feel that a single word has spread out the desert before you. And be it remarked, by the way, that, in that excellent test of a poet, the degree in which he possesses, and the manner in which he exercises a sway over epithets, the author in question will bear the closest and nicest criticism. Pages of commendation might be written, and pages filled with instances showing how rich is his command, and how graceful and judicious his employment of this most expressive quality of his native language.

At another time, the poet's power in bringing either a single scene, or the grand national features and historical associations of a country, to the knowledge and appreciation of his readers, is shown in a few rapid and off-hand touches—sufficient,—rapid and off-hand as they are—to place the individual spot, or the succession of views, the whole picturesque character of the land, indeed, before them. Look at this *tableau* of the renowned Christian and Moslem fortresses on the banks of the glorious stream that reaches from its Swabian springs to

“The vast encincture of that gloomy sea,
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict.”

It is from a piece in the *Orientales*, entitled “Le Danube en colère,” a piece finely conceived, indeed, but spoilt by sundry extravagancies, such as this undoubted genius sometimes permits himself to run into. Old Father Danube is chiding these his unruly children for their ever-recurring hostilities:

Ye daughters mine! will naught abate
Your fierce interminable hate?
Still am I doomed to rue the fate
That such unfriendly neighbors made?
The while ye might, in peaceful cheer,
Mirror upon my waters clear
Semlin! thy Gothic steeples drear,
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade!

Now, here you have the spot under your eye, with all the conflicting interest that peculiarly attaches to it. Here are the broad glassy river, the confronting battlements, the territorial approximation, the more than territorial separation of Chris-

tianity and Islamism. The stanza contains at once the picture of the place and its history, its aspect and its associations. Look, again, at this grand and delicious view of a land dear to the soul of Victor, this moving panorama of Iberian scenery. A few bold dashes, and the spell of the country is upon you. Its romance of olden time, its historic grandeur, its *romance of modern war*; the drear, and wild, and sublime features of its external nature; its wide-lying cities, its long and melancholy tracts, its glorious monumental remains, are seen in—ay, and something of the character of its singular people is transparent through—the vigorous, the beautiful, the most musical verses which we attempt to render. The lines afford, also, an excellent example of that felicity of illustration which we numbered among our author's accomplishments. The poem of which they form the close is occupied with the sweetness and innocent joyousness of childhood, and pleads for, and exhorts to indulgence for its free and sportive sallies. "As for me," exclaims the poet,—

For me, whate'er my life and lot may show,
Years blank with gloom or cheered by memory's glow,

Turmoil or peace; ne'er be it mine, I pray,
To be a dweller of the peopled earth,
Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth,
Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more
Those noble scenes my footsteps trod before,
An infant follower in Napoleon's train;
Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,
And both Castilles, and mated Arragon:
Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities sprent between,
Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,
Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's time;
Or the swift windings of thy Guadalquivir,
Save in those gilded cars, where bells for ever
Ring their melodious chime."

But they whose favor is dear to us as the light of our eyes, are, doubtless, desirous to hear a love-lay of our boasted bard. They shall surely have one, if they will but permit us first to select a few felicitous specimens; some small gems, but sparkling, even amidst an atmosphere of brilliancy. Here, for instance, is a sweet transparency, a veil of soft light, a gleam from an open corner of heaven, such as Campbell was wont to shed in liquid verse. Here it is, clothing you with beauty:—

"La lune au jour est tiède est pâle,
Comme un joyeux convalescent:

Tendre, elle ouvre ses yeux d'opale,
D'où la douceur du ciel descend!"

The pale-faced moon in the noor day sky
Shines with a mild-reviving glow:
Softly unclosing her opal eye,
Shedding the sweetness of heav'n below.

From the same piece, and what a noon-tide effect!—

"Tout vit, et se pose avec grâce,
Le rayon sur le seuil ouvert,
L'ombre qui fuit sur l'eau qui passe,
Le ceil bleu sur le côteau vert."

How graceful the picture! the life, the repose!
The sunbeam that plays on the porch-stone wide;
And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream that flows,
And the soft blue sky with the hill's green side.

In the following there appears to us something of the expression which Collins, his fancy dwelling on the dim and mysterious, knew so well to throw into a line,—a word:—

"Chênes, vous grandirez au fond des solitudes,
Dans les lointains brumeux à la clarté des soirs."

Nor is this fine stroke of personification unlike the effect of the magician's wand, swayed by that bold yet tender, that most—perhaps, in all the immortal throng of Britain's bards—*most* picturesque of poets:

Where are the hapless shipmen?—disappeared,
Gone down, when witness none, save Night,
hath been.
Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mothers feared,
What dismal tales know ye of things unseen!
Tales, that ye tell your whispering selves between

The while in crowds to the flood-tide ye pour;
And this it is that gives you, as I ween,
Those mournful voices, mournful ever more,
When ye come in at eve to us that dwell on shore.

Here is a magnificent image:—

"Oh, regardez le ciel! cent nuages mouvans,
Amonceles là-haut sous le souffle des vents,
Groupent leurs formes inconnues;
Sous leurs flots par momens flamboie un pâle éclair,
Comme si tout-à-coup quelque géant de l'air
Tirait son glaive dans les nues!"

See, where on high the vaporeing masses piled
By the wind's breath in groups grotesque and wild,

Present strange shapes to view;
Now darts a ghastly flash from out their shrouds,
As though some air-born giant 'mid the clouds
Sudden his falchion drew!"

Was Milton floating in the brain of Victor?—

"Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim."

Here a simile, expressed with what simple solemnity, bringing to the active spirit a scene how pensive and religious, how melancholy, shadowy, and dim!—

"C'était une humble église au cintre surbaissé,
L'église où nous entrâmes,
Où depuis trois cents ans avaient déjà passé
El pleuré bien des âmes.
Elle était triste et calme à la chute du jour,
L'église où nous en rêmes,
L'autel sans serviteur, comme un cœur sans amour
Avait éteint ses flammes.
* * *

A peine on entendait flotter quelque soupir,
Quelque basse parole,
Comme en une forêt qui vient d'assoupir
Un dernier oiseau vole."

It was a humble church, with arches low,
The church we entered there,
Where many a weary soul since long ago
Had passed, with plaint or prayer.

Mournful and still it was at day's decline,
The church we entered there,
As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,
The fires extinguished were.
* * *

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest sigh,
Scarcely some low-breathed word,
As in a forest fall'n asleep, doth fly
One last, belated bird.

Here, again, how touching an application!—

"The leaves that in the lonely walks were spread,
Starting from off the ground beneath his tread,
Coursed o'er the gar'en plain;
Thus, sometimes, 'mid the soul's deep sorrowings
Our thoughts a moment mount on wounded wings,
Then, sudden, fall again."

Reader! intelligent, susceptible, and tasteful as thou doubtless art, tell us now in confidence, are not these the touches of a true poet? Do you not acknowledge in such the exquisite hand of a master? of one who, whether he strike the chords of the great world-music or the more interior ones of the human instrument, has the skill—power possessed by the mighty alone—to thrill either lyre with responsive vibrations to the tones of the other?

But the love-ditty? Anon, anon, sweet lectress! There are, really, so many of

exceeding tenderness and beauty, of such earnest passion, such graceful and attractive melancholy, that to say we present you with the best, would be an assertion we should fear to hazard; lest feminine discernment—quick and critical in these matters, at all events—should dispute our choice and reverse our judgment, and from such decision there would be no appeal. We pray you, therefore, sweetest Adriana, to kindly affection the lay we here select: accepting the *concelti* (if such indeed they be) for the sake of the devotion and utter *abandon* of the passion-stricken:—

"Since every thing below
Doth, in this mortal state,
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow,
Communicate;

Since all that lives and moves
Up on this earth, bestows
On what it seeks and what it loves
Its thorn or rose;

Since April to the trees
Gives a bewitching sound,
And sombre night to griefs gives ease
And peace profound;

Since day-spring on the flower
A fresh'ning drop confers,
And the frank air on branch and bower
Its choristers;

Since the dark wave bestows
A soft caress, imprest
On the green bank to which it goes
Seeking its rest;

I give thee at this hour,
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,
The best of all the things in dow'r
That in me be.

Receive,—poor gift, 'tis true,
Which grief not joy, endears,—
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,
All pure before thee laid!
Receive of all the days I live
The light or shade!

My hours with rapture fill'd
Which no suspicion wrongs;
And all the blandishments distill'd
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay
Flies fearless, wild, and free;
And hath, and seeks to guide its way
No star but thee."

* "Cleave the dark air, and seek no star but thee."—DARWIN.

A monosyllable line, be it observed, remarkable for melodious expression.

My pensive, dreamy Muse,
Who, though all else should smile,
Oft as thou weep'st with thee would choose
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine ! this gift
Receive ;—'tis thine alone ;—
My heart, of which there's nothing left
When Love is gone !

Yet a little more *colin-maillard* among
Victor's crowd of fair forms. We snatch
at them "quite promiscuously;" we stretch
out our hands, and they are filled. Pause,
then, yet a moment with us, ere we pro-
ceed to touch the ballad-poetry of our au-
thor, and admire such beauty and such
happiness of expression as these :—

"Ferait fuir le sommeil, le plus craintif des an-
ges ;"

"Par la blanche colombe aux rapides adieux ;"

"Cette tente d'un jour qu'il faut sitôt ployer,"

spoken of mortal life.

We cannot doubt but that you will ap-
prove and enjoy sentiments so ennobling,
so cheering, so calming, couched in such
beautiful form as here they lie :—

"L'auguste Piété, servante des proscrits."

"Cet linge, qui donne et qui tremble,
C'est l'aumône aux yeux de douceur,
Au front crédule, et qui ressemble
A la Foi dont elle est la sœur."

Au front crédule ! How sweetly ex-
pressive of unsuspecting innocence ! the
purity, the "whiteness of the soul," patent
in the calm, clear, and candid brow !—

"Le soir, au seuil de sa demeure,
Heureux celui qui sait encore
Ramasser un enfant qui pleure,
Comme un avare un sequin d'or !"

Beautiful as a proverb of Palestine or of
Persia ! Shall we go on ? It would be as
easy as agreeable to prolong this occupa-
tion. We might continue to gratify the
reader of taste with admirable passages,
striking and original expressions, taking
the jewels from out their rich *entourage*.
We might, we say, continue to present to
notice single lines of fine effect and signi-
ficance, as—

"Doux comme un chant du soir, for comme un
choc d'armures ;"

or vigorous and impetuous, graceful and
flowing numbers as these :—

"David ! comme un grand roi qui partage à des
princes

Les états paternels provinces par provinces,
Dieu donne à chaque artiste un empire divers :
Au poète le souffle épars dans l'univers,
La vie et la pensée et les foudres tonnantes
Et le splendide essaim des strophes frissonnantes,
Volant de l'homme à l'ange, et du monstre à la
fleur ;

La forme au statuaire ; au peintre la couleur ;
Au doux musicien, réveur limpide et sombre,
Le monde obscur des sons qui murmure dans l'om-
bre."

We purposely refrain from giving any
thing but the original, that you may the
better appreciate these noble lines. Verily,
with such command of language and such
resounding march of versification, we, for
ourselves, shall begin to believe in the pos-
sibility of a French Dryden—a "glorious
John," and eke—of Paris.

Shall we go on ? we say. No ; for
when should we have done with so pleasing
an employment ? Yet this one little curios-
ity we must commend to our loving coun-
trymen and dearly beloved Cockneys,—this
designation of time and locality to the na-
tivity of

"Ce pédant qu'on appella Ennui ;"

whom the wicked Frenchman, with true
national raillery, calls

"Ce docteur, né dans Londres un Dimanche en
Décembre."

But since we must perforce take this hit
at the hands of Victor, we e'en beg leave
to pass on the fun ; and, accordingly, des-
patch this compliment to America, with
our best bow to President Polk and his
swaggering statists :—

"Peuple à peine essayé, nation de hasard,
Sans tige, sans passé, sans histoire, et sans art."

Thus it is that our friend disposes of the
grandiloquent Jonathan :—

"Many persons, whose opinion is of
weight, have said that the author's odes
are not odes : be it so. Many others will
say (with less reason) that his ballads are
no ballads at all : granted also. Let folks
give them any other appellation they
choose : the author agrees to it before-
hand." So says Victor himself, in one of
his prefaces to the *Odes et Ballades* ; and
it must be confessed that his ballad is al-
most as great a novelty in that class of
French poetry, as in its own department
was his ode. Into his effusions of high

lyrical effort the poet has poured a flood of song, drawn from other sources of inspiration than such as supplied the greater and the lesser classical copyists,—the pure imitators and the mixed herd of imitators of imitation. A bolder grasp of measures, a more ample sweep of language, a greater freedom of thought, a finer play of imagination, and an immeasurably deeper intensity of feeling by the introduction into that heretofore cold and formal style, that distant, and, so to say, objective life, of a pervading passion, a natural earnestness of sentiment, a vivid personality of emotion,—these have been the contributions of Victor Hugo to the Ode of France; endowments of which there was so much need, qualities whose absence was so felt, that the contemplation of the otherwise well-executed compositions became as distasteful to the poetic student as to the lonely husband in his Spartan halls was the aspect of the fair proportioned statues, wanting the tenderness and the fire, the melting and kindling glance of vitality:—

Ἐμὲρ ἄρ' ὅν δὲ κολοσσῶν

Ἐχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί·

Ὀμνῶντων δ' ἐν ἀχνυίαις

Ἐρρεῖ πᾶς Ἀφροδίτα.—ÆSCH. *Agam.*

So great and so novel in their character are, we again repeat, the merits of our author with reference to the higher lyrical poetry of his country. Without claiming for him so high a meed of praise, we can hardly regard his productions under the head of ballads as forming a less striking contrast with their predecessors *cjusdem nominis*. Although a taste for antiquarian research, and a tendency to reproduce the characteristics of the olden times of their history, have now been for some time conspicuous in the literature of our accomplished neighbors, it was not a little startling to hear a young poet announce, twenty years ago, that his ballads were an “endeavor to give some idea of what might be the poems of the first troubadours of the middle ages,—of those Christian rhapsodists who had nothing in the world but their sword and their guitar, and who went about from château to château, requiting hospitality with songs.” This was certainly a novel announcement, and a bold one; for if, on one part, from “liberal” France was to be expected nothing but contempt for those dark ages of knightly courtesy and religious enthusiasm; or from the remnants of imperial France, only that in-

difference which it manifested to every thing but the *souvenirs* of its own achievements; the sympathies of the Restoration, on another hand, would revert rather to the pure “classic” glories of Louis XIV., or, at furthest, to the Caussades and Candales, and the Gabrielles of his father and his grandfather. To avow, therefore, before a Parisian public a mediæval flight of imagination, was rather a daring attempt at reaction in poetic sympathies; albeit the essay was made during the restoration of an ancient dynasty, and under the blessed rule of a “*roi chevalier*.” We might dispute the successful realization of the author’s design, but we are content to take them under the name he has given them in his first volume—Ballads; and embracing in our notice others which come under the same head, without pretending to the same purpose, shall endeavor to give our readers a notion of Hugo’s ability in this department. One, and a splendid one, among those which profess a troubadour character—*La Fiancée du Timbalier*—is known to the readers of FRASER by the admirable translation in “The Relics of Father Prout.” We select another, as excelling by its touching simplicity, and as presenting—if not exactly a specimen of what the troubadours themselves would have sung—at all events, a coloring of imagination drawn from those times of popular credence with their countless and picturesque superstitions. Few can fail to be struck, we think, with the beautiful picture contained in the sixth stanza:—

The Grandmother.

“Mother of our own dear mother, good old grandam, wake and smile!
Commonly your lips keep moving when you’re sleeping all the while:
For between your pray’r and slumber scarce the difference is known;
But to-night you’re like the image of Madonna cut in stone,
With your lips without a motion or a breath—a single one.

Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thine old grey brow?
What is it we’ve done to grieve thee, that thou’lt not caress us now?
Grandam, see! the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast away;
Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer stay,
And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as they.

Ah! when thou shalt wake and find us, near the lamp that’s ceased to burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and
 silent in our turn—
 Then, how great will be your sorrow! then you'll
 cry for us in vain;
 Call upon your saint and patron for a long, long
 time and fain,
 And a long, long time embrace us, ere we come
 to life again!

Only feel how warm our hands are; wake, and
 place thy hands in ours
 Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the wan-
 d'ring troubadours.
 Tell us of those knights whom fairies used to
 help to love and fame,
 Knights who brought, instead of posies, spoils
 and trophies to their dame,
 And whose war-cry in the battle was a lady's
 gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked shapes
 and sprites to scare!
 And of Lucifer—who was it saw him flying
 through the air?
 What's the gem that's on the forehead of the
 King of Gnomes display'd?
 Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or Roland's
 enormous blade,
 Daunt the great black King of Evil?—Say, which
 makes him most afraid?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its pictures
 bright and blue,—
 Heav'n all gold; and saints a-kneeling; and the
 infant Jesus too,
 In the manger with the oxen; and the kings;
 and soft and slow
 O'er the middle of the pages guide our fingers as
 we go,
 Reading some of that good Latin, speaks to God
 from us, you know.

Grandam, see! the light is failing,—failing; and
 upon the hearth
 And around the blackened ingle leaps the shadow
 in its mirth.
 Ha! perhaps the sprites are coming!—yes, they'll
 soon be at the door;—
 Wake, oh, wake! and if you're praying, dearest
 grandam, pray no more:
 Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you who
 cheered us aye before!

But thine arms are colder, colder; and thine eyes
 so closèd are;—
 'Twas but lately you did tell us of another world
 afar;
 And of heav'n you were discoursing, and the
 grave, where people lie,—
 Told us life was short and fleeting, and of death,
 that all must die.
 What is death? dear grandam, tell us what it is,—
 you don't reply!"

Long time did those slender voices moan and
 murmur all alone;
 Still the aged dame awaked not, though the gold-
 en morning shone.
 Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the solemn
 funeral bell,
 Mournfully the air resounded: and, as silent eve-
 ning fell,

One who pass'd that door half-open'd those two
 little ones espied,
 With the holy book before them kneeling at the
 lone bedside.

To quit *troubadours* and *trouvères*, Pro-
 vençals or Picards, here is a snatch from
 the *Romancero General*. Who, native or
 foreign, has ever ventured to compete with
 Lockhart in the handling of a Spanish
 ballad? The following "*Romance Mau-
 resque*" stands in the middle of the *Orien-
 tales*; Spain is a ground that Victor de-
 lights to tread over again. We place the
 English version of this, one of the many
 ballads on the infants of Lara, beside
 that of our author, and we think the
 Frenchman must here cede the palm. His
 version is gallant and easy in parts, but it
 wants the total spirit and the dash of Lock-
 hart's bounding lines; it has not the reso-
 lute compression, the masterly abruptness
 of the Scot's handiwork:—

VICTOR HUGO.

"Romance Mauresque."

"Don Rodrigue est à la chasse,
 Sans épée et sans cuirasse,
 Un jour d'été, vers midi,
 Sous la feuillée et sur l'herbe
 Il s'assied, l'homme superbe,
 Don Rodrigue le hardi.

La haine en feu le dévore,
 Sombre il pense au bâtard maure
 A son neveu Mudarra,
 Dont ses complots sanguinaires,
 Jadis ont tué les frères
 Les sept infants de Lara.

Pour le trouver eu campagne,
 Il traverserait l'Espagne
 De Figuère à Setuval,
 L'un des deux mourrait sans doute,
 En ce moment sur la route
 Il passe un homme à cheval.

"Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,
 Qui dors sous la sycamore,
 Dieu te guide par la main!"
 "Que Dieu répande ses grâces
 Sur toi, l'écuyer qui passes,
 Qui passes par le chemin!"

"Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,
 Qui dors sous la sycamore,
 Parmi l'herbe du vallon,
 Dis ton nom, afin qu'on sache
 Si tu portes le panache
 D'un vaillant ou d'un félon."

"Si c'est là ce qui t'intrigue,
 On m'appelle Don Rodrigue,
 Don Rodrigue de Lara;

Doña Sanche est ma sœur même ;
Du moins, c'est à mon baptême,
Ce qu'un prêtre déclara.

J'attends sous ce sycamore,
J'ai cherché d'Albe à Zamore
Ce Mudarra le bâtard,
Le fils de la renégate,
Qui commande une frégate
Du roi maure Aliatar.

Certe, à moins qu'il ne m'évite,
Je le reconnaitrais vite ;
Toujours il porte avec lui
Notre dague de famille ;
Une agate au pommeau brille,
Et la lame est sans étui.

Oui, par mon âme chrétienne,
D'une autre main que la mienne,
Ce mécréant ne mourra ;
C'est le bonheur que je brigue. —
'On t'appelle Don Rodrigue,
Don Rodrigue de Lara ?

Eh bien ! seigneur, le jeune homme
Qui te parle et qui te nomme,
C'est Mudarra le bâtard.
C'est le vengeur et le juge,
Cherche à présent un refuge !
L'autre dit ; 'tu viens bien tard !'

'Moi, fils de la renégate,
Qui commande une frégate
Du roi maure Aliatar ;
Moi, ma dague et ma vengeance,
Tous les trois d'intelligence,
Nous voici ! 'Tu viens bien tard !'

'Trop tôt pour toi, Don Rodrigue,
A moins qu'il ne te fatigue
De vivre. Ah ! la peur t'émeut,
Ton front pâlit ; rends, infâme,
A moi ta vie, et ton âme
A ton ange, s'il en veut.

Si mon poignard de Tolède
Et mon Dieu me sont en aide,
Regarde mes yeux ardents ;
Je suis ton seigneur, ton maître,
Et je t'arracherais, traître,
Le souffle d'entre les dents !

Le neveu de Doña Sanche,
Dans ton sang enfin étanche
La soif qui le dévora ;
Mon oncle, il faut que tu meures,
Pour toi plus de jours ni d'heures !
'Mon bon neveu, Mudarra.

Un moment ! afin que j'aie
Chercher mon fer de bataille. —
'Tu n'auras d'autres délais,
Que celui qu'ont eu mes frères ;
Dans les caveaux funéraires,
Où tu les as mis, suis-les !

Si jusqu'à l'heure venue,
J'ai gardé ma lame nue,
C'est que je voulais, bourreau,
Que, vengeant la renégate,
Ma dague au pommeau d'agate,
Eût ta gorge pour fourreau. "

LOCKHART.

" *The Vengeance of Mudara.*

" To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound and with hawk,
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk,—
'Oh, in vain have I slaughter'd the infants of Lara,
There's an heir in his halls—there's the bastard Mudara !
There's the son of the renegade—spawn of Mahoun :
If I meet with Mudara, my spear brings him down !'

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
A stripling, armed *cap-à-piè*, crosses his path ;
'Good morrow, young squire !' 'Good morrow, old knight !'
'Will you ride with our party and share our delight ?'
'Speak your name, courteous stranger,' the stripling replied,
'Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride !'

'My name is Rodrigo,' thus answered the knight,
'Of the line of old Lara, though barr'd from my right ;
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
Of our ancestors' castles and forestries fair
A bastard—a renegade's offspring—Mudara,
Whom I'll send, if I can, to the infants of Lara.'

'I behold thee—disgrace to thy lineage !—with joy,
I behold thee, thou murderer !' answered the boy :
'The bastard you curse, you behold him in me ;
But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be !
Draw ! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudara ;
We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara !'

'I am armed for the forest chase, not for the fight ;
Let me go for my shield and my sword,' cries the knight.
'Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold !
Die ! foeman to Sancha ; die ! traitor to Lara !'
As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudara."

And now for a painful confession. Among some pieces at the end of the volume of the *Orientales* is an awful ballad, "*La Légende de la Nonne*," which would have gladdened the soul of Monk Lewis, and—better than his own "*Cloud-kings and Water-kings*"—better than Southey's "*Old Women of Berkeley*" and "*Painters of Florence*"—better than Sir Walter's contributions to that collection—would, with its grim German conception, clothing itself in the fierce colors of Spanish passion and the dark light of Spanish scenery, its reckless rapidity of verse contrasting with the solemn horror of the tale, its bizarre *refrain* ring-

ing ever and anon amid the recounted crime and the recorded punishment—would, we say, have made the fortune of the *Tales of Wonder*. We confess, with confusion of face, that it has baffled our powers of “overseeing.” Our limits forbid us to extract it, with its four-and-twenty stanzas of eight lines a-piece; but we freely offer a couple of uncut copies of REGINA to whoever shall worthily execute its traduction. But let him who attempts it beware what he is about. It well-nigh drove us to an act of the last desperation. For the life of us, we could not succeed in rendering, with safe gravity, the singular *refrain*,—which, by the bye, while perfectly in character with the land of the *toreador*, is decidedly of the northern ballad, by its want of connexion with the current of the story,—

“Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers.”

To alter it would be to take the tale into another country, and thus destroy one-half of its effect.

To console ourselves for our incapacity in the terrible line, we have had recourse to the pathetic. Under the unassuming title of “Guitare,” Victor slips into our hand a bit of ballad poetry of that rich and rare quality, in which exquisite Art vindicates to itself the grace and charm of Nature. Listen and judge:—

“’Twas Gastibelza, ranger bold,
And thus it was he sung,—
‘O who doth here Sabina know,
Ye villagers among?
Dance on the while! On Mount Falou
Die the last streaks of day;—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

Doth any my señora know,
Sabina, bright and brown?
Her mother was the gipsy old
Of Antequera’s town:
Who shriek’d at night in the great tow’r,
Like to the owl grey.—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

Dance on! the goods the hour bestows
Were meant for us to use;
O she was fair; her bright black eye
Made lover’s fancy muse
Now to this greybeard with his child
Give ye an’ alms, I pray!—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

The queen beside her had been plain,
When, on the bridge at eve,

At fair Toledo, you beheld
Her lovely bosom heave,
’Neath bodice black, and chaplet old
Upon her neck that lay.—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

The king unto his nephew said,
Beholding her so fair,
‘But for a kiss, a smile of her,
But for a lock of hair,
Trust me, Don Ruy, I’d give broad Spain,
I’d give Peru’s rich sway!—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

I know not if I loved this dame,
But this I know and own,
That for one look from out her soul
Right gladly had I gone,
’Neath bolt and chain to work the oar,
For ten long years to stay.—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

One summer’s day, one sunny day,
She with her sister came,
To sport her in the rivulet,
That bright and beauteous dame!
I saw her young companion’s foot,
I saw her knee, i’fay—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

When, simple shepherd, I beheld
That fresh and fair donzel,
Methought ’twas Cleopatra’s self,
Who led,—as legends tell,—
Captive the Cæsar of Almaine,
That might not say her nay.—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

Dance, villagers, the night draws down!
Sabina,—wo the hour!—
Did sell her love, did sell her all,
Sold heart and beauty’s dow’r,
For Count Saldaña’s ring of gold,
All for a trinket gay.—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

Now let me lean on this old seat,
For I am tired, perdy.
I tell you with this Count she fled,
Beyond the reach of me.
They went by the Cerdania road,
Whither, I cannot say—
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Will witch my wits away.

I saw her pass my dwelling by,
’Twas my last look for aye!
And now I go grieving and low,
And dreaming all the day;
My sword’s hung up, my heart’s afar
Over yon hills astray.—
O the wind that ’thwart the mountain comes
Hath witch’d my wits away.”

And now, adieu, Victor! Peer though

thou be, forget not thine other designation: for all the green-braided badge of thy new order, see that thou discard not the Muse's livery: and, in the intervals of senatorial session, give us yet another of those delightful volumes of thine, with their quaint, fantastic, arabesque, crepuscular, enigmatical titles.

TRAVELLING LETTERS, WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

XII.

TO ROME BY PISA AND SIENA.

THERE is nothing in Italy, more beautiful to me, than the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia. On one side: sometimes far below, sometimes nearly on a level with the road, and often skirted by broken rocks of many shapes: there is the free blue sea, with here and there a picturesque *felùca* gliding slowly on; on the other side, are lofty hills, ravines besprinkled with white cottages, patches of dark olive woods, country churches with their light open towers, and country houses gaily painted. On every bank and knoll by the way side, the wild cactus and aloe flourish in exuberant profusion; and the gardens of the bright villages along the road, are seen, all blushing in the summer-time with clusters of the *Belladonna*, and are fragrant in the autumn and winter with golden oranges and lemons.

Some of the villages are inhabited, almost exclusively, by fishermen; and it is pleasant to see their great boats hauled up on the beach, making little patches of shade, where they lie asleep, or where the women and children sit romping and looking out to sea, while they mend their nets upon the shore. There is one town, Camoglià, with its little harbor on the sea, hundreds of feet below the road: where families of mariners live, who, time out of mind, have owned coasting-vessels in that place, and have traded to Spain and elsewhere. Seen from the road above, it is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shining in the sun. Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive sea-

faring town; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. Great rusty iron rings and mooring-chains, capstans, and fragments of old masts and spars, choke up the way; hardy rough-weather boats, and seamen's clothing, flutter in the little harbor or are drawn out on the sunny stones to dry; on the parapet of the rude pier, a few amphibious-looking fellows lie asleep, with their legs dangling over the wall, as though earth or water were all one to them, and if they slipped in, they would float away, dozing comfortably among the fishes; the church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbor are approached by blind, low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water; and every where, there is a smell of fish, and seaweed, and old rope.

The coast-road whence Camoglià is described so far below, is famous, in the warm season, especially in some parts near Genoa, for fire-flies. Walking there, on a dark night, I have seen it made one sparkling firmament by these beautiful insects; so that the distant stars were pale against the flash and glitter that spangled every olive wood and hill-side, and pervaded the whole air.

It was not in such a season, however, that we traversed this road on our way to Rome. The middle of January was only just past, and it was very gloomy and dark weather; very wet besides. In crossing the fine Pass of Bracco, we encountered such a storm of mist and rain, that we travelled in a cloud the whole way. There might have been no Mediterranean in the world, for any thing we saw of it there, except when a sudden gust of wind clearing the mist before it, for a moment, showed the agitated sea at a great depth below, lashing the distant rocks, and spouting up its foam furiously. The rain was incessant; every brook and torrent was greatly swollen; and such a deafening leaping, and roaring, and thundering of water, I never heard the like of in my life.

Hence, when we came to Spezzia, we found that the Magra, an unbridged river on the high-road to Pisa, was too high to be safely crossed in the Ferry Boat, and were fain to wait until the afternoon of next day, when it had, in some degree, sub-

sided. Spezzia, however, is a good place to tarry at; by reason, firstly, of its beautiful bay; secondly, of its ghostly Inn; thirdly, of the head-dress of the women, who wear, on one side of their head, a small doll's straw hat, stuck on to the hair; which is certainly the oddest and most roguish head-gear that ever was invented.

The Magra safely crossed in the Ferry Boat—the passage is not by any means agreeable, when the current is swollen and strong—we arrived at Carrara, within a few hours. In good time next morning, we got some ponies, and went out to see the marble quarries.

They are four or five great glens, running up into a range of lofty hills, until they can run no longer, and are stopped by being abruptly strangled by Nature. The quarries, or “caves,” as they call them there, are so many openings, high up in the hills, on either side of these passes, where they blast and excavate for marble: which may turn out good or bad: may make a man's fortune very quickly, or ruin him by the great expense of working what is worth nothing. Some of these caves were opened by the ancient Romans, and remain as they left them to this hour. Many others are being worked at this moment; others are to be begun to-morrow, next week, next month; others are unbought, unthought of; and marble enough for more ages than have passed since the place was resorted to, lies hidden every where: patiently awaiting its time of discovery.

As you toil and clamber up one of these steep gorges (having left your pony soddening his girths in water, a mile or two lower down) you hear, every now and then, echoing among the hills, in a low tone, more silent than the previous silence, a melancholy warning bugle,—a signal to the miners to withdraw. Then, there is a thundering, and echoing from hill to hill, and perhaps a splashing up of great fragments of rock into the air; and on you toil again until some other bugle sounds, in a new direction, and you stop directly, lest you should come within the range of the new explosion.

There were numbers of men, working high up in these hills—on the sides—clearing away, and sending down the broken masses of stone and earth, to make way for the blocks of marble that had been discovered. As these came rolling down from unseen hands into the narrow valley, I could

not help thinking of the deep glen (just the same sort of glen) where the Roc left Sinbad the Sailor; and where the merchants from the heights above, flung down great pieces of meat for the diamonds to stick to. There were no eagles here, to darken the sun in their swoop, and pounce upon them; but it was as wild and fierce as if there had been hundreds.

But the road, the road down which the marble comes, however immense the blocks! The genius of the country, and the spirit of the institutions, pave that road, repair it, watch it, keep it going! Conceive a channel of water running over a rocky bed, beset with great heaps of stone of all shapes and sizes, winding down the middle of this valley; and *that* being the road—because it was the road five hundred years ago! Imagine the clumsy carts of five hundred years ago, being used to this hour, and drawn, as they used to be, five hundred years ago, by oxen, whose ancestors were worn to death five hundred years ago, as their unhappy descendants are now, in twelve months, by the suffering and agony of this cruel work! Two pair, four pair, ten pair, twenty pair, to one block, according to its size; down it must come, this way. In their struggling from stone to stone, with their enormous loads behind them, they die frequently upon the spot; and not they alone; for their passionate drivers, sometimes tumbling down in their energy, are crushed to death beneath the wheels. But it was good five hundred years ago, and it must be good now; and a railroad down one of these steeps (the easiest thing in the world) would be flat blasphemy.

When we stood aside to see one of these cars drawn by only a pair of oxen (for it had but one small block of marble on it), coming down, I hailed, in my heart, the man who sat upon the heavy yoke, to keep it on the neck of the poor beasts—and who faced backward: not before him—as the very Devil of true despotism. He had a great rod in his hand, with an iron point; and when they could plough and force their way through the loose bed of the torrent no longer, and came to a stop, he poked it into their bodies, beat it on their heads, screwed it round and round in their nostrils, got them on a yard or two, in the madness of intense pain; repeated all these persuasions, with increased intensity of purpose, when they stopped again; got them on, once more; forced and goaded

them to an abrupt point of the descent; and when their writhing and smarting, and the weight behind them, bore them plunging down the precipice in a cloud of scattered water, whirled his rod above his head, and gave a great whoop and hallo, as if he had achieved something, and had no idea that they might shake him off, and blindly mash his brains upon the road, in the noon-tide of his triumph.

Standing in one of the many studii of Carrara that afternoon—for it is a great workshop, full of beautifully finished copies in marble, of almost every figure, group, and bust, we know—it seemed, at first, so strange to me that those exquisite shapes, replete with grace, and thought, and delicate repose, should grow out of all this toil, and sweat and torture! But I soon found a parallel to it, and an explanation of it, in every virtue that springs up in miserable ground, and every good that has its birth in sorrow and distress. And, looking out of the sculptor's great window, upon the marble mountains, all red and glowing in the decline of day, but stern and solemn to the last, I thought, my God! how many quarries of human hearts and souls, capable of far more beautiful results, are left shut up and mouldering away, while pleasure-travellers through life, avert their faces, as they pass, and shudder at the gloom and ruggedness that conceal them!

The then reigning duke of Modena, to whom this territory in part belonged, claimed the proud distinction of being the only sovereign in Europe who had not recognized Louis Philippe as King of the French! He was not a wag, but quite in earnest. He was also much opposed to railroads; and if certain lines in contemplation by other potentates, on either side of him, had been executed, would have probably enjoyed the satisfaction of having an omnibus plying to and fro, across his not very vast dominions, to forward travellers from one terminus to another.

Carrara, shut in by great hills, is very picturesque and bold. Few tourists stay there; and the people are nearly all connected, in one way or other, with the working of marble. There are also villages among the caves, where the workmen live. It contains a beautiful little Theatre, newly-built; and it is an interesting custom there to form the chorus of laborers in the marble quarries, who are self-taught and sing by ear. I heard them in a comic opera, and in an act of "Norma;" and they ac-

quitted themselves very well; unlike the common people of Italy generally, who (with some exceptions among the Neapolitans) sing vilely out of tune, and have very disagreeable singing voices.

From the summit of a lofty hill beyond Carrara, the first view of the fertile plain in which the town of Pisa lies—with Leghorn, a purple spot in the flat distance—is enchanting. Nor is it only distance that lends enchantment to the view; for the fruitful country, and rich woods of olive-trees through which the road subsequently passes, render it delightful.

The moon was shining when we approached Pisa, and for a long time we could see, behind the wall, the leaning Tower, all awry in the uncertain light; the shadowy original of the old pictures in school-books, setting forth "The Wonders of the World." Like most things connected in their first associations with school-books and school-times, it was too small. I felt it keenly. It was nothing like so high above the wall as I had hoped. It was another of the many deceptions practised by Mr. Harris, Bookseller, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. *His* Tower was a fiction, but this was reality—and, by comparison, a short reality. Still it looked very well, and very strange, and was quite as much out of the perpendicular as Harris had represented it to be. The quiet air of Pisa too; the big guard-house at the gate, with only two little soldiers in it; the streets, with scarcely any show of people in them; and the Arno, flowing quaintly through the centre of the town; was excellent. So I bore no malice in my heart against Mr. Harris (remembering his good intentions) but forgave him before dinner, and went out, full of confidence, to see the Tower next morning.

I might have known better, but, somehow, I had expected to see it, casting its long shadow on a public street where people came and went all day. It was a surprise to me to find it in a grave retired place, apart from the general resort, and carpeted with smooth green turf. But the group of buildings clustered on and about this verdant carpet, comprising the Tower, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Church of the Campo Santo, is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world; and from being clustered there, together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character.

It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out and filtered away.

SISMONDI compares the tower, to the usual pictorial representations in children's books, of the Tower of Babel. It is a happy simile, and conveys a better idea of the building than chapters of labored description. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the structure; nothing can be more remarkable than its general appearance. In the course of the ascent to the top (which is by an easy staircase), the inclination is not very apparent; but, at the summit, it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over, through the action of an ebb-tide. The effect *upon the low side*, so to speak—looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base—is very startling; and I saw a nervous traveller hold on to the Tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up. The view within, from the ground—looking up, as through a slanted tube—is also very curious. It certainly inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire. The natural impulse of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, who were about to recline upon the grass below it, to rest and contemplate the adjacent buildings, would probably be not to take up their position under the leaning side, it is so very much aslant.

The manifold beauties of the Cathedral and Baptistery need no recapitulation from me; though in this case, as in a hundred others, I find it difficult to separate my own delight in recalling them, from your weariness in having them recalled. There is a picture of St. Agnes, by Andrea del Sarto, in the former, and there are a variety of rich columns in the latter, that tempt me strongly.

It is, I hope, no breach of my resolution not to be tempted into elaborate descriptions, to remember the Campo Santo; where grass-grown graves are dug in earth brought more than six hundred years ago, from the Holy Land; and where there are, surrounding them, such cloisters, with such playing lights and shadows falling through their delicate tracery on the stone pavement, as surely the dullest memory could never forget. On the walls of this solemn and lovely place, are ancient frescoes, very much obliterated and decayed, but very curious. As usually happens in almost any

collection of paintings, of any sort, in Italy, where there are many heads, there is, in one of them, a striking accidental likeness of Napoleon. At one time, I used to please my fancy with the speculation whether these old painters, at their work, had a foreboding knowledge of the man who would one day arise to wreak such destruction upon art: whose soldiers would make targets of great pictures, and stable their horses among triumphs of architecture. But the same Corsican face is so plentiful in some parts of Italy at this day, that a more commonplace solution of the coincidence is unavoidable.

If Pisa be the seventh wonder of the world in right of its Tower, it may claim to be, at least, the second or third in right of its beggars. They waylay the unhappy visiter at every turn, escort him to every door he enters at, and lie in wait for him, with strong reinforcements, at every door by which they know he must come out. The grating of the portal on its hinges is the signal for a general shout, and the moment he appears, he is hemmed in, and fallen on, by heaps of rags and personal distortions. The beggars seem to embody all the trade and enterprise of Pisa. Nothing else is stirring, but warm air. Going through the streets, the fronts of the sleepy houses look like backs. They are all so still and quiet, and unlike houses with people in them, that the greater part of the city has the appearance of a city at day-break, or during a general siesta of the population. Or it is yet more like those backgrounds of houses in common prints, or old engravings, where windows and doors are squarely indicated, and one figure (a beggar of course) is seen walking off by itself into illimitable perspective.

Not so Leghorn (made illustrious by SMOLLET's grave) which is a thriving, business-like, matter-of-fact place, where idleness is shouldered out of the way by commerce. The regulations observed there, in reference to trade and merchants, are very liberal and free; and the town, of course, benefits by them. Leghorn has a bad name in connection with stabbers, and with some justice it must be allowed; for, not many years ago, there was an assassination club there, the members of which bore no ill-will to any body in particular, but stabbed people (quite strangers to them) in the streets at night, for the pleasure and excitement of the recreation. I think the president of this amiable society,

was a shoemaker. He was taken, however, and the club was broken up. It would, probably, have disappeared in the natural course of events, before the railroad between Leghorn and Pisa, which is a good one, and has already begun to astonish Italy with a precedent of punctuality, order, plain dealing, and improvement—the most dangerous and heretical astonisher of all. There must have been a slight sensation, as of earthquake, surely, in the Vatican, when the first Italian railroad was thrown open.

Returning to Pisa, and hiring a good-tempered Vetturino, and his four horses, to take us on to Rome, we travelled through pleasant Tuscan villages and cheerful scenery all day. The roadside crosses in this part of Italy are numerous and curious. There is seldom a figure on the cross, though there is sometimes a face; but they are remarkable for being garnished with little models in wood, of every possible object that can be connected with the Saviour's death. The cock that crowed when Peter had denied his Master thrice, is usually perched on the tip-top; and an ornithological phenomenon he generally is. Under him is the inscription. Then, hung on to the cross-beam, are the spear, the reed with the sponge of vinegar and water at the end, the coat without seam for which the soldiers cast lots, the dice-box with which they threw for it, the hammer that drove in the nails, the pincers that pulled them out, the ladder which was set against the cross, the crown of thorns, the instrument of flagellation, the lantern with which Mary went to the tomb (I suppose), and the sword with which Peter smote the servant of the high-priest,—a perfect toy-shop of little objects, repeated at every four or five miles, all along the highway.

On the evening of the second day from Pisa, we reached the beautiful old city of Siena. There was what they called a Carnival, in progress; but, as its secret lay in a score or two of melancholy people walking up and down the principal street in common toy-shop masks, and being more melancholy, if possible, than the same sort of people in England, I say no more of it. We went off, betimes next morning, to see the Cathedral, which is wonderfully picturesque inside and out, especially the latter—also the market-place, or great Piazza, which is a large square, with a great broken-nosed fountain in it: some quaint gothic houses: and a high

square brick tower; *outside* the top of which—a curious feature in such views in Italy—hangs an enormous bell. It is like a bit of Venice without the water. There are some curious old Pallazzi in the town, which is very ancient; and without having (for me) the interest of Verona, or Genoa, it is very dreary and fantastic, and most interesting.

We went on again, as soon as we had seen these things, and going over a rather bleak country (there had been nothing but vines until now; mere walking-sticks at that season of the year,) stopped, as usual, between one and two hours in the middle of the day, to rest the horses; that being a part of every Vetturino contract. We then went on again, through a region gradually becoming bleaker and wilder, until it became as bare and desolate as any Scottish moors. Soon after dark, we halted for the night, at the osteria of La Scala: a perfectly lone house, where the family were sitting round a great fire in the kitchen, raised on a stone platform three or four feet high, and big enough for the roasting of an ox. On the upper, and only other floor of this hotel, there was a great wild rambling sala, with one very little window in a by-corner, and four black doors opening into four black bedrooms in various directions. To say nothing of another large black door, opening into another large black sala, with the staircase coming abruptly through a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the rafters of the roof looming above: a suspicious little press skulking in one obscure corner: and all the knives in the house lying about in various directions. The fire-place was of the purest Italian architecture, so that it was perfectly impossible to see it for the smoke. The waitress was like a dramatic brigand's wife, and wore the same style of dress upon her head. The dogs barked like mad; the echoes returned the compliments bestowed upon them; there was not another house within twelve miles; and things had a dreary, and rather a cut-throat, appearance.

They were not improved by rumors of robbers having come out, strong and boldly, within a few nights; and of their having stopped the mail very near that place. They were known to have waylaid some travellers not long before, on Mount Vesuvius itself, and were the talk at all the roadside inns. As they were no business of ours, however (for we had very little with us to lose) we made ourselves merry on the

subject, and were very soon as comfortable as need be. We had the usual dinner in this solitary house; and a very good dinner it is, when you are used to it. There is something with a vegetable or some rice in it, which is a sort of short-hand or arbitrary character for soup, and which tastes very well, when you have flavored it with plenty of grated cheese, lots of salt, and abundance of pepper. There is the half fowl of which this soup has been made. There is a stewed pigeon, with the gizzards and livers of himself and other birds stuck all round him. There is a bit of roast beef, the size of a small French roll. There are a scrap of Parmesan cheese, and five little withered apples, all huddled together on a small plate, and crowding one upon the other, as if each were trying to save itself from the chance of being eaten. Then there is coffee; and then there is bed. You don't mind brick floors; you don't mind yawning doors, nor banging windows; you don't mind your own horses being stabled under the bed: and so close, that every time a horse coughs or sneezes, he wakes you. If you are good humored to the people about you, and speak pleasantly, and look cheerful, take my word for it you may be well entertained in the very worst Italian Inn, and always in the most obliging manner, and may go from one end of the country to the other (despite all stories to the contrary) without any great trial of your patience any where. Especially, when you get such wine in flasks, as the Orvieto, and the Monte Pulciano.

It was a bad morning when we left this place; and we went, for twelve hours, over a country as barren, as stony, and as wild, as Cornwall in England, until we came to Radicofani, where there is a ghostly, goblin inn: once a hunting-seat, belonging to the Dukes of Tuscany. It is full of such rambling corridors, and gaunt rooms, that all the murdering and phantom tales that ever were written, might have originated in that one house. There are some horrible old Palazzi in Genoa; one, in particular, not unlike it outside: but there is a windy, creaking, wormy, rustling, door-opening, foot-on-staircase-falling character about this Radicofani Hotel, such as I never saw, any where else. The town, such as it is, hangs on a hill-side above the house, and in front of it. The inhabitants are all beggars; and as soon as they see a carriage coming, they swoop down upon it, like so many birds of prey

When we got on the mountain pass, which lies beyond this place, the wind (as they forewarned us at the inn) was so terrific, that we were obliged to take my other half out of the carriage, lest she should be blown over, carriage and all, and to hang to it, on the windy side (as well as we could for laughing) to prevent its going, heaven knows where. For mere force of wind, this land-storm might have competed with an Atlantic gale, and had a reasonable chance of coming off victorious. The blast came sweeping down great gullies in a range of mountains on the right: so that we looked with positive awe at a great morass on the left, and saw that there was not a bush or twig to hold by. It seemed as if, once blown from our feet, we must be swept out to sea, or away into space. There was snow, and hail, and rain, and lightning, and thunder; and there were rolling mists, travelling with incredible velocity. It was dark, awful, and solitary to the last degree; there were mountains above mountains, veiled in angry clouds; and there was such a wrathful, rapid, violent, tumultuous hurry, every where, as rendered the scene unspeakably exciting and grand.

It was a relief to get out of it, notwithstanding; and to cross even the dismal dirty Papal Frontier. After passing through two little towns; in one of which, Acquapendente, there was also a "Carnival" in progress: consisting of one man dressed and masked as a woman, and one woman dressed and masked as a man, walking ankle-deep, through the muddy streets, in a very melancholy manner; we came, at dusk, within sight of the Lake of Bolsena, on whose bank there is a little town of the same name, much celebrated for malaria. With the exception of this poor place, there is not a cottage on the banks of the lake or near it (for nobody dare sleep there); not a boat upon its waters; nor a stick or stake to break the dismal monotony of seven-and-twenty watery miles. We were late in getting in, the roads being very bad from heavy rains; and, after dark, the dulness of the scene was quite intolerable.

We entered on a very different, and a finer scene of desolation, next night, at sunset. We had passed through Montefiaschone (famous for its wine,) and Viterbo (for its fountains): and after climbing up a long hill of eight or ten miles extent, came suddenly upon the margin of a solitary lake: in one part very beautiful, with a luxuriant wood; in another, very barren, and shut in

by bleak volcanic hills. Where this lake flows, there stood, of old, a city. It was swallowed up one day; and in its stead, this water rose. There are ancient traditions (common to many parts of the world) of the ruined city having been seen below, when the water was clear; but however that may be, from this spot of earth it has vanished. The ground came bubbling up above it; and the water too; and here they stand, like ghosts on whom the other world closed suddenly, and who have no means of getting back again. They seem to be waiting the course of ages, for the next earthquake in that place; when they will plunge below the ground, at its first yawning, and be seen no more. The unhappy city below is not more lost and dreary, than these fire-charred hills and stagnant water, above. The red sun looked strangely on them, as with the knowledge that they were made for caverns and darkness; and the melancholy water oozed and sucked the mud, and crept quietly among the marshy grass and reeds, as if the overthrow of all the ancient towers and house-tops, and the death of all the ancient people born and bred there, were yet heavy on its conscience.

A short ride from this lake brought us to Ronciglione; a little town like a large pigsty, where we passed the night. Next morning at seven o'clock we started for Rome.

As soon as we were out of the pig-sty we entered on the Campagna Romana; an undulating flat (as you know) where few people can live; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villanous-looking shepherd: with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy brown mantle: tending his sheep. At the end of that distance, we stopped to refresh the horses, and to get some lunch, in a common malaria-shaken, despondent little public-house, whose every inch of wall and beam, inside, was (accord-

ing to custom) painted and decorated in a way so miserable that every room looked like the wrong side of another room, and, with its wretched imitation of drapery, and lop-sided little daubs of lyres, seemed to have been plundered from behind the scenes of some travelling circus.

When we were fairly off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance, it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses, rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

XIII.

ROME.

WE entered the Eternal City, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the thirtieth of January, by the Porta del Popolo, and came immediately—it was a dark muddy day, and there had been heavy rain—on the skirts of the Carnival. We did not, then, know that we were only looking at the fag end of the masks, who were driving slowly round and round the Piazza, until they could find a promising opportunity for falling into the stream of carriages, and getting, in good time, into the thick of the festivity; and coming among them so abruptly, all travel-stained and weary, was not coming very well prepared to enjoy the scene.

We had crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, two or three miles before. It had looked as yellow as it ought to look, and hurrying on between its worn-way and miry banks, had a promising aspect of desolation and ruin. The masquerade dresses on the fringe of the Carnival, did great violence to this promise. There were no great ruins, no solemn tokens of antiquity, to be seen;—they all lie on the other side of the city. There seemed to be long streets of commonplace shops and houses, such as are to be found in any European town; there were busy people, equipages, ordinary walkers to and fro; a multitude of chattering stran-

gers. It was no more *my* Rome: the Rome of any body's fancy, man or boy: degraded and fallen and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins: than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is. A cloudy sky, a dull cold rain, and muddy streets, I was prepared for, but not for this: and I confess to having gone to bed, that night, in a very indifferent humor, and with a very considerably quenched enthusiasm.

Immediately on going out next day, we hurried off to St. Peter's. It looked immense in the distance, but distinctly and decidedly small, by comparison, on a near approach. The beauty of the Piazza in which it stands, with its clusters of exquisite columns, and its gushing fountains,—so fresh, so broad, and free, and beautiful—nothing can exaggerate. The first burst of the interior, in all its expansive majesty and glory: and, most of all, the looking up into the Dome: is a sensation never to be forgotten. But, there were preparations for a Festa; the pillars of stately marble were swathed in some impertinent frippery of red and yellow; the altar, and entrance to the subterranean chapel: which is before it: in the centre of the church: were like a goldsmith's shop, or one of the opening scenes in a very lavish pantomime. And though I had as high a sense of the beauty of the building (I hope) as it is possible to entertain, I felt no very strong emotion. I have been infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals when the organ has been playing, and in many English country churches when the congregation have been singing. I had a much greater sense of mystery and wonder, in the Cathedral of San Mark at Venice.

When we came out of the church again (we stood nearly an hour staring up into the dome: and would not have "gone over" the Cathedral then, for any money,) we said to the coachman, "Go to the Coliseum." In a quarter of an hour or so, he stopped at the gate, and we went in.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest Truth, to say: so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour: that, for a moment—actually in passing in—they who will, may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust, going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger, the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, per-

haps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the Palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked: a ruin!

As it tops the other ruins: standing there, a mountain among graves: so do its ancient influences outlive all other remnants of the old mythology and old butchery of Rome, in the nature of the fierce and cruel Roman people. The Italian face changes as the visiter approaches the city; its beauty becomes devilish; and there is scarcely one countenance in a hundred, among the common people in the streets, that would not be at home and happy in a renovated Coliseum to-morrow.

Here was Rome indeed at last; and such a Rome as no one can imagine in its full and awful grandeur! We wandered out upon the Appian Way, and then went on, through miles of ruined tombs and broken walls, with here and there a desolate and uninhabited house: past the Circus of Romulus, where the course of the chariots, the stations of the judges, competitors, and spectators, are yet as plainly to be seen as in old time: past the tomb of Cecilia Metella: past all inclosure, hedge, or stake, wall or fence: away upon the open Campagna, where on that side of Rome, nothing is to be beheld but Ruin. Except where the distant Apennines bound the view upon the left, the whole wide prospect is one field

of ruin. Broken aqueducts, left in the most picturesque and beautiful clusters of arches; broken temples; broken tombs. A desert of decay, sombre and desolate beyond all expression; and with a history in every stone that strews the ground.

On Sunday the Pope assisted in the performance of High Mass at St. Peter's. The effect of the Cathedral on my mind, on that second visit, was exactly what it was at first, and what it remains after many visits. It is not religiously impressive or affecting. It is an immense edifice, with no one point for the mind to rest upon; and it tires itself with wandering round and round. The very purpose of the place is not expressed in any thing you see there, unless you examine its details—and all examination of details is incompatible with the place itself. It might be a Pantheon, or a Senate House, or a great architectural trophy, having no other object than an architectural triumph. There is a black statue of St. Peter, to be sure, under a red canopy, which is larger than life, and which is constantly having its great toe kissed by good Catholics. You cannot help seeing that: it is so very prominent and popular. But it does not heighten the effect of the temple, as a work of art; and it is not expressive—to me at least—of its high purpose.

A large space behind the altar, was fitted up with boxes, shaped like those of the Italian Opera in England, but in their decoration much more gaudy. In the centre of the kind of theatre thus railed off, was a canopied dais with the Pope's chair upon it. The pavement was covered with a carpet of the brightest green: and what with this green and the intolerable reds and crimsons, and gold borders of the hangings, the whole concern looked like a stupendous Bon-bon. On either side of the altar was a large box for lady strangers. These were filled with ladies in black dresses and black veils. The gentlemen of the Pope's guard, in red coats, leather breeches, and jack-boots, guarded all this reserved space with drawn swords, that were very flashy in every sense; and from the altar all down the nave, a broad lane was kept clear by the Pope's Swiss guard, who wear a quaint striped surcoat, and striped tight legs, and carry halberds like those which are usually shouldered by those theatrical supernumeraries, who never *can* get off the stage fast enough, and who may be generally observed to linger in the enemy's camp after the open country, held by the opposite forces,

has been split up the middle by a convulsion of Nature.

I got upon the border of the green carpet, in company with a great many other gentlemen, attired in black (no other passport is necessary), and stood there at my ease, during the performance of mass. The singers were in a crib of wire-work (like a large meat-safe or bird-cage) in one corner; and sang most atrociously. All about the green carpet there was a slowly moving crowd of people: talking to each other: staring at the Pope through eye-glasses: defrauding one another, in moments of partial curiosity, out of precarious seats on the bases of pillars: and grinning hideously at the ladies. Dotted here and there were little knots of friars (Franciscáni, or Capuccinni, in their coarse brown dresses and peaked hoods) making a strange contrast to the gaudy ecclesiastics of higher degree, and having their humility gratified to the utmost, by being shouldered about, and elbowed right and left, on all sides. Some of these had muddy sandals and umbrellas, and stained garments: having trudged in from the country. The faces of the greater part were as coarse and heavy as their dress; their dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendor, having something in it half miserable and half ridiculous.

Upon the green carpet itself, and gathered round the altar, was a perfect army of cardinals and priests, in red, gold, purple, violet, white, and fine linen. Stragglers from these went to and fro among the crowd, conversing two and two, or giving and receiving introductions, and exchanging salutations; other functionaries in black gowns, and other functionaries in court-dresses, were similarly engaged. In the midst of all these, and stealthy Jesuits creeping in and out, and the extreme restlessness of the youth of England, who were perpetually wandering about, some few steady persons in black cassocks, who had knelt down with their faces to the wall, and were poring over their missals, became unintentionally a sort of human man-traps, and with their own devout legs tripped up other people's by the dozen.

There was a great pile of candles lying down on the floor near me, which a very old man in a rusty black gown with an open-work tippet, like a summer ornament for a fire-place in tissue-paper, made himself very busy in dispensing to all the ecclesiastics: one apiece. They loitered about with these

for some time, under their arms, like walking-sticks, or in their hands like truncheons. At a certain period of the ceremony, however, each carried his candle up to the Pope, laid it across his two knees to be blessed, took it back again, and filed off. This was done in a very attenuated procession, as you may suppose, and occupied a long time. Not because it takes long to bless a candle through and through, but because there were so many candles to be blessed. At last they were all blessed; and then they were all lighted; and then the Pope was taken up, chair and all, and carried round the church.

I must say, that I never saw any thing, out of November, so like the popular English commemoration of the fifth of that month. A bundle of matches and a lantern would have made it perfect. Nor did the Pope, himself, at all mar the resemblance, though he has a pleasant and venerable face; for, as this part of the ceremony makes him giddy and sick, he shuts his eyes when it is performed: and having his eyes shut, and a great mitre on his head, and his head itself wagging to and fro as they shook him in carrying, he looked as if his mask were going to tumble off. The two immense fans which are always borne, one on either side of him, accompanied him, of course, on this occasion. As they carried him along, he blessed the people with the mystic sign; and as he passed them, they knelt down. When he had made the round of the church, he was brought back again, and if I am not mistaken, this performance was repeated, in the whole, three times. There was certainly, nothing solemn or affecting in it: and certainly very much that was droll and tawdry. But this remark applies to the whole ceremony, except the raising of the Host, when every man in the guard, dropped on one knee instantly, and dashed his naked sword on the ground; which had a fine effect.

The next time I saw the cathedral, was some two or three weeks afterwards, when I climbed up into the ball; and then, the hangings being taken down, and the carpet taken up, but all the framework left, the remnants of these decorations looked like an exploded cracker.

The Friday and Saturday having been solemn Festa days, and Sunday being always a *dies non* in carnival proceedings, we had looked forward, with some impatience and curiosity, to the beginning of

the new week: Monday and Tuesday being the two last and best days of the carnival.

On the Monday afternoon, at one or two o'clock, there began to be a great rattling of carriages into the court-yard of the hotel; a hurrying to and fro of all the servants in it; and, now and then, a swift shooting across some doorway or balcony, of a straggling stranger in a fancy dress: not yet sufficiently well used to the same, to wear it with confidence, and defy public opinion. All the carriages were open, and had the linings carefully covered with white cotton or calico, to prevent their proper decorations from being spoiled by the incessant pelting of sugar-plums; and people were packing and cramming into every vehicle as it waited for its occupants, enormous sacks, and baskets-full of these confetti, together with such heaps of flowers, tied up in little nosegays, that some carriages were not only brimful of flowers, but literally running over: scattering, at every shake and jerk of the springs, some of their abundance on the ground. Not to be behind-hand in these essential particulars, we caused two very respectable sacks of sugar-plums (each about three feet high) and a large clothes-basket full of flowers to be conveyed into our hired barouche, with all speed. And from our place of observation, in one of the upper balconies of the hotel, we contemplated these arrangements with the liveliest satisfaction. The carriages now beginning to take up their company, and move away, we got into ours, and drove off too, armed with little wire masks for our faces; the sugar-plums, like Falstaff's adulterated sack, having lime in their composition.

The Corso is a street a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza. There are virandas and balconies, of all shapes and sizes, to almost every house—not on one story alone, but often to one room or another on every story—put there in general with so little order or regularity, that if, year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner.

This is the great fountain-head and focus of the Carnival. But all the streets in which the Carnival is held, being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first instance, to pass, in line, down another thoroughfare, and so come

into the Corso at the end remote from the Piazza del Popolo; which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and, for some time, jogged on quietly enough; now crawling on at a very slow walk; now trotting half a dozen yards; now backing fifty; and now stopping altogether: as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank and clattered forward, with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met, or overtaken, by a trooper, on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally, we interchanged a volley of confetti with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind; but, as yet, this capturing of stray and errant coaches by the military, was the chief amusement.

Presently, we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nose-gays began to fly about, pretty smartly; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose (he was in the very act of tossing up a bouquet to a young lady in a first-floor window) with a precision that was much applauded by the by-standers. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black and one half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top, full on his left ear, and was much surprised, not to say discomfited. Especially, as he was standing up at the time; and in consequence of the carriage moving on suddenly, at the same moment, staggered ignominiously, and buried himself among his flowers.

Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress, brought us to the Corso; and any thing so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies: from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest: hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white and gold were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colors, and drape-

ries of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gayety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shilling theatre; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest boddices; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries; tiny Greek caps, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair, Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress; and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire, had brought Lethe into Rome, upon their sturdy arches, that morning.

The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness; showing, the whole street-full, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others they were decked from head to tail, with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces: one face leering at the horses: the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage: and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many) than tongue can tell, or pen describe. Instead of sitting in the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and to be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches, at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions—and oh the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humored,

gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of handsome girls—thirty, or more together, perhaps—and the broadsides that were poured into, and poured out of these fairy fire-ships, splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of confetti, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them white as millers. Still, carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest, generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eyeglasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love, on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Policinelli, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagon-full of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coach-full of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces, and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many actual characters sustained, or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed, but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humor of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums, like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded (to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the street.

How it ever is cleared for the race that takes place at five, or how the horses ever go through the race, without going over the people, is more than I can say. But the carriages get out into the by-streets, or up into the Piazza del Popolo, and some people sit in temporary galleries in the latter place, and tens of thousands line the Corso on both sides, when the horses are brought out into the Piazza—to the foot of that same column which, for centuries, looked down upon the games and chariot-races in the Circus Maximus.

At a given signal, they are started off. Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind: riderless, as all the world knows: with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their plaited manes: and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes, dangling at their sides, to goad them on. The jingling of these trappings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones; the dash and fury of their speed along the echoing street; nay, the very cannon that are fired—these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitude: their shouts: the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon shake the town. The horses have plunged into the carpets put across the street to stop them; the goal is reached; the prizes are won (they are given, in part, by the poor Jews, as a compromise for not running foot-races themselves); and there is an end to that day's sport.

But if the scene be bright, and gay, and crowded, on the last day but one, it attains, on the concluding day, to such a height of glittering color, swarming life, and frolicsome uproar, that the bare recollection of it makes me giddy at this moment. The same diversions, greatly heightened and intensified in the ardor with which they are pursued, go on until the same hour. The race is repeated; the cannon are fired; the shouting and clapping of hands are renewed; the cannon are fired again; the race is over; and the prizes are won. But, the carriages: ankle-deep in sugar-plums within, and so beflowered and dusty without, as to be hardly recognizable for the same vehicles that they were, three hours ago: instead of scampering off in all directions, throng into the Corso, where they are soon wedged together in a scarcely-moving mass. For the diversion of the Moccoletti, the last gay madness of the Carnival, is now at hand; and sellers of little tapers, like what are called Christmas candles in England,

are shouting lustily on every side, "Moccoli, Moccoli! Ecco Moccoli!"—a new item in the tumult; quite abolishing that other item of "Ecco Fióri! Ecco Fior—r!" which has been making itself audible over all the rest, at intervals, the whole day through.

As the bright hangings and dresses are all fading into one dull, heavy, uniform color in the decline of the day, lights begin flashing here and there: in the windows, on the house-tops, in the balconies, in the carriages, in the hands of the foot passengers: little by little: gradually, gradually: more and more: until the whole long street is one great glare and blaze of fire. Then, every body present has but one engrossing object; that is to extinguish other people's candles, and to keep his own a-light; and every body, man, woman, or child, gentleman or lady, prince or peasant, native or foreigner, yells and screams, and roars incessantly, as a taunt to the subdued, "Senza Moccolo, Senza Moccolo!" (Without a light! Without a light!) until nothing is heard but a gigantic chorus of these two words, mingled with peals of laughter.

The spectacle, at this time, is one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Carriages coming slowly by, with every body standing on the seats or on the box, holding up their lights at arms' length, for greater safety; some in paper shades; some with a bunch of undefended little tapers, kindled altogether: some with blazing torches; some with feeble little candles; men on foot, creeping along, among the wheels, watching their opportunity, to make a spring at some particular light, and dash it out; other people climbing up into carriages, to get hold of them by main force; others, chasing some unlucky wanderer, round and round his own coach, to blow out the light he has begged or stolen somewhere, before he can ascend to his own company, and enable them to light their extinguished tapers; others, with their hats off, at a carriage-door, humbly beseeching some kind-hearted lady to oblige them with a light for a cigar, and when she is in the fullness of doubt whether to comply or no, blowing out the candle she is guarding so tenderly with her little hand; other people at the windows, fishing for candles with lines and hooks, or letting down long willow-wands with handkerchiefs at the end, and flapping them out, dexterously, when the bearer is at the height of his triumph; others, biding their time in corners, with

immense extinguishers like halberds, and suddenly coming down upon glorious torches; others, gathered round one coach, and sticking to it; others, raining oranges and nosegays at an obdurate little lantern, or regularly storming a pyramid of men, holding up one man among them, who carries one feeble little wick above his head, with which he defies them all! Senza Moccolo! Senza Moccolo! Beautiful women, standing up in coaches, pointing in derision at extinguished lights, and clapping their hands, as they pass on, crying, "Senza Moccolo! Senza Moccolo!" low balconies full of lovely faces and gay dresses, struggling with assailants in the streets; some repressing them as they climb up, some bending down, some leaning over, some shrinking back—delicate arms and bosoms—graceful figures—glowing lights, fluttering dresses, Senza Moccolo, Senza Moccolo, Senza Moc-co-lo-o-o-o!—when in the wildest enthusiasm of the cry, and fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the Carnival is over in an instant—put out like a taper, with a breath!

There was a masquerade at the theatre at night, as dull and senseless as a London one, and only remarkable for the summary way in which the house was cleared at eleven o'clock: which was done by a line of soldiers forming along the wall, at the back of the stage, and sweeping the whole company out before them, like a broad broom. The game of the Moccoletti (the word, in the singular, Mocoletto, is the diminutive of Moccolo, and means a little lamp or candle-snuff) is supposed by some to be a ceremony of burlesque mourning for the death of the Carnival: candles being indispensable to Catholic grief. But whether it be so, or be a remnant of the ancient Saturnalia, or an incorporation of both, or have its origin in any thing else, I shall always remember it, and the frolic, as a brilliant and most captivating sight: no less remarkable for the unbroken good humor of all concerned, down to the very lowest (and among those who scaled the carriages, were many of the commonest men and boys) than for its innocent vivacity. For, odd as it may seem to say so, of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, it is as free from any taint of immodesty as any general mingling of the two sexes can possibly be; and there seems to prevail, during its progress, a feeling of general, almost childish, simplicity and confidence,

which one thinks of with a pang, when the Ave Maria has rung it away, for a whole year.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Lives of Men of Letters and Science who Flourished in the Time of George III.
By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, with portraits. London: Colburn.

LORD BROUGHAM has resumed his memoirs of the eminent writers of England; and every lover of literature will feel gratified by this employment of his active research and of his vigorous pen.

One of the most striking distinctions of English public life from that of the Continent, is in the condition of statesmen after their casual retirement from power. The Foreign statesman seems to exist only in office. The moment that sees him "out of place," sees him extinguished. He is lost as suddenly to the public eye, as if he were carried to the tomb of his ancestors. He retires to his country-seat, and there subsides into the garrulous complainant against the caprices of fortune, or buries his calamities in the quiet indulgence of his appetites; smokes away his term of years, subsides into the lean and slippered pantaloons, occupies his studies with the *Court Gazette*, and his faculties with cards; and is finally deposited in the family vault, to continue the process of mouldering which had been begun in his arm-chair, to be remembered only in an epitaph. France, at the present day, alone seems to form an exception. Her legislature affords a new element in which statesmanship in abeyance can still float: the little vessel is there at least kept in view of mankind; if it makes no progress, it at least keeps above water; and, however incapable of reaching the port by its own means, the fluctuations of the national surge, sometimes so powerful, and always so contemptuous of calculation, may at some time or other carry the craziest craft into harbor. But the general order of continental ministers, even of the highest rank, when abandoned by the monarch, are like men consigned to the dungeon. They go to their place of sentence at once. The man who to-day figured in the highest robe of power, to-morrow wears the prison

costume. His rise was the work of the royal will—his fall is equally the work of the royal will. Having no connexion with the national mind, he has no resource in the national sympathies. He has been a royal instrument: when his edge becomes dull, or the royal artificer finds a tool whose fashion he likes better, the old tool is flung by to rust, and no man asks where or why; his use is at an end, and the world and the workman, alike, "knoweth it no more."

But, in England, the condition of public life is wholly different. The statesman is the creation of the national will, and neither in office, nor in opposition, does the nation forget the product of its will. The minister is no offspring of slavery, no official negro, made to be sold, and, when sold, separated from his parentage once and for ever. If he sins in power, he is at worst but the Prodigal Son, watched in his career, and willingly welcomed when he has abjured his wanderings. Instead of being extinguished by the loss of power, he often more than compensates the change, by the revival of popularity. Disencumbered of the laced and embroidered drapery of office, he often exhibits the natural vigor and proportion of his faculties to higher advantage; cultivates his intellectual distinctions with more palpable success; refreshes his strength for nobler purposes than even those of ambition; and, if he should not exert his renewed popularity for a new conquest of power, only substitutes for place the more generous and exalted determination of deserving those tributes which men naturally offer to great abilities exerted for the good of present and future generations.

We must allude, for the national honor, to this characteristic of English feeling, in the changes of public men. On the Continent, the hour which deprived a statesman of office, at once deprived him of every thing. All the world ran away from him, as they would from a falling house. The crowded antechamber of yesterday exhibited nothing to-day but utter solitude. The fallen minister was a leper; men shrank from his touch: the contagion of ill-luck was upon him: and every one dreaded to catch the disease. It was sometimes even worse. The loss of power was the ruin of fortune. The Dives had been suddenly transformed into the Lazarus; the purple and fine linen were "shreds and patches," and not even the dogs came to administer to his malady.

But, among us, the breaking up of a cabinet often only gives rise to a bold and brilliant opposition. It is not like the breaking up of a ship, where the wreck is irreparable, and the timbers are shattered and scattered, and good for nothing; it is often more like the breaking up of a regiment in one of our colonies, where the once compact mass of force, which knew nothing but the command of its colonel, now takes, each man his own way, exhibits his own style of cleverness; instead of the one manual exercise of musket and bayonet, each individual takes the axe or the spade, the tool or the ploughshare, and works a new fertility out of the soil, according to his own "thews and sinews."

The moral of all this is that the distinguished author of these Memoirs is now devoting himself to a career of literature, to which even his political services may have been of inferior utility. He is recalling the public memory to those eminent achievements, which have so powerfully advanced the mental grandeur of our era; and, while he thus gives due honor to the labors of the past, he is at once encouraging and illustrating the nobleness of the course which opens to posterity. But Lord Brougham's influence cannot be contented, we should hope, with merely speculative benefits; it is for him, and for men like him, to look with interest on the struggles of literary existence at the hour; to call the attention of government and the nation to the neglects, the narrowness, and the caprices of national patronage; to demand protection for genius depressed by the worldliness of the crowd; to point out to men of rank and wealth a path of service infinitely more honorable to their own taste, and infinitely more productive to their country, than ribands and stars; than the tinkling of a name, than pompous palaces, or picture galleries of royal price; to excite our nobles to constitute themselves the true patrons of the living genius of the land, and disdain to be content with either the offering of weak regrets, or the tribute of worthless honors to the slumberers in the grave. A tenth part of the sums employed in raising obelisks to Burns, would have rescued one-half of his life from poverty, and the other half from despair. The single sum which raised the monument to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, would have saved him from the final pressure which broke his heart, elastic as it was, and dimmed his intellect, capable as he still

was of throwing a splendor over his native soil.

This neglect is known and suffered in no other province of public service. The soldier, the sailor, the architect, the painter, are all within sight of the most lavish prizes of public liberality. Parliament has just given titles and superb pensions to the conquerors of the Sikhs. The India Company has followed its example. We applaud this munificent liberality in both instances. Two general officers have thus obtained the peerage, with £7000 and £5000 a-year. They deserved these rewards. But the whole literary encouragement of the British empire, with a revenue of fifty-two millions sterling, is £1200, little more than the tenth part of the pensions allotted to those two gallant men. £1200 for the whole literary encouragement of England! There can be no greater scandal to the intellectual honor of the country. The pettiest German principality scarcely limits its literary encouragement to this sum. We doubt whether Weimar, between literary offices and pensions, did not give twice the sum annually. But named in competition with the liberality of the leading sovereigns, it is utterly mean. Louis XIV., two hundred years ago, allotted 80,000 francs a-year to his forty members of the Academy, a sum equivalent in *that day*, and in *France*, to little less than £5000 a-year in our day, and in England. Frederick II. gave pensions and appointments to a whole corps of literary men. At this moment, there is scarcely a man of any literary distinction in Paris, who has not a share in the liberal and wise patronage of government, either in office or public pension.

But if we are to be answered by a class, plethoric with wealth and rank; that literature ought to be content with living on its own means; must not the obvious answer be—Is the author to be an author, down to his grave? Is there to be no relaxation of his toil? Is there to be no allowance for the exhaustion of his overworked faculties? for the natural infirmities of years? for the vexations of a noble spirit compelled to submit to the caprices of public change? and with its full share of the common calamities of life, increasing their pressure at once by an inevitable sense of wrong, and by a feeling that the delight of his youth must be the drudgery of his age? When the great Dryden, in his seventieth year, was forced, in the bitterness of his heart, to

exclaim, "Must I die in the harness!" his language was a brand on the common sense, as well as on the just generosity, of his country. We now abandon the topic with one remark. This want of the higher liberality of the nation has already produced the most injurious effects on our literature.

All the great works of our ancestral literature were the works of leisure and comparative competence. All the great dramatic poetry of France was the work of comparative competence. Its writers were not compelled to hurry after the popular tastes; they followed their own, and impressed its character upon the mind of the nation. The plays of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Voltaire, are nobler trophies to the greatness of France than all the victories of Louis XIV., than Versailles, than all the pomps of his splendid reign. Louis Philippe has adopted the same munificent policy, and it will be followed by the same honor with posterity. But, in England, the keeping of a stud of race-horses, the building of a dog-kennel, or the purchase of a foreign picture, is ignominiously and selfishly suffered to absorb a larger sum than the whole literary patronage of the most opulent empire that the sun ever shone upon. We recommend these considerations to Lord Brougham: they are nobler than politics; they are fitter for his combined character of statesman and philosopher: they will also combine with that character another which alone can give permanency to the fame of any public man—that of the philanthropist. His ability, his knowledge of human nature, and his passion for public service—qualities in which his merits are known to Europe—designate him as the founder of a great system of public liberality to the enterprise of genius. And when party is forgotten, and cabinets have perished; when, perhaps, even the boundaries of empire may have been changed, and new nations rise to claim the supremacy of arts and arms; the services of the protector of literature will stand out before the eye with increased honor, and his name be rescued from the common ruin which envelopes the memory of ostentatious conquerors and idle kings.

The present volume contains biographies of Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir Joseph Banks, D'Alembert. We shall commence with the lives less known to the generality of readers than those of our great moralist and great political econ-

omist, reserving ourselves for sketches of their career, as our space may allow.

Lord Brougham commences his life of Sir Joseph Banks by a species of apology, for placing in the ranks of philosophers a man who had never written a book. But no one has ever doubted that a man may be a philosopher, without being an author. Some of the greatest inventions of philosophy, of science, and of practical power, have been the work of men who never wrote a book. In fact, the inventor is generally a man of few words; his disciples, or rivals, or imitators, are the men of description. The inventor gives the idea, the follower gives the treatise; but the inventor is the philosopher after all. The question, however, with Sir Joseph Banks is, whether he was any more an inventor than a writer. It does not appear that he was either. Of course, he has no right to rank among men of science. But he had merits of his own, and on those his distinctions ought to have been placed. He was a zealous, active, and influential friend of philosophers. He gave them his time, he received them in his house, and he assisted their progress. He volunteered to be the protector of their class; he sympathized with their pursuits; and while adding little or nothing to their discoveries, he assisted in bringing those discoveries before the world. He loved to be thought the patriarch of British science; and, like the patriarch, he retained his authority even when he was past his labor. If he filled the throne of science feebly, none could deny that he filled it zealously. The true definition of him was, an English gentleman occupying his leisure with philosophical pursuits, and encouraging others of more powerful understanding to do the same.

Sir Joseph Banks was of an old and wealthy family, dating so far back as Edward III.; first settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and afterwards in the county of Lincoln. He was born in London in January, 1743. At the age of nine he was sent to Harrow, and at thirteen to Eton, where the tutors observed, as has happened in many other instances, that he was fonder of play than of books. In about a twelvemonth, however, he became studious, though not to the taste of his schoolmasters. The origin of this change was described by himself in a letter to Sir Everard Home, as accidental. One afternoon he had been bathing with some of the Eton

boys, and, on returning to dress himself, found that they had left him alone. Walking down a green lane, whose sides exhibited the wild-flowers of the season, the thought occurred to him, how much more natural and useful would be the knowledge of plants, than of Greek and Latin. From this time he devoted himself to the study of botany, though still continuing that of the classics. On returning to his father's house, he found a copy of Gerard's *Herbal*, which fixed his taste. He now added to his collecting of plants that of butterflies and other insects. Lord Brougham mentions that his father was one of Banks's associates at this period, and that they employed themselves together in natural history.

Natural history has been so frequently the pursuit of studious triflers, that it is difficult to exempt it from the charge of trifling. To gather plants which have been gathered a thousand times before, to ascertain their names from a herbal, and classify them according to its list, seems to be little more than a grave apology for playing the fool. A determination to gather all the butterflies and blue-bottles within the limits of the realm, certainly has nothing that can dignify it with the name of scientific pursuit. The collecting of pebbles and shells, or even the arranging of animals in the cases of a museum, are accomplishments of so easy an order, and of so little actual use, that they serve for little else than to wile away the time. But this trifling assumes a more important shape when it rises to the acquisition of actual knowledge; when, instead of classifying plants, it develops their medicinal virtues, and, instead of embalming animals, it examines their structure, as throwing light on the conformation or diseases of man.

But Sir Joseph Banks was fortunately relieved from subsiding into this foppery, by circumstances which forced him into vigorous and useful exertion. An approaching transit of Venus had been long looked to, as giving an opportunity for ascertaining the distance of the sun from the earth. It was recommended, that observations on this phenomenon should be made from different stations on the globe. Accordingly, in 1761, the British government sent out two observers, one to the Cape, and the other to St. Helena. The French government at the same time sent out three—to Pondicherry, Siberia, and the Mauritius. But the weather was unfavorable,

and the observations were to be regarded as a failure. But there was a second transit in 1769, and the leading powers of Europe sent out observers; England sending a vessel to the South Seas, an observer to India, and two to Hudson's Bay. Captain Wallace having lately made several discoveries in the Pacific, public attention had been strongly drawn to that hitherto scarcely known portion of the globe. The celebrated Captain Cook was appointed commander, and Sir Joseph Banks, stimulated by an honorable zeal and a rational desire of knowledge, obtained leave from his friend, Lord Sandwich, to join the expedition. He took with him Dr. Solander, the botanist, and two draughtsmen.

On the 25th of August, 1768, Cook's vessel, the *Endeavor*, sailed from Plymouth Sound, and the first point of land at which they touched was the Terra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the American continent. There they encountered such severity of cold, that, although it was the summer of those regions, Banks and Solander, in one of their botanical excursions, had nearly shared the fate of three of their attendants, who perished from the intensity of the cold. The effect of this excess of low temperature has been often felt and often described. It was a general torpor of the frame, producing an almost irresistible propensity to sleep. Every exertion was painful, and the strongest desire was to lie down in the snow and give way to slumber. Solander, who had acquired his experience in botanizing among the Swedish mountains, warned the party of their danger. "Whoever," said he, "sits down, will sleep; whoever sleeps will wake no more." Yet he himself was one of the first to yield; he insisted on lying down, fell asleep before he could be brought to the fire which Banks had kindled, and was restored with difficulty. His companion had felt a similar inclination, but resisted it, by the greater energy of youth, and probably of a more vigorous mind.

Cook then sailed for Otaheite, which he reached in April. The contrast of the luxurious climate with the inclement region which they had left behind them, was doubly striking to men who, for upwards of half a year, had seen nothing but the ocean or the deserts of Cape Horn. They now proceeded vigorously to the chief purposes of their voyage. The captain and his officers prepared their instruments to observe the transit, while Banks and his botanical at-

tendants ranged the island, made themselves acquainted with its natural productions, and conciliated the natives. The effect of his intelligence and intrepidity was conspicuous on an occasion which might have involved the scientific fate of the expedition. The quadrant, though under charge of a sentinel, had been stolen by the adroitness of some of the natives. But without it no observation could be taken. Banks volunteered to go in search of it into the woods, made himself master of it, and conveyed it in safety to the observatory: though followed by parties of the natives, and occasionally compelled to keep them at bay by exhibiting his pistols.

The transit was successfully observed, but it took six hours for the operation. As the period approached, even the crew had felt the strongest anxiety for its success. The state of the sky was reported every half hour during the night before, and their spirits rose and fell as the report gave its answer, clear or cloudy. But at dawn the sky was brilliant, and the day passed without a cloud. Four other observations had been simultaneously made, in Siberia, Lapland, Hudson's Bay, and California. The general result gave the sun's distance at nearly ninety-four millions of miles.

The next object of the voyage was a search for the great southern continent, which the philosophers of the day had conceived to exist, as a "necessary balance" to the mass of land in the northern hemisphere. But conjectural philosophy is often at fault, and necessary as this terrestrial balance was asserted to be, no "great" southern continent has yet been found. For a while, even Cook's sagacity seems to have been deceived by the mountains of New Zealand, which had been discovered, in 1620, by Tasman. Cook sailed round it, and explored its shores for six months. He then, on his homeward voyage, examined the east coast of New Holland. Of course, it is not the intention of this paper to trace a career so well known as that of the celebrated navigator. We refer to its incidents, merely as connected with Sir Joseph Banks. They had run about thirteen hundred miles of the coast, when, after having received some alarm from the neighborhood of coral reefs, the vessel suddenly struck. It was Cook's sagacious habit, nightly, to give all his orders and precautions before he went to rest; and thus, after having done all that prudence could do, he undressed, went to bed, and such was

the composure of his mind that he instantly fell asleep. But immediately on the vessel's striking, the captain was on deck, and giving his orders with his characteristic coolness. The light of the moon showed the sheathing boards of the ship floating all round, and at last her false keel. Their fate appeared imminent, but it was only when the day broke, that they became fully sensible of their forlorn condition. The land was at eight leagues' distance. There were no intermediate islets on which the crew might be saved, and the boats were wholly insufficient to take them all at once. To lighten the ship was their first object. Guns, ballast, stores, every thing was thrown over. After two tides they were enabled to get the ship afloat. To their great relief, the leak did not seem to gain upon them, though to keep it down required the labor of the men night and day. At length a midshipman fortunately suggested an expedient which he had once seen adopted at sea. This was to draw under the ship's bottom a sail, to which were fastened oakum, flax, and other light substances. The sail thus covered the leak, and enabled the ship to swim. On pursuing their voyage, and reaching a river, in which they attempted to repair the ship, they found that her preservation, in the first instance, was owing to the extraordinary circumstance of a large fragment of rock which had stuck into the vessel, and thus partially stopped up the leak. In this most anxious emergency Sir Joseph Banks and his party exhibited all the coolness and intrepidity which were required; and in the subsequent account of the voyage, received from Cook himself well-merited praises.

Another peril likely to be attended with still more certain ruin, now assailed the crew. The scurvy began to make its appearance. The devastations of this dreadful disease, in the early history of our navigation, fortunately now appear almost fabulous. It was a real plague; it seemed almost to dissolve the whole frame; teeth fell out, limbs dropped off, and the sufferer sank into a rapid, and, as it was once thought, an inevitable grave. It is a remarkable instance of the powers which man possesses to counteract the most formidable evils, that this terrible disease is now scarcely known. It has been overpowered solely by such simple means as fresh meat and vegetables, and a drink medicated with lemon-juice. Simple as those expedients are, they have saved the lives of thousands

and tens of thousands of the sea-going population of England.

But new hazards, arising alike from the imperfect condition of the vessel and their ignorance of the coast, continued to pursue them. Never was a voyage attempted with greater difficulties to surmount, or achieved with more triumphant success; after having explored two thousand miles of this perilous coast, Cook took possession of it in the name of his king, giving it the title of New South Wales.

At length he arrived at Batavia, where, on laying up his ship to repair, it was discovered that their preservation throughout this long voyage had been little less than miraculous, her planks having been in many instances worn "as thin as the sole of a shoe." But their trials were not yet over: the marsh fever quickly laid up the crew; the captain, Banks, and Solander, were taken seriously ill. They set sail from this pestilential island as soon as possible; but before they reached the Cape, three-and-twenty had died, including Green the astronomer, and the midshipman whose suggestion had saved the ship. At length, on the 12th of July, 1771, they cast anchor in the Downs, and Cook and his companions were received with national acclamation.

The triumph of the navigation was naturally due to Cook, but the most important part of the knowledge which had been communicated to the empire was due to the labours of Banks. It was from his journals that the chief details of the habits, manners, and resources of the natives were derived. The vegetable, mineral, and animal products of the Society Islands, and of New Holland, New Zealand, and new Guinea, had been explored, and a vast quantity of general intelligence was obtained relative to countries which now form an essential portion of the British empire. The novelty of those possessions has now worn off, their value has made them familiar. We are fully acquainted with their products, however we may be still ignorant of their powers. But, at the period of this memorable voyage, the Southern Hemisphere was scarcely more known than the hemisphere of the moon. Every league of the coast of New Holland, and the islands of the Great Southern Ocean, abounded with natural perils, heightened by the necessary ignorance of the navigator. Even to this day, many a fearful catastrophe attests the difficulties of the navigation; the coral rocks were a phenomenon wholly new to nautical

experience; and, in all the modern improvements of nautical science, full room is left for wonder, at the skill, the intelligence, and the daring, which carried Cook and his companions safe through the perils of this gigantic navigation.

A new expedition was soon demanded at once by the curiosity of the people and the interests of science. The dream of a great southern continent was still the favorite topic of all who regarded themselves as philosophers in England, although Cook had sailed over an unfathomable ocean, in the very tract where he ought, according to this adventurous theory, to have found a continent. Sir Joseph Banks again gallantly volunteered to join the expedition which was equipped for the discovery. His large fortune enabled him to make unusual preparations; but such was his zeal, that he even raised a loan for the purpose. He engaged Zoffani, the painter, with three assistant draughtsmen. He selected two secretaries, and nine attendants, instructed in the art of preserving plants and animals; he also provided books, drawings, and instruments. But his natural ambition was suddenly thwarted by the opposition of Sir Hugh Palliser, controller of the navy. For whatever reason—and it is now difficult to imagine any, except some jealousy too contemptible to name—so many obstructions were thrown in the way, that Banks relinquished the pursuit, and turned his attention to a voyage to Iceland. His suite, seamen and all, amounting to forty persons, reached the island in 1772, examined its chief natural phenomena, Hecla and its hot springs, and furnished its historian, Von Troil, with the materials for the most accurate history of this outpost of the northern world.

On his return to England, he commenced the career, natural to an opulent man of a cultivated mind, but yet so seldom followed in England by individuals of even higher means than his own. He fitted up a large house in Soho Square with all the preparatives for a life of literary association—a copious library, collections of natural history, and philosophical instruments. He held frequent conversaziones, gave dinners, and easily and naturally constituted himself the leader of the men of science in London. In Lincolnshire, where his chief property lay, he performed the part of the liberal and hospitable country gentleman on a large scale; while in London, he was the first person to whom scientific foreigners were

introduced, and the principal patron and protector of ingenious men.

On the resignation of Sir John Pringle as President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks was placed in the chair, in 1778, almost by acclamation. He had some obvious qualifications for the office, but he as obviously wanted others. His opulence, his hospitality, and his zeal for science, were valuable, and are nearly indispensable in the president of a body which concentrates the chief intellectual force of the community. But his favorite pursuit, botany, has never deserved the name of a science, and inevitably bears a character of triviality in the eyes of the mathematician and the philosopher. The distinction given to a comparatively young man, known to the world only as a voyager, and a collector of plants and animals, not unnaturally tended to breed scoffing among the professors of the severe sciences. The feeling spread, and the opportunity for its expression was soon found. Dr. Hutton, the mathematical professor at Woolwich, happened to be secretary for foreign correspondence. His residence at Woolwich was said to produce some inconvenience in his intercourse with the president; and the council passed a resolution, in 1783, recommending that "the foreign secretary should reside in London." The secret history of this transaction is, that Hutton was one of the mathematical party; though we cannot distinctly ascertain whether he had actually gone so far as to sneer at the president. Upon this, Hutton resigned the office; to accept which, the emolument could not have been his object, the salary being but £20 a-year—a sum that cannot be mentioned without a sense of disgrace to a society reckoning among its members some of the wealthiest men of England.

Hutton's resignation, or rather dismissal, produced an open war in the society. The mathematicians ranged themselves on the Huttonian side; the cultivators of natural history, and the cultivators of nothing, ranged themselves on the side of the president. The mathematicians were headed by Horsley, afterwards the bishop—a man whom Lord Brougham characterizes as extremely arrogant, of violent temper, and intoxicated with an extravagant sense of his own scientific merits, which his noble biographer pronounces to be altogether insignificant, heading this charge with the unkindest cut of all, namely, that he was "a priest." Horsley was certainly no great

mathematician, as his publication of the *Principia* unluckily shows; but the picture is high-colored, which represents him as a hot-tempered, loud-tongued, bustling personage—a sort of bravo of science and theology, who took up the first opinion which occurred to him, scorned to rectify it by any after-thought, and plunged from one absurdity into another, for the sake of consistency. The eloquence of his attacks upon the chair, of whose possession he was supposed to be foolishly ambitious, was vaunted a good deal by his partisans. But, as the only evidence of his rhetoric in these squabbles ever quoted, is one sentence, it is like the pretension to wit on the strength of a single pun, and may be easily cast aside. This boasted sentence was uttered, in threatening the secession of the mathematical party. "The president will then be left with his train of feeble amateurs, and that toy (the mace) upon the table—the ghost of the Society in which Philosophy once reigned, and Newton officiated as her minister."

Horsley's theology was too nearly on a par with his mathematics—he *was* harsh and headlong. The fortunate folly of Priestley in challenging the English clergy to a trial of strength in the old arena of Unitarianism, gained him an opportunity of crushing an antagonist whose presumption was in proportion to his ignorance. Accordingly, the Unitarian was speedily put *hors-de-combat*, and Horsley was rewarded with a mitre.

The president had long felt that the purpose of this violent lover of parallelograms was, to unseat him. The question was therefore brought to a decision, in the shape of a resolution "approving of Sir Joseph Banks as president, and resolving to support him in his office." This resolution was carried by 119 to 43.

Honors began now to gather upon him. In 1788 he had been made a baronet. In 1795 he received the order of the Bath, then generally restricted to soldiers and diplomatists. In two years after, he was called to the Privy Council. On the death of the Duke of Ancaster he was chosen recorder of Boston; but, though often solicited to stand an election, he was never a member of Parliament. Though professing himself a Tory, he seems never to have taken any active part in politics, preserving a curious practical neutrality in Lincolnshire, and giving his interest to Mr. Pelham, a Whig, and Mr. Chaplin, a Tory. This,

which his noble biographer curiously seems to consider as a happy proof of the absence of all party feelings, we should be apt to look upon as a proof of a degenerate wish to consult his own ease, and of a sluggish neutrality discreditable to the character of an Englishman.

However, he had more honorable distinctions. In the furious Revolutionary war—a war of principles and passions, not less than of public interests, the president of the Royal Society largely exerted his interest with both governments, to alleviate the sufferings of scientific men who happened to fall into the hands of the belligerents, and to effect the restoration of scientific property captured by our ships of war. In 1802 he was chosen one of the foreign members of the Institute of France: and his letter of thanks, a little too ardent in its gratitude, was said to have involved the baronet in some vexations peculiarly felt by his courtly temperament. He was instantly attacked for his Gallican panegyric, by a portion of the Royal Society. Cobbett, who was then looking out for a victim, and whose loyalty was at that period peculiarly glowing, flew at him like a tiger-cat; and, last and most dreaded of all, he was said to have received at Windsor some of those frowns, which to a courtier are a total eclipse of the sun. But the nation soon had higher things to think of than a slip of the President's pen, or a little betrayal of his vanity. Napoleon ascended the throne; and, when the thunderbolts began to fall, the squibs and crackers flung from hand to hand of little men are of necessity forgotten.

His latter years were signalized by acts of unequivocal public service. He is designated by Lord Brougham, and no one can have a better right to be informed of the fact, as the real founder of the African Association.—His lordship also regards him as the real founder of the colony of Botany Bay.—He was the first to suggest the transfer of the tropical fruits to the West India islands.—British horticulture owed him great services.—And the British Museum, during forty-two years of his trusteeship, was the object of his peculiar care, and finally received the bequest of his excellent library and of all his collections.

His career, however, was now, by the course of nature, drawing to its close. Yet, he had lived seventy-eight years in this anxious and disappointing world, in opulence, in peace, and in public estimation. But his lot had been singularly fortunate.

Few men are without their share of those troubles which characterize the general condition of human nature. Sir Joseph Banks had *his* trial, in physical suffering. In the first portion of his life he had been remarkable for robust health and activity; but, from about his fortieth year, he suffered severely from attacks of gout, which increased so much, that for his last fourteen years he was scarcely able to walk. His robust mind, however, enabled him to encounter his disease by increased and extreme temperance. He gave up all fermented liquors and animal food. He seems to have derived considerable benefit from D'Huissou's medicine. But his hour was come; and on the 19th of June, 1820, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, he died—just one year after his honored and royal friend, George III.

Thus passed through the world one of those men who are among the most useful in their generation. It would be idle to pronounce him a genius, a discoverer, or a profound philosopher. But he served an important purpose in society; he suggested philosophical enterprise, he protected the honorable ambition of men whose career, without that protection, might have closed in obscure suffering; he gave the philosophy and literature of his time a leader, and formed it into a substantial shape. In this spirit he employed his life; and he accomplished his purpose with the constancy and determination of a sagacious and systematic mind. He might not be a pillar of the philosophical temple of his country, nor its architrave; but he performed the office of the clamp—he bound together the materials of both pillar and architrave, and sustained the edifice alike in its stateliness and in its security.

Lord Brougham's biography of D'Alembert commences with a brief dissertation on the interest which the mind takes in the study of mathematics. This study he regards as superior in gratification to every other, from its independence of external circumstances. In all other studies, he observes truly, that a large portion of the researches must depend upon facts imperfectly ascertained from the reports of others, and upon knowledge impeded by the capricious chances of things; while in pure science, the principles, the premises, and the conclusions, are wholly within our own power.

In a passage exhibiting the affluence of the noble lord's language, he says, "The

life of a geometrician may well be supposed an uninterrupted calm, and the gratification which is derived from its researches, is of a pure and also of a lively kind—whether he contemplates the truth discovered by others, with the demonstrative evidence on which they rest, or carries the science further, and himself adds to the number of the interesting truths before known. He may be often stopt in his researches by the difficulties that beset his path; he may be frustrated in his attempts to discover relations, depending on complicated data, which he cannot unravel or reconcile; but his study is wholly independent of accident, his reliance is on his own powers. Contestation and uncertainty he never can know; a stranger to all controversy, above all mystery, he possesses his mind in unruffled peace. Bound by no authority, regardless of all consequences as of all opposition, he is entire master of his conclusions as of his operations, and feels even perfect indifference to the acceptance or objection of his doctrines, because he confidently looks forward to their universal and immediate admission the moment they are comprehended."

All this is strikingly expressed, yet it is after all but a showy hypothesis. That pure mathematics have nothing to do with external existence, may be easily granted; but that mathematicians are exempt from controversy, is no more a matter of experience than that all mathematical assertions are self-evident. The history of science is a direct contradiction of this halcyon hypothesis. The bitterest controversies, and the most ridiculous too, have been raised on mathematical opinions. Universal experience tends strongly to the proof, that no exclusive exertion of the mind is more fatal to its general vigor, more apt to narrow its range of conception; more distinctly operative, by its very exclusiveness, and by its making minute truths the especial object of the mind, in rendering it incapable of those loftier and broader truths on which depend all the great concerns of society, all the efficient progress of civilization, and all the nobler growth of human powers—than the mere study of mathematics. A spider drawing his web out of his own fibres, and constructing his little lines and circles in his dusty corner, is the fittest emblem of the mere mathematician. In this language, we acknowledge the use of the science; we protest only against its pretence of superiority. Every man's experience of college

studies may supply him with examples; but we have room but for one, and that of a sufficiently high order.

When Napoleon assumed the French throne, in his ambition of being regarded as the universal patron of science, he appointed the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* a member of his privy council. But La Place, then and since, the first scientific name of France, was found utterly inadequate to even the almost sinecure duties of his office. Napoleon soon found that he could make no use of him. He accordingly consulted him no longer. "I found his mind," said he, "like his book, full of *infiniments petits*." Or if we look for further illustration among the French geometers—the only men among whom the trial can be made, from their opportunities of power in the Revolution—there was not one of them who exhibited any qualification for the higher duties of public life. Bailly, Condorcet, and their tribe, proved themselves utterly feeble, helpless, and trifling, where manliness, activity, and intelligence of mind were required. The Savans were swept away like a swarm of mice, or crushed like mosquitoes, when they dared to buzz in the presence of the public. That they were first-rate mathematicians there can be no question; that they quarrelled about their mathematical theories with the bitterness, and not a little in the style of village gossips, is equally certain; and that, though the Encyclopedists had chiefly died off before the Revolution, their successors and imitators were extinguished by their preposterous combination of an avarice of power, and of an inadequacy to exertion, is a fact written unanswerably in the history of their trifling career, and of their early scaffolds. The ridiculous figure made in politics by the first astronomer of France, at this moment, only strengthens the conclusion.

The life of D'Alembert is, however, one of the happiest illustrations of the use to which science may be applied, in raising an obscure individual into public fame. Yet, it is not to be forgotten, that D'Alembert's European celebrity commenced only when he had laid aside the exclusive study of mathematics, and devoted himself to general literature, and, shaking off the dust of his closet, he became a man of the world.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert was born in November, 1717, and was exposed as a foundling near the church of St. Jean le Rond in Paris, and thus called by the name of the parish. The commissary of the dis-

trict, taking pity upon the infant's apparently dying condition, instead of sending it to the hospital, where it would have inevitably died, gave it to be nursed by the wife of a poor glazier. In a few days, however, a person named D'Estouches, a commissary of artillery, came forward, acknowledged the child, and made provision for its support. The habits of foreign life are generally so scandalous, that they can scarcely be alluded to without offending our sense of delicacy. The mother of this infant was an unmarried woman, living in the very highest circles of Paris, the sister of Cardinal Tencin, archbishop of Lyons. This woman thus added to her vice the cruelty of exposing her unfortunate offspring to die of cold and hunger in the streets. It does not appear that her profligacy, though notorious, ever affected her position in society. Her coteries were as gay, her circle was as complete, and her rank as high, as ever. In the Paris of those days, "throwing the first stone" was unheard of; its reaction would have been an avalanche; there was no scandal where there was no concealment; there was no crime where there was no conscience; and thus danced the world away, until the scourge of a higher power swept the whole noblesse of France into beggary and exile.

D'Alembert seems to have taken his surname from that of his nurse, and was sent, when twelve years old, to the College of La Nation, then in the possession of the Jansenists. There he learnt mathematics. On leaving the college, he returned to the glazier's house, there had one room for his bedroom and study, lived on the family fare, supported himself on a pension of £50 a-year left to him by his father, and in that house lived for forty years. He once made an abortive attempt to study the law and medicine, but soon grew weary of both, and returned to mathematics, for which he had a decided predilection. His application to this study, however, by no means pleased the homely sense of his old nurse. "You will never be any thing better than a philosopher," was her usual saying. "And what's a philosopher?—a fool, who wears out his life, to be spoken of after he is dead."

But D'Alembert had evidently a passion for science; and in his twenty-third year he sent to the Academy of Sciences an analytical paper, which attracted general notice. This was followed by his admission into the society, at the unusually early age

of twenty-four. From this period, he proceeded for eighteen years, constantly furnishing the academy with papers, which added greatly to its reputation and his own. In a note on the presumed discovery of Taylor's Theorem by D'Alembert, the noble biographer alludes to what he regards as a similar event, the discovery of the "Binomial Theorem" by himself. We must acknowledge, that we cannot easily comprehend how any student, within the last hundred years, could have had this "discovery" to make—the Binomial Theorem being one of the very first which meets the eye of the algebraist, in Newton's and every other treatise on analysis. It seems to us very like an English reader's "discovery" of the alphabet, or, at least, of the recondite art of spelling words of two syllables. But D'Alembert was at length to find, that if he was to obtain either fame or fortune, he must seek them in some other road. At this period, infidelity had become the distinction of all who arrogated to themselves intellectual accomplishment. The power of the crown, and the power of the clergy, had hitherto made its expression dangerous; but the new liberalism of the throne having enfeebled its power, the reign of the libeller, the rebel, and the skeptic openly commenced. The opulence of the clergy increased the bitterness of their enemies; and the blow which was intended to lay the throne in the dust, was nominally aimed at religion. Voltaire had commenced this crusade half a century before; but the arch-infidel lived beyond the dominion of France, possessed an independent income, had acquired the reputation of the wittiest man in Europe, and had established a species of impunity by the pungency of his perpetual sneers. During this period, French infidelity had been silent through fear, but it was not the less virulent, active, and general. It appeared in the result, that almost the whole of the French higher orders were either deists or total unbelievers. All the literary men of France followed the example of Voltaire, and a scoff at religion was always accepted as an evidence of wit. France loves extremes; and, as the popular literature of Paris is now plunged in impurity, fifty years ago it was characterized by outrageous blasphemy. The only religion which France knew, was certainly not calculated to repress the evil. Its fantastic exhibitions and grim formalities were equally obnoxious to the human understanding. Its persecu-

ting spirit insulted the growing passion of the people for liberty; while its fierce dogmas, contrasting with its ridiculous traditions, supplied the largest materials at once for horror and ridicule.

At length the storm broke forth. The infidelity which had danced and smiled, and made *calembourgs* and scoffed, in the full-dress circles of the nobles; made its appearance in the streets and highways, in rags and riot, with the axe for the pen, and blood for the ink, and trampled the whole polished race of scoffers in the mire of Revolution.

The *Encyclopédie* was the great text-book of the literary faction, and Diderot and D'Alembert were the editors of its first seven volumes—D'Alembert writing the preliminary discourse upon the progress of the sciences. But the latter mixed caution with his courage; for on the issue of the government prohibition of the work, he abandoned the editorship, and left it to Diderot.

At length, in 1752, the King of Prussia, who, with all his fame, had the weakness of being emulous of French flattery, offered him an appointment at Berlin, with an allowance of five hundred pounds a-year, and the reversionary office of president of the academy. But this royal offer he refused, on the ground of his reluctance to quit Paris, and the fear that the employment would be inconsistent with his freedom. At this period his fixed income seemed to be about seventy pounds a year; yet, when we suffer ourselves to be astonished at the apparent magnanimity of the refusal, we are to remember that this sum, a hundred years ago, and in Paris, would be about equivalent to two hundred pounds a-year in England at the present day; that, like all Frenchmen, he hated Germany; that Frederic's dealings with Voltaire gave by no means a favorable specimen of his friendship; and that, to a Frenchman of that day, Paris was all the world. But, ten years after, the Empress Catharine made him the much more tempting offer of the tutorship of her son, afterwards the unfortunate Emperor Paul. The salary was to be magnificent, no less than four thousand pounds a-year; still he refused the offer, and preferred remaining in Paris.

Whether we are to applaud his magnanimity, or blame his habits, on this occasion, may fairly be a question. The possession of the four thousand pounds a-year, even if it were limited to the period of tuition,

would have made him opulent; and his opulence would undoubtedly have given him the means of extensive benevolence, of relieving private distress, of assisting his less fortunate literary brethren, of promoting public objects, and ultimately, perhaps, of founding some valuable institution which might last for ages. But D'Alembert, and men like him, seem to live only for themselves. It would have cost him an absence from Paris for a certain period to have obtained this power of public good; and he preferred living without it, and haunting, night after night, the coteries of the old blue-stockings who kept open house for the evening gossipry of the capital.

Nothing can form a stronger contrast to the general passion of the French character for change, than its devotion to the same coterie for half a century together. In the middle of the eighteenth century two houses in Paris were especially the rendezvous of the talkers, idlers, and philosophers of Paris. That some of those visitants were men of remarkable ability, there can be no doubt. But this perpetual haunting of the same coffee-cups, this regularity of trifling, this wretched inability to remain at home for a single evening, is so wholly irreconcilable with our English sense of domestic duties, of the attachment of parents to their families, and of the exercise of the natural affections, that we find it utterly impossible to attach any degree of respect to the perpetual loungee at another's fireside. Madame Geoffrin had now succeeded to Madame de Tencin, as the receiver of the coterie. Madame du Deffand held a kind of rival, but inferior, coterie. The former had a house, the latter had only a lodging; the former was good-humored, amiable, and kind—the latter satirical and cold; but both were clever, and, at all events, both received the gossips, wise and foolish, of Paris. At the lodging of Madame du Deffand, D'Alembert met Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, a species of companion to Madame. She was the illegitimate daughter of a woman of fashion, as D'Alembert was the son. The circumstance was too common in Parisian high life, to involve any censure on the parents, or any disgrace on the children; but it may have produced a degree of sympathy, which suddenly rose to its height by their taking a lodging together! Those things, too, were so frequent in France, that, except the laugh of the moment, no one seems to have taken notice of the connection; and they continued to carry

it on, as well received as ever, and holding their evening coterie with undiminished applause.

"No one," observes the noble biographer, "whispered a syllable of suspicion, respecting a connection which all were fully convinced could be only of the most innocent kind." This French credulity is too simple for our credence. That a he and she philosophic pair should have lived in the same apartments for a dozen years with perfect innocency, may have been the case in Paris; but the story would not be believed in any less immaculate region on the face of the earth. The plain truth seems to be, that the general looseness of Parisian society saw nothing gross in the grossest connection. Even where they affected virtue, they palpably preferred their having an evening lounge open to them, to any consideration grounded on common propriety and a sense of shame.

But the philosopher was a dirty fellow after all, and it only does credit to his noble biographer's sense of propriety to admit, that "his conduct must seem strange to all men of right and honorable feelings." In fact, the philosopher seems to have lent his aid very zealously to a correspondence carried on by his sensitive fellow-lodger! with a view to a marriage with a Spanish Marquis Mora. Among other proofs, he went every morning to the post-office to receive the Spaniard's letters for the lady. "I confess," says Lord Brougham, "I am driven, how reluctantly soever, to the painful conclusion, that he lent himself to the plan of her *inveigling* the Spaniard into a marriage." And this was not the only instance of his by-play. Mademoiselle professed also to have fallen in love with a M. Guibert, known as a military writer. Guibert exhibited his best tactics, in keeping clear of the lady. "All this time, she continued," says his lordship, "to make D'Alembert believe, that she had no real passion for any one but himself." No one can easily suppose that they were not connected in a plan of obtaining for her a settlement in life by marriage. But, if this marriage-intrigue was in every sense, and on all sides, contemptible, what are we to think of the nature of the connection existing between this sensitive lady and D'Alembert, living for years under the same roof? The whole matter would be too repulsive for the decorums of biography, if it were not among the evidences of that utter corruption of morals, and callousness of feeling, which were final-

ly avenged in the havoc of the Revolution.

D'Alembert's income had been increased by his appointment to the office of secretary to the Academy, in 1772. Unfortunately for his literary fame, it became a part of his duty to write the *éloges* of the deceased members, an office which he fulfilled with equal diligence and unproductiveness; for, of those unfortunate performances he wrote no less than eighty-three. But the French are fond of fooleries of this kind; a few sounding sentences with them are biography; a few rambling sketches fill up the outline to their taste; and the whole forms a specimen of that eloquence which men are content to admire on the other side of the Channel.

At length his career drew to a close. Towards his sixty-fourth year, his health began to decline. It had never been robust, though his habits had been temperate; but feebleness of stomach, and an organic disease, predicted the approach of his dissolution. He died on the 29th of October, 1783, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Notwithstanding his feebleness of body, his intellectual vigor remained—thus adding one to the many proofs of the distinct natures of mind and body. In his intervals of ease, he continued to occupy himself with mathematical investigations. With a deplorable want of feeling, he talked with levity of his approaching departure, an event awful to the best, and, to the wisest, solemn in proportion to their wisdom. He died in the fullness of that scientific reputation which he deserved, and of that literary reputation which he did not deserve; but, by the combination of both, ranking as the most distinguished intellectual name of Europe in his day.

The life of a later philosopher, the unfortunate Lavoisier, gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of rendering justice to an eminent foreigner, and of vindicating the claims of his own still more memorable countrymen, Black and Watt. Chemistry is especially the science of the eighteenth century, as geometry was of the seventeenth. It is a characteristic of that great, however slow, change, which is now evidently in progress through Europe, that those sciences which most promote the comforts, the powers, and the progress of the multitude, obviously occupy the largest share of mental illustration. Of all the sciences, chemistry is that one which contributes most largely to the dominion of man over nature. It is the very handmaid of Wisdom, instructing

us in the properties of things, and continually developing more and more the secrets of those vast and beneficent processes by which the physical frame of creation is rendered productive to man. It must thus be regarded as the most essential instrument of our physical well-being. It takes a part in all that administers to our wants and enjoyments. Our clothing, our medicine, our food; the cultivation of the ground, the salubrity of the atmosphere; the very blood, bone, and muscle of man, all depend on chemical evolutions. But it has its still loftier secrets; and the experimental philosopher is constantly stimulated and delighted by his approach to at least the borders of discoveries which promise to give a nobler insight into the laws of matter; to exhibit more fully the mechanism formed and moved by the Divine hand; and to develop the glories of the universe on a scale continually enlarging, and continually more luminous.

A matchless source of interest in this most effective and essential of all the science is, that it seems capable of an infinite progress. The chemical philosopher cannot even conceive any limit to its variety, multitude, or utility of purpose. The more he discovers, the more he finds is still to be discovered. Every new property awakens him to the existence of some other property, more capacious and more profound. Every difficulty mastered, only leads him towards some deeper and more tempting problem. And, in addition to the ardor derived from this triumph of our intellectual ambition—as if all the incentives that can act upon man were expressly accumulated upon this pursuit—there is no science in which the actual triumphs are more directly connected with personal opulence. The invention of a new acid or alkali might create unbounded wealth. The discovery of a new principle of the most vulgar use—for tanning leather, for extracting oils, for strengthening soap, for purifying tallow, might place the discoverer in possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But a loftier ambition may still find its field in this science. A chemical discovery might change the face of the world. Gunpowder had already changed the whole form of European society. A chemical discovery might give us the power of managing at our will the storm and the lightning, of averting the pestilence, or of insuring the fertility of the soil, and the regularity of the seasons. The Divine intention in

placing us here, was evidently the perpetual exercise of the human understanding. For that purpose were given the wants, and the remedies of the wants, of man; for that purpose all sciences are perhaps inexhaustible; but of all, the most palpably inexhaustible, the most teeming with immediate results, and the most remedial as to human necessities, is Chemistry—fitted by its extent to supply the largest proportion of human objects, by its power to excite the most eager inquiry, and by its richness to reward the intelligent labor of man, to the last ages of the world.

Antoine Laurent Lavoisier was born in Paris in 1743, the son of one of the “farmers-general.” As the office was nearly hereditary, and was proverbially connected with great opulence, the son of the rich functionary was highly educated. But science soon attracted all his study, and, devoting himself especially to chemistry, he made himself conspicuous among the leading philosophers of his time.

At the age of twenty-two, he presented to the Academy of Sciences an analysis of gypsum. At twenty-five he was admitted a member of the Academy, an unusually early age. In his next year he succeeded his father in his lucrative office. He then married the daughter of another farmer-general, and having made this provision for a life of luxury or public employment, with all that political ambition might offer in the old *régime* of France, he collected his books about him, shut himself up in his study, and gave up his time, fortune, and energy to the advancement of science.

After occupying himself for a brief period with geology, he commenced his chemical career by refuting the theories alike of Margraff and Stahl on the conversion of water into earth. The chemistry of the gases had made rapid progress in England; and the names of Black, Priestley, and Cavendish, had already attracted the attention of scientific Europe. Lavoisier followed in their track by a series of experiments in the calcination of metals, pursued with remarkable intelligence and industry. The biographer observes that he was now on the verge of two dazzling discoveries—the composition of the atmosphere, and the identity of the diamond with carbon. But he stopped short, and left the glory to more fortunate investigators.

We hasten from the controversies to which the claim of priority in those distinguished discoveries gave rise, and come to

the more authentic services of Lavoisier. He was appointed by the minister to superintend the royal manufacture of gunpowder, which his chemical knowledge enabled him greatly to improve. He next, by appointment of the National Assembly, drew up his laborious and valuable memoir on the *Territorial Wealth of France*. He was now appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury, and introduced an unexampled regularity into the public accounts. He aided the formation of the metrical system, the security of the assignats against forgery, and seems to have borne an active part in every public matter in which practical science was concerned. In the mean time he employed himself in scientific agriculture, and set apart a tract of land on his estate for experimental farming. His style of living in Paris was at once rational and splendid. His house was open twice a-week for the reception of distinguished persons, both foreigners and natives, and especially if they brought with them the recommendation of scientific ability. With the finest philosophical apparatus in the possession of any individual in France, he was constantly carrying on experiments on his own account, or performing them for others whose means could not meet their expense. This conduct, united to remarkable amiability of manners, made him popular, and placed him at the head of French science in his day. But the evil time had come when opulence was to be a crime, and virtue was to be no longer a safe-guard. The democratic triumvirate of 1794 issued an order for the seizure of twenty-seven individuals who had been farmers-general before the revolution. The true charge was the crime of being opulent. The popular and ridiculous charge was, their having mixed deleterious ingredients with the tobacco. Lavoisier having received information that the order was about to be executed, fled, and remained for some days in concealment. On understanding that his flight might injure the other prisoners, and as his father-in-law was among them, he, with a rash reliance on the public justice, yet with manly generosity, returned to Paris, and gave himself up to his oppressors. The course of the Revolution had been so palpably that of general plunder, that he had long expected the loss of fortune, and proposed, in case of ruin, to begin the world again, and live by the profession of medicine.

But, by a furious act of violence, he was condemned to die. He asked only a few

days to complete some experiments which were going on during his imprisonment. The scoffing answer of this merciless tribunal was, that the Republic had no need of philosophers; and on the day after this sentence, the 8th of May, 1794, he was hurried to the guillotine with no less than one hundred and twenty-three other victims, who all died within a few hours.

On this melancholy and desperate atrocity of republicanism, Lord Brougham makes the following remark, which, though natural in the lips of any human being, has double force as coming from one who has seen the operation of the revolutionary spirit on so large a scale, and during so extended a portion of his public career.

"The lustre," he observes, "which the labors of Lavoisier had shed over the scientific renown of France, the valuable services which he had rendered her in so many important departments of her affairs, the virtues which adorned his character and made his philosophy beloved as well as revered, were all destined to meet the reward with which the tyranny of *vulgar faction* is sure to recompense the good and the wise, as often as the *base unlettered multitude* are permitted to bear sway, and to place in the seat of dominion their idols, who *dupe to betray*, and finally punish them."

Lord Brougham justly reprobates the suspicious silence of the celebrated Carnot on this occasion, and the still more scandalous apathy of Fourcroy, who had been the pupil and panegyrist of the great chemist during many years. He acquits him of the deadly imputation, that he had even been instrumental in sending his master to the guillotine. But he praises, in contradistinction, M. Hallé, who had the honest courage to proclaim Lavoisier's public services before the dreadful tribunal, while he consigns the pulpit to perpetual scorn. He was murdered in his fifty-first year.

Lord Brougham's French predilections do credit to his sense of cosmopolitanism; but he appears to us somewhat more disposed to conciliate the jealousy of his very irritable French *confrères*, than to deal rigorous justice. No man deserves the reputation of science but a discoverer. To know all that has been hitherto known on a subject, deserves the character of diligence; to promote the progress of a science by largeness of expenditure, or steadiness of exertion, deserves the praise of liberality and labor; but the man who adds to the science by original invention, who

enlarges its boundaries, and detects new principles, is the man alone to whom the name of genius can be applied. Lavoisier was, unquestionably, an important minister of science; he possessed singular assiduity, unwearied zeal, and remarkable sagacity. What these could do, he did; what knowledge could accomplish, he performed; but the inventors were of another country, and of a higher order, and he must be content with the honors due to imitation. Yet he had considerable happiness in the difficult art of communicating his knowledge. His *Treatise on Chemistry*, though now superseded by subsequent arrangements, is singularly clear; and no great teacher of chemistry has hitherto given the world a more striking example of exactness in detail, and clearness in conception.

His cruel death, too, may be almost said to have continued his services to society. It proved, with irresistible force, the true character of Infidel Revolution. It showed a noble-minded and benevolent man the victim of revolutionary rage; an intelligent, studious, and retired man, obnoxious to the rabble love of ruin; a mild, generous, and patriotic man, the instant prey of revolutionary government, which boasted of its superiority to the vices of kings, of its homage to intellect, and of its supreme value for the virtues of private life. Yet it murdered Lavoisier without a moment's hesitation or a moment's remorse, and flung the first philosopher of France into a felon's grave.

The biography of Adam Smith gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of pouring out, at the distance of nearly half a century, that knowledge of Political Economy which first brought him into notice. His *Colonial Policy*, a remarkable performance for a student of eighteen, exhibited in miniature the principles and propensities which his long career has been expended in maturing and moulding. Adam Smith was the idol of all Scottish worship in the last century; and his originality of conception, the weight of his subject, and the clearness of his judgment, made him worthy of the elevation.

Adam Smith's birth was of a higher order than is often to be found in the instance of men destined to literary eminence. He was the son of a comptroller of the customs; who had been private secretary to Lord Loudoun, secretary of state, and keeper of the great seal.

An accident in infancy had nearly deprived the age of its first philosopher, even

if it had not trained him to be hanged. At three years of age he was stolen by travelling tinkers, a race resembling the gypsies, and which in that day formed a numerous population in Scotland. But a pursuit being speedily set on foot, he was fortunately recovered. He was well educated, and, after the routine of school, was sent to Glasgow for three years, where he obtained an Exhibition to Baliol College. At Oxford he remained for seven years, chiefly addicted to mathematics—a study, however, which he subsequently wholly abandoned. He had been intended for the Church of England; but whether from dislike of its discipline, or from disappointment in his views, he retired to Scotland, to take his chance of employment in its colleges. In 1748 he settled in Edinburgh, and, for three years, read a course of lectures on rhetoric. His contemporaries, then obscure, became, in some instances, conspicuous; for among them were Hume, Robertson, and Wedderburne. In 1751, Smith was elected to the professorship of Logic in the University of Glasgow, which he soon after exchanged for that of Moral Philosophy.

Thus far we run on smoothly with Lord Brougham; but when he comes to discuss religion, we must occasionally doubt his guidance. For example, in speaking of Smith's lectures on Natural Theology, he denounces the jealousy of those who regard it as other than "the very foundation essential to support its fabric." From this opinion we totally dissent. It is perfectly true that natural religion and revelation are consistent with each other, as must be presumed from their being the work of the same Divine Wisdom. But their foundations are wholly distinct. Why did the Jew believe the Mosaic revelation? Simply and solely, because it was delivered to him with such evidences of supernatural origin, in the thunders of Sinai, and substantiated at subsequent periods by miracle and prophecy, that he must receive it as divine. Why did the early converts receive Christianity? Simply on the same direct evidence applied to their senses. No apostle sent them to examine their notions of the Godhead, or left them to inculcate the doctrines of the gospel by their reason. But he declared his doctrine as a new truth, and gave proof of its truth being divine, by working wonders palpably beyond the power of man. Of course, unless man knew what was meant by the power of the Deity, he could not have comprehended the sim-

plest communication of the apostle. But we are speaking of the foundation of a belief—not the intelligibility of a language. We are entitled to go further still, and say, that the first idea of the being of a God was itself a revelation—a much plainer solution of the extraordinary circumstance, that so lofty and recondite a conception should have existed in the earliest and rudest ages of society, than to suppose that the antediluvian shepherd, or the postdiluvian hunter, should have ever thought of tracing effects and causes up to that extreme elevation, where a pure and supreme Spirit creates and governs the whole. We are entitled even to doubt whether the idea of Spirit was ever *naturally* conceived in the mind of any human being, difficult as is the conception to a creature surrounded with materiality, with every thought derived from his senses, and with the total incapacity of defining to this hour, or even imagining, the nature of Spirit. It will be fully admitted, that when the idea was once communicated, its reality was substantiated by the frame of nature, by the regularity, the extent, and the beneficence of the great physical system. But the origin was revelation. Lord Brougham quotes Tillotson; but the archbishop had earned his mitre by other means than the vigor of his understanding, and often trifles like other men.

In 1759, Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*—a work of skill and invention, but which has long since fallen into disuse with the intelligent world. It, however, had the rare good fortune of attracting the notice of an individual, possessed at once of the taste to honor, and the will to befriend, a man of original ability. The volume fell into the hands of the celebrated Charles Townsend, who proposed that the author should take charge of the young Duke of Buccleuch, whose mother, the dowager-duchess, he had married. Nothing in the life of Townsend was more honorable to him than this choice, not only for its judgment but for its rarity. The generality of men in possession of affluence think only of themselves, and would value the most common-place gratification more highly than the encouragement of the obscure genius, which wanted only that encouragement to shed a new lustre on its generation. The man of power in general feels its possession the primary object of his patronage, and sees no purpose in the immense opportunity given to him by his rank, but to obtain adherents, and make his

power impregnable. Though there may be exceptions, such is the rule; and with this recollection of the established course of things, we give all honor to the memory of the man, without whose patronage the world would probably have lost the ablest work of its century, the immortal *Wealth of Nations*.

In 1763, Smith was appointed tutor to the young nobleman, resigned his professorship, and went with his pupil to France. After a residence of a year and a half at Toulouse, he travelled in Switzerland, and then, returning to Paris, spent ten months there. His French residence was peculiarly fortunate. It rubbed off the rust of his seclusion; it introduced him to the best society of courtly life; and it brought him into direct intercourse with that whole circle of active intellect and novel philosophy, which made the Parisian coteries at once the most bustling and brilliant of Europe. However the horrid profligacy of the court, and the contemptuous infidelity of high life, might have either disgusted the morals, or startled even the skepticism of the stranger, there can be no doubt of the interest which he felt in the society of such men as Turgot, Necker, D'Alembert, and Quesnay. Smith, some fifteen or twenty years before, had drawn up a sketch of the principles which he afterwards developed in his *Wealth of Nations*. Political economy was then beginning to take a form in French science. Whether it ever deserved the name of science, or will ever deserve it, may be a grave question. It depends upon such a multitude of facts, and the facts themselves vary so perpetually, the "principles" derived from those facts are so feeble and fluctuating, and common experience so provokingly contradicts, from day to day, the most labored conclusions, that every new professor has a new theory, and every new theory turns the former into ridicule, itself to be burlesqued by the next that follows. This at least is known, that Fox declared his suspicion of the whole, saying, that it was at once too daring to be intelligible, and too indefinite to be reducible to practice. Even in our day, no two authors on the subject agree; all the successful measures of revenue and finance have been adopted in utter defiance of its dogmas; while all the modern attempts to act upon what are called its principles, have only convulsed commerce, shaken public credit, and substituted fantastic visions of prosperity for the old substantial wealth of England. No occupation

could have been fitter for the half-frivolous, half-factionous spirit of France. A revolution in revenue was openly regarded as the first step to revolution in power; the political economists indulged themselves in a philosophic conspiracy, and vented their sneers against the government, under pretext of recognizing the rights of trade. It took but a little more than twenty years to mature this dexterous contrivance, and the meek friends of free trade had the happiness of seeing France in a blaze.

Smith, on his return, shut himself up in his study in Kirkcaldy for ten years. His friends in vain attempted to draw him from his solitude to Edinburgh: he steadily, we may almost say magnanimously, refused; and at the end of the tenth year, in 1776, he explained the mystery, by the publication of the two quarto volumes of his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The work was received with general congratulation; it was regarded as a new science, although it is well-known, as stated in the introduction to the biography, that many others had previously discussed the same subjects. Smith's views, however, were so much more comprehensive, his division so much more distinct, and his remarks so much more practical, that he deserved all the credit of the architect who combines in beauty and utility the beams and pillars which he finds scattered on the ground. And here we advert to the obvious benefit of that patronage which had been extended to this very able man by Townsend. The annuity which had been settled on him as tutor, had enabled Smith to give up the whole of his time, and the whole powers of his mind, during those ten years, to this great work. During nearly twenty years of lecturing, on the other hand, in which his pen was necessarily employed without ceasing, he seems to have published but one work, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. That he constantly formed ingenious conceptions, may be easily admitted; but that he wanted either time or inclination to complete them, is evident from the fact, that he never suffered them to appear in print, and that one of his dying directions was, that they should be destroyed by his executors.

He was now a man of fame, and to enjoy it came up to London, where he resided for two years in the midst of the best society, political and literary, to be found in England. He was now to be a man of

fortune as well as of fame; he was appointed a commissioner of the customs in Scotland. He returned to Edinburgh, and commenced the agreeable life of a man at once distinguished, and opulent to the full extent of his simple desires, in a society whose names are still regarded as the lights of Scotland. He lived hospitably, and entertained good society, but he wrote no more; he was growing old, and Lord Brougham evidently thinks that the duties of his office exhausted his spirits and occupied his time. But those duties always partook largely of the nature of a sinecure; and there is every reason to doubt whether they could have worn down a man of regular habits, and who had been trained to the routine of daily business by an apprenticeship of a quarter of a century. The greater probability is, that Smith felt that he had done enough for fame; that, knowing the world, he was unwilling to expose himself to the caprices of critical applause; and that he even felt how inadequate the early theories which found admirers in the lecture-room, might be to sustain a character already brought into full publicity by his own volumes. The fact is certain, that he produced nothing more. In July, 1790, he died, at the age of sixty-seven. It was his custom to give a supper on the Sunday evening to a numerous circle of friends. How far this entertainment, which was more consistent with the latitude of his Paris recollections, was reconcilable with the decorums of Scotland, we cannot say. But on one evening, after having destroyed his manuscripts, finding himself not so well as usual, he retired to bed before supper, and as he went, said to his friends, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to some other place." He died in a very few days afterwards.

Lord Brougham has obviously expended his chief labor on the life of this favorite philosopher, of whom, fifty years ago, every Scottish economist was a devoted pupil. Times are changed, yet this intelligent biographer has given a very ample and accurate, so far as we can judge, analysis of the *Inquiry*. But he would have greatly increased the obligations of the reader, by giving some portion of his treatise to the questions which modern artifice has devised, and modern infatuation has adopted.

An interesting "memoir" of Johnson commences the volume; but the topic would lead us too far. The biographer gives that literary Samson full applause for

the strength of his understanding, the boldness of his morality, and the pungency of his wit. Rather to our surprise, he pours out an eloquent panegyric on Boswell. That we are indebted to this versatile personage for one of the most amusing and instructive collections of reminiscences in the history of authorship, will be readily conceded. But this is the first time of our hearing a demand that we should pay him any more peculiar homage. But Lord Brougham is himself the head of a school: his *ipse dixit* demands acquiescence, and none can doubt that, if he is singular in his dogmas, he deserves attention for the vigor of his advocacy.

From the United Service Magazine.

MARVELS IN MARINE NATURAL HISTORY.

Our readers are aware, from well-authenticated narratives, that the sea is wonderfully abundant in all sorts of creatures, from the Rorqual, of upwards of a hundred feet in length, to the living food upon which the microscopical vorticella preys. But there are some objects rather difficult to swallow, the descriptions of which, though given by persons of credit and reputation, have usually been regarded as downright figments. This is, perhaps, rather too hard, since, were the spear of Ithuriel applied, the shell of fiction and exaggeration which envelopes them broken away, and the monsters reduced to their proper dimensions, many of them might be found actually to exist. Pliny has been sneezed at for many assertions which modern research has proved to be correct. To be sure, there seems some dynamical condition wanting in his story of Caligula's galley being stopped by a remora, despite of the efforts of four hundred lusty rowers—a fact which happened in his own remembrance; nor is he very clear, though quoting Licinius Macer, in showing that lampreys are of one sex only, and rear their families by means of serpents which are sily allured to their haunts. Still, no man ought to doubt what Ovid has moved and Pliny has seconded, that the golden scarus, finding himself entrapped in a net, and, knowing that his big head had no chance with the meshes, dexterously making a stern-board, tries back with his tail; and

should a comrade on the outside espy the exertions, he forthwith swims to the rescue, claps his mouth to the caudal fulcrum, and heaves with a will. Should the escape be effected, the scarus may range about the bay, browse at his pleasure, and turn in comfort; for both Aristotle and Oppian bear witness that he feeds on herbs, chews the cud, and sleeps as soundly as a ground-tier butt. The ancients seem, however, to have studied the habits of fishes with more interest than the moderns have done, and to have tamed them in their ponds even, as Philemon Holland renders it, to the wearing of 'ear-rings.' Some tightish yarns are spun upon this topic, and though we may reasonably doubt of the shell of a tortoise being sufficient for the roof a dwelling-house, that its right foot kept in a locker will deaden the vessel's way through the water, the dolphin's leap over the ship's mast-head, and that oysters have a special virtue against the venom of the sea-hare; yet there is no question that the tunny and sword-fish suffer to madness from the persecution of the apparently insignificant asilo, or sea-æstrus, and that a fish actually lays its eggs in a weed nest, and sits on them. The artifice used by the *Cancer phalangium* to ensnare its prey, has been recently noted. This contrivance consists in the insect dressing itself up, as it were, in the fragment of a *fucus* (the narrow-leaved variety of Hudson's *ciliatus*), which it seems to cut off, and to attach to the long hairs of its body and legs by means of a glutinous substance; thus imitating a perfect plant of that *fucus* so accurately, as to deceive the casual spectator.

Such matters, however, are not amenable to our present inquiry; nor are whales, sword-fish, grampuses, and such "small deer" our object. Having other fish to fry, we take a loftier, or rather a deeper range, and shall hand up all we know about mer-men, mer-maids, krakens, sea-serpents, and barnacles; the which, though duly recorded as having been seen from time to time, somehow or other contrive to elude our hundreds of cruisers and thousands of merchantmen. The worthy bishop Pontopidan properly observes that "swimmers and divers see strange forms in the deep recesses of the sea, which hardly any other eyes have beheld;" and he thinks that if the ocean were drained, there would then be a goodly exhibition of uncommon and amazing marine monsters. This, of course, was a consummation which he could only

long for; but grappling boldly with known "facts," he forthwith introduces us to various wonders of the creation, and vouches for the truth of what he advances under evidence enough to satisfy any reasonable man. When an Italian *Cicerone*, in leading a gaping T. G. round a church, is asked whether a miracle he may be relating is really credible, his reply is *sta scritto nei libri!* On the same principle our yarns are submitted to the belief of our readers, since every thread in them is "written in books."

Among the marvels of marine Natural History, the Mer-men and Mer-maids may claim the priority of description, inasmuch as they have been immemorially objects of grave attention. Poets, painters, historians, heralds, navigators, and indeed all sorts of men, women, and children, have dwelt with avidity on the numerous and various tales respecting these curious compounds. The gravest of the ancients talked of mer-folk, and knew well what they were, otherwise we had never heard of their sirens, and nereids, and tritons, and other attendants upon Neptune:

Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus: postrema inmani corpore pistrix
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

Pliny, indeed, vouches for the existence of these creatures, declaring that he was able to produce many right worshipful Roman knights of credit to support the assertion; he instances a mer-man near Cadiz, which used to board their galleys at night, and mer-maids, it appears, were common enough in those days. But we have the testimony of later writers than Pliny to establish the existence of the half-human half-fish natives of the deep. Isaac de Larrey, in his *Histoire d'Angleterre*, informs us that, in the year 1187, such a monster was caught on the coast of Suffolk, and kept for half a year. It bore so near a conformity with man, that nothing but the want of speech prevented their learning his whole story. One day it took the opportunity of making its escape, and plunging into the sea, was never more heard of. When the Dutch dykes were breached by the sea, in 1430, a mer-maid was washed into the mud, and being taken to Edam, was dressed in woman's apparel, and taught to spin. It fed like a *frow*, but could never be brought to offer at speech, although it lived several years at Haarlaem. Well attested accounts of various others about this time counte-

nance the necessity which prompted the King of Portugal to resort to law against the Grand-Master of St. Jago, in order to determine which party the monsters belonged to: besides, who could doubt the *Havmand* and *Havfrue* of the North Sea, after the asseverations of the Norwegian fishermen as to their existence?

In approaching towards our own times, the details are clenched with increased intrepidity of assertion. Thus, in 1682, the apostolic missionary, Merolla da Sorrento, being on the coast of Congo, discovered that the mer-maid is to be found throughout the river Zaire; and he further tells us, that from the middle upwards it has some resemblance of a woman, as in its breast, nipples, hands, and arms, but downwards it is altogether a fish, ending in a long tail forked: its head is round, its eyes full, its mouth large, and its face like that of a calf. The Portuguese call it *peixe molker* (the woman-fish;) and Merolla, to whom we shall have an eye in future, adds—"I have eat of this divers times, and it seems to be well relished, and not unlike swine's flesh, which its entrails likewise resemble." Should any one doubt after this, let them listen to another of his stories:

'The Captain of a certain ship having been in a great storm, drove into one of these ports to repair his damage; his passengers going ashore to look about them, discovered at a distance a sort of sea-monsters like unto men, and that not only in their actions, for they saw them plainly gather a great quantity of a certain herb, with which they plunged themselves into the sea. Having observed what sort of herb this was, the passengers gathered several bundles of it likewise, and laid the same upon the shore: the sea-monsters returning, and finding it ready gathered to their hands, took it up and plunged into the sea as before. But, O, the great example of gratitude that reigns even in the deeps! These creatures, knowing themselves to have been obliged, forthwith drew from the bottom of the sea a great quantity of coral and other marine products, and carrying them ashore, laid them in the same place where they had found the herbs. This being repeated several times, the passengers thought these creatures endeavored to exceed them in benefits; and therefore, as a great rarity, scarce to be paralleled even in rational animals, they resolved, if possible, to take them. For this purpose they procured a net from the ship, and pitched it in a proper place; but though their design succeeded so far as to take them, yet could not they hold them, they showing them another human trick, which was by lifting up the net and making their escape, never appearing thereafter as long as the ship staid!'

Now, unless Merolla bangs Tom Pepper, this tale must be believed to the very letter; indeed, should it not be true, Pinto is only a type of him. But ought a writer to be questioned who is well corroborated? Another missionary, Dos Santos, only two years afterwards, enjoyed feasting upon mer-maids on the coast of Eastern Ethiopia; and Padre Cavazzi not only describes the *pescè donna* in 1690, but Labat gives its effigies—and a queer creature it is, if implicit confidence can be placed on the likeness. Mr. Matcham swears they were regularly cut up and sold by weight in the fish-markets at Mombaza; and in the year 1700, John Brand gathered additional notices about them in the Orkneys. He relates that, about two or three years before his visit, there was a boat passing with several gentlemen in it, and by the way, in the Voe of Quarf, through which they went, there appeared something unto them with its head above the water, which, as they could discern, had the face of an old man, with a long beard hanging down, and it neared them sufficiently to enable them all to get a firm glimpse of his features. Where there are mer-men there also mer-maids may be looked for, and we will let Mr. Brand continue his narrative in his own terms:—

‘About five years since a boat at the fishing drew her lines, and one of them, as the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was with greater difficulty than the rest raised from the ground, but when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water, upon which a creature like a woman presented itself at the side of the boat; it had the face, arms, breast, shoulders, &c., of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back, but the nether part from below the breasts was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof; the two fishers who were in the boat, being surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife, and thrust it into her breast, whereupon she cried, as they judged, ‘Alas!’ and the hook giving way, she fell backward and was no more seen: the hook being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip.’

Here, then, we have an *authentic* instance of the animal’s crying out on being stabbed; and the noted mer-man seen at the Diamond Rock off Martinique, was distinctly heard to blow its nose. The mer-maid seen in 1809, at Caithness, by the Rev. David Mackay, minister of Reay, his daughter, and others, was observed to be very adroit in its actions, and when the

waves dashed the hair, which was of a sea-green shade, over her face, the hands were immediately employed to replace it. It also rubbed its throat, which was slender, smooth, and white, and it frequently extended its arms over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it. Sir John Sinclair afterwards saw this very mer-maid, or one of the same family. Now, in face of these facts, your disagreeable matter-of-fact men will still intrude their incredulity, and they offer to explain many of the appearances by summoning manatees and seals to their aid. To be sure we have seen seals look oddly enough when on guard, with their heads peering above the waves, and have even known a whole boat’s crew, officer and all, deceived; but who ever heard of the seal with a comb in one flipper and a looking-glass in the other, as good old Guillim depicts the mer-maid in his Display of Heraldry? Seals, to be sure, are partial to hearing music, but Shakspeare makes Oberon bear testimony to the musical powers of the sea-maids. Explanations are cruelly sober: according to Sir Humphrey Davy, a very *Palæphatus* in his way, the Caithness phenomenon proved to be a stout young traveller, who had been bathing at the spot and time when the sea nymph was seen—but he positively denied the green hair and fishy tail. The said traveller, however, was not aware of the perils of bathing in waters frequented by mer-maids, or he never would have disported there; we, together with thousands of others, could have told him of what befel a Tunisian youth, off the Goletta, in 1820, and if this had not scared him, nothing would. But incredulity received a shot between wind and water in 1822, when a real-earnest mer-maid was brought from Batavia and exhibited in London, where it eventually became a ward of the Lord Chancellor. The height of this creature was rather more than two feet, and it was shrivelled and dried like a mummy. Its head was the size of a baboon’s, and thickly covered with strong black hair; the nose bore a close resemblance to the human form, so likewise did the chin, lips, fingers, nails, and teeth, which were full and perfect. The resemblance to the human form ceased immediately under the breasts, and beneath them were placed two horizontal fins, below which came the fishy tail. This carried conviction with the million; but Sir Everard Home and others, not perceiving why any animal should be furnished with two sets of stomach gear, investigated

the matter more closely, and, after some trouble, discovered that it was a dexterous junction of a monkey and a salmon. The manner in which the union was effected was so ingenious, and the whole object so nicely cemented, as almost utterly to elude detection by the common forms of examination.

Thus blown upon, the mer-maids lost all credit, insomuch that the sages of the Penny Cyclopædia would not even admit of the name being enrolled. Alas for tritons, sirens, satyrs, fauns, ægipans, *et hoc genus omne*! Let us therefore turn to the Kraken or Korvon, for which Linnæus formed a genus under the name of *Microcosmus*.

The notion that the ocean is the abode of most gigantic and marvellous creatures, has long and very naturally had a rooted possession of the human mind, as is testified by the leviathan of the Scriptures, the many mile fish of the Talmud, and some of the marine monsters of the classical writers. The professed naturalists are to be sure rather cautious of committing themselves, and Oppian simply says, '*In mari multo latent*;' but Pliny certainly does admit of whales with a back of four acres in extent in the Indian seas, yet thinks it no great wonder, since there are to be found in those regions locusts of four cubits in length. In later times the belief in oceanic monstrosities assumed the garb of philosophic inquiry; and the Scandinavian writers were successful in teaching, that a huge sea-animal, called the kraken, appears on the surface of the waters in calm weather, floating like an island, and stretching forth enormous pellucid tentacula, or arms, so vast as to resemble the masts of ships. Paulinus describes it '*forma refert cancrum heracleoticum*;' Bartholinus calls it *hafgufa*; and Olaus Magnus—*de piscibus monstrosis*—confirms what is advanced: but dear old Pontoppidan, that prince of Norwegian bishops, may be said to give the veritable epitome of all the accounts, authenticated by the substance of his own inquiries: and thus he lucubrates:—

'Our fishermen unanimously affirm, and without the least variation in their accounts, that when they row out several miles to sea, particularly in the hot summer days, and by their situation (which they know by taking a view of certain points of land) expect to find 80 or 100 fathoms water, it often happens that they do not find above 20 or thirty, and sometimes less. At these places they generally find the greatest plenty of fish, especially cod and

ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish; by this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom. They say this creature causes those unnatural shallows mentioned above, and prevents their sounding. These the fishermen are always glad to find, looking upon them as the means of their taking abundance of fish. There are sometimes twenty boats or more got together, and throwing out their lines at a moderate distance from each other; and the only thing they then have to observe is, whether the depth continues the same, which they know by their lines, or whether it grows shallower by their seeming to have less water. If this last be the case, they find that the kraken is raising himself nearer the surface, and then it is not time for them to stay any longer; they immediately leave off fishing, take to their oars, and get off as fast as they can. When they have reached the usual depth of the place, and find themselves out of danger, they lie upon their oars, and in a few minutes after they see this enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shows himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear, which, in all likelihood, no human eye ever beheld, [excepting the young of this species, which shall afterwards be spoken of;] its back or upper part, which seems to be in appearance about an English mile and a half in circumference, [some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty,] looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. Here and there a larger rising is observed like sand-banks, on which various kinds of small fishes are seen continually leaping about till they roll into the water from the sides of it; at last several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water, and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems these are the creature's arms, and, it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom. After this monster has been on the surface of the water for a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, and then the danger is as great as before; because the motion of his sinking causes such a swell in the sea, and such an eddy or whirlpool, that it draws every thing down with it, like the current of the river Male.'

This, according to some very shrewd hydrographers, is the cause of so many reported islands which gain insertion on the charts, and can never be rediscovered; and they moreover account for the floating islands said to have been observed in the North Sea, erroneously supposed to have been made by the Devil to tease sailors, and therefore called *soc-trolden*, or sea-mischief. Now there have been certain followers of

St. Thomas who object to the accounts of the kraken, for very inadequate reasons, alleging, that if such a creature had been created, it would have multiplied in the course of time, and by its occasional occurrence would ere this have dispelled all doubts concerning its existence. The only way of replying to such hypercritic doubters is, by demanding whether krakens may not be even less prolific than we know animals of extraordinary magnitude to be? As to the supercilious sneer of the commentator, who would like to see what the power of a kraken would be upon a three-decker, he is perhaps unacquainted with the strength of fishes, a strength which may, for aught we know, augment in mathematical ratio with size. If such be the actual condition, Lord help a first-rate in the terrible tentacula above-mentioned; for the force which a smaller creature can exert upon occasion, is strikingly depicted by the worthy Bishop in an anecdote, with which every voracious bird ought to be made acquainted, as a caution how he uses his claws. It so happened that one day, 'an eagle, standing on the bank of a river, saw a fine salmon, as if it were just under him; he struck, instantly, one of his talons into the root of an elm just by, and partly hanging over the other, he struck into the salmon, which was very large, and in his proper element, which doubled his strength; so that he swam away, and split the eagle to his neck, making literally a spread eagle of him,' a creature, as the learned Prelate properly observes, 'otherwise known only in heraldry.'

Similar futile arguments have been applied, and with equal propriety, to the fact of no mariners having seen dead krakens; or at least making no record in their log-books of such an occurrence. But this is a shallow argument against their existence; for who will say, because the body of a dead ass is rare, that there are no asses? By a law of Nature, large animals produce but few young; and it is a singular and rather unaccountable fact in natural history, that scarcely a creature of rank is ever found lying dead which had not come to its death by some violent means. But, as if to shame and silence the opposition-declainers, there is actually an attested instance of the defunct body of a kraken having been found upon the Norwegian coast. The details of this important incident were carefully drawn up by the Reverend Mr. Friis; and the Reverend Mr. Friis was a worshipful consistorial assessor,

minister of Bodoen, in Nordland, and vicar of the College for promoting Christian Knowledge. This gentleman then is surely worthy of belief! From the narrative which he drew up, it seems that in the year 1680, a kraken [perhaps a young and careless one] came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Aistahong, though its usual habit is to keep several leagues from land. It happened that its extended long arms, or antennæ, caught hold of some trees standing near the water, which might easily have been torn up by the roots; but besides this, as it was found afterwards, he entangled himself in some openings or clefts in the rock, and therein he stuck so fast, and hung so unfortunately, that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. The carcase, which was a long while decaying, and filled a great part of that narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerable stench.

Much stress is placed by the sceptics on the fact that Krantz, the missionary, who wrote the History of Greenland, sneered at the whole story: but Krantz repeats many little traits with such animation as to show that he was not a 'whole-hog' infidel; and it is to him that we are indebted for the interesting particular of the kraken's alluring little fishes by the emission of a delicious exhalation. Besides, what is Mister Krantz, after all, arrayed against the battalion of brother-authors on the subject! See how Knud Leems, the learned professor of Laplandic, and one of the most exact of the modern ichthyologists, see how he describes this mighty but unwieldy mass of animated substance, in a book which was annotated by no less a man than Ernest Gunner, the learned and scientific Bishop of Drontheim. Now, in a sage discussion of this tenor, it may be necessary to quote Leems at length, in his description of a *fish* whose form and magnitude of body, he asserts, is so unusual, that the sea does not produce a similar prodigy:—

'The said fish is very seldom seen above the water, as delighting in the depths, where quiet and almost immovable it is said to hide itself, environed with an incalculable number of every kind of fish. When the fisherman, searching the sea in order to find a fishy bottom, arrives by accident at the place where this monster is skulking in the bottom below, he thinks, from the great number of fish he has met there, that he has found a place that is the most fit for fishing; but when the monster that lies hid, troubled with the plummet that

is let down, begins to move and gradually get up, which is easily ascertained from the space that is between the bottom and the boat becoming gradually less, he finds that it was not a bottom as is believed, but an immense fish that was hid below. Meantime the fisherman is not solicitous about getting away, knowing that this monster is very slow in moving, and advances so slowly, that scarcely within the space of two hours he can rise from the bottom to the surface of the sea. Yet is he not altogether negligent of his situation, finding by the plummet that the monster, gradually emerging, is now at no great distance from the boat. And, without delay, the fisherman having just got away, he begins to appear above the water with huge and monstrous claws, of a variety of sizes and shapes, giving the idea of a wood, thick with different trees stripped of their bark; at first erect in the air, but soon after complicated. The species of this monster, how horrid it is and deformed, scarcely can those who have seen it express with words. The inhabitants of Finmark and Nordland call this monster *Kraken*; elsewhere through Norway, especially among those of Carmesund, in the diocese of Christiansand, it is called *Brygden*.

Here, then, is evidence sufficiently circumstantial, one would think, to stagger the most incredulous skeptic as to the existence of the stupendous kraken; and such of our readers as place implicit confidence therein, must never be at a loss for a topic to excite astonishment.

The accounts of the kraken leave us in no doubt as to its nature, for it is by no means analogous either to the whale tribe, or any kind of fishes; it is assuredly, on the contrary, one of the mollusca order or family of worms peculiar to the sea. There is a very large skate-built fish among the queer marine animals represented on the map of Iceland drawn up by Andreas Velleius, in 1585, and thus described—'*Skautubalur*, tota cartilaginea; raia aligno modo similis; sed infinitis modis maior. Insulae speciem, cum apparet, præ se fert, alis naves evertit.' 'Tis true that, though we have sailed for it, and seen comely specimens of the *Sepia octopus*, armed with a dreadful apparatus of holders and emboli for fastening upon and conveying their prey to the mouth, we never fell in with the colossal cuttle-fish, with suckers the size of pot-lids and arms the thickness of a mizen-mast, such as snapped up three men belonging to Captain Magnus Den, 'homme respectable et véridique.' Yet very large specimens of this order may exist; and from some possible optical illusion, arising from a peculiar state of the atmosphere, occa-

sioning that double-shadow which the Teutones designate *doppel-ganger*, may have given birth to the tales of the kraken. There are those who would recognize the kraken and Job's leviathan as cognates, while others—lugging in Jonas—imagine the Cetus tribe capacious enough to account for all, under certain allowances; but surely no *credible* description of the inert mass we have described, which merely floats in the calmest weather, and has so little motion as hardly to vary the apparent dimensions of the islet knobs it exposes above water, can at all refer to a fierce animal which might be hooked; to say nothing of his terrible teeth, squamose armor, smoking nostrils, hard heart, power, nor comely proportion. Still less can we hand out the whale, which no more resemble Isaiah's crooked serpent of a leviathan, than it does Billingsgate dock full of peterboats. Our own sublime poet has treated the matter; but it is clear, from the 'scaly rind' in which the anchor was to bite, in the following passage, that Milton—whatever he thought of the kraken—did not suppose leviathan and whale were at all convertible terms:

'Or that sea beast

Leviathan, which God, of all his works,
Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream;
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in its scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea.'—

Shakspeare could not have been thinking of the lazy passive kraken, when Oberon commands Puck, who could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, to go on an errand, and be back again

'Ere the leviathan can swim a league.'

On these grounds we are inclined to look to the *sepia* tribe for a prototype of the kraken, especially since monstrous specimens of the Cephalopod have been recorded for ages. Athenæus, followed by Kircher, mentions some pretty sizable ones as frequenting the Sicilian seas; and Ælian may be referred to for more. The ancients were wont to designate such creatures as *polypi*, on account of their multiplicity of limbs; and from their accounts of the *acetabula*, or suckers, with which the arms of the great *polypus* were furnished, it is evident that it must have been nearly allied to a family of animals at present distinguished as *sepia*.

Pliny describes one class as the many-foot *ozæna*, so called on account of its head diffusing a strong odor, the which induces the lampreys to approach it: this is also an attribute of the kraken, according to the reluctant testimony of Krantz. The whole of this tribe were dreaded by the mariners of yore, and no wonder, for Pliny relates that they cruelly assailed men when overboard, by catching them in their horrid claws, as if going to wrestle with them, and then setting the suckers to work, the victim soon died in the odious clasp. On the authority of Trebius Niger, one of the train of Lucius Lucullus, the proconsul of Bætica, he records the story of a very thievish polypus, which used to rob the stews, or repositories of sea-fish, on the beach of Carteia, in the bay of Gibraltar: the head of the monstrous fellow was equal in size to a cask capable of containing fifteen amphoræ; its arms measured thirty feet, and were so thick that a man could hardly clasp one of them, and were moreover covered with great suckers or fasteners, as large as basins that would hold four or five gallons each. The reader may like this story in the quaint transference of Doctor Holland, the industrious translator of Pliny:—

‘The rest which mine author hath related as touching this fish may seem rather monstrous lies and incredible, than otherwise; for he affirmed, that at Carteia there was one of these polypi, which used commonly to go forth of the sea, and empty into some of their open cisterns and vaults among their ponds and stews, wherein they keep great sea-fishes, and otherwhiles would rob them of their salt-fish, and so goes his waies againe: which he practised so long, that in the end he got himselfe the anger and displeasure of the immeasurable filching; whereupon they staked up the place and empalled it round about, to stop all passage thither. But this thief gave not over his accustomed haunt for all that, but made meanes by a certain tree to clamber over and get to the fore-said salt-fish; and never could he be taken in the manner, nor discovered, but that the dogges by their quick scent found him out and baied at him; for as he returned one night toward the sea, they assailed and set upon him on all sides, and therewith raised the foresaid keepers who were afrighted at this so sudden alarm, but more at the strange sight which they saw. For first and foremost this polype fish was of an unmeasurable and incredible bignesse: and besides, he was besmeared and beraied all over with the brine and pickle of the foresaid salt-fish, which made him both hideous to see to, and stinke withall most strongly. Who would ever have looked for a polipe there, or taken knowledge of him by

such marks as these? Surely they thought no other, but that they had to deale and encounter with some monster: for with his terrible blowing and breathing that he kept, he drave away the dog, and otherwhiles with the end of his long stringed winding feet he would lash and whip them; sometimes with his stronger clawes like armes he rapped and knocked them well and surely, as it were with clubs. In summe, he made such good shift for himselfe, that hardly and with much adoe they could kill him, albeit he received many a wound with trout-speares which they lanced at him. Wel, in the end his head was brought and shewed to Lucullus for a wonder, and as it was a good round hogshhead or barrel that would take and containe fifteen amphores; and his beards (for so Trebius tearmed his clawes and long-stringed feet) carried such a thickness and bulke with them, that hardly a man could fathome one of them with both his armes, such knockers they were, knobbed and knotted like clubs, and withall thirty feet long. The concavities within them, and hollow vessels like great basons, would hold four or five gallons apece; and his teeth were answerable in proportion to the bignesse of his bodie. The rest was saved for a wonder to be seene, and weighed 700 pounds weight.’

The well-known tale of Baron Munchausen may be dismissed as barely credible; but surely this of Pliny must have been based in fact; and, together with recent stories of gigantic cephalopods—under the several names of squid, sepia, calamary, cuttle-fish, or pour-control—may have awakened the idea of a modern French naturalist, who is inclined to suppose that the destruction of the Ville de Paris, a three-decker taken by Rodney during the American War, together with nine other ships which went to her assistance on seeing her signal of distress, was owing, not to the hurricane which seemed to occasion the disaster, but to a group of colossal cuttle-fishes which happened at that very time to be prowling about the ocean beneath these unfortunate vessels.

The *exact* naturalists have, however, treated the subject gravely, although their conclusions, drawn from apparently authentic evidences, have been branded as resulting from unworthy credulity. Pennant, in his *British Zoology*, speaking of the eight-armed squid, says he has been well-assured from persons of undoubted credit, that in the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part, while each arm has measured nine fathoms in length: and that the natives of the Indian Isles, when sailing in their canoes,

always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off immediately the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water. The sober-minded Dr. Schwediawer, in his account of ambergris, read to the Royal Society in 1783, makes mention of the tentaculum of the sepia octopodia, nearly twenty-seven feet long, which yet did not seem to be entire. This description certainly countenances the evidence brought forward by Olaus Magnus, and other writers, on the subject; and bears out Shaw in pronouncing that 'the existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish in the Indian and northern seas can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coast of the European seas.' The tragic narrative which tells the loss of three of Captain Den's men, has obtained general credit; and its recorder, Denys Montfort, further mentions, that at St. Malo there is an *ex-voto* picture, deposited in the chapel of St. Thomas by the crew of a vessel, in remembrance of their wonderful preservation from a similar attack off the coast of Angola—'*Leur combat terrible et le pressant danger qui les avoit menaces dans ce desastreux moment.*' An enormous cuttle-fish suddenly threw his arms across the vessel, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when the combined efforts of the sailors succeeded in cutting off the tentacula of their dreadful opponent with swords and hatchets.

We have seen and admired the elaborate mechanism of some pretty large creatures of this tribe, but they were pigmies in comparison with the above; though with their hideous bodies, goggle eyes, stringy arms, and spotted complexion, they cannot but prove awkward companions for swimmers to encounter. Mr. Baker, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1785, states that the squid can, 'by spreading its arms abroad like a net, so fetter and entangle the prey they enclose when they are drawn together, as to render it incapable of exerting its strength, for, however feeble these branches or arms may be singly, their power united becomes surprising.' Indeed the close hugging of its arms, and strong adhesion of its suckers, must render the efforts of unarmed prey unavailing, either for resistance or escape. The horror excited from

the embrace of such a monster, may be imagined, and nothing but presence of mind and decisive promptness can avail the human victim; the only mode of extricating himself, provided both arms are not yet clasped, is, by ripping open the body of the animal with a sharp knife, or severing the arms of his formidable enemy—the which, in such abhorrent company and under water, is not of easy accomplishment. On the shores of the Lesser Syrtis we heard some odd stories of these creatures, but knowing the well-founded dread of the divers, we considered that their fears perhaps exaggerated the dimensions and destructive attributes of the horrid polypi. Since that time, however, those parts have been visited by Sir Grenville Temple, who states how highly dangerous they are to bathers; 'an instance of this,' he continues, 'occurred two years since; a Sardinian captain, bathing at Jerbeh, felt one of his feet in the grasp of one of these animals; on this, with his other he tried to disengage himself, but this limb was immediately seized by another of the monster's arms; he then, with his hands, endeavored to free himself, but these also, in succession, were firmly grasped by the polypus, and the poor man was shortly after found drowned, with all his limbs strongly bound together by the arms and legs of the fish; and it is extraordinary, that where this happened, the water was scarcely four feet in depth.' To this sad anecdote we will append a more fortunate case, which befel Mr. Beale, the well-known cetologist, on a South Sea whaling voyage in 1831. He relates it thus:

'While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells upon the rocks, which had just been left by the receding sea-tide, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling towards the surf, which had just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before; it therefore appeared the more remarkable. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humor to endeavor to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I however endeavored to prevent its career, by pressing one of its legs with my foot, but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times

quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hands, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder, for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I now could see between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite!

'A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly upon my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant; he quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. It was of that species of *sepia* which is called by the whalers *rock-squid*.'

Diminutive as this squid was, in comparison with those of which we have been talking, Mr. Beale would have found it a still uglier costumer in the water. The anecdote is interesting, and exhibits a lively picture of a naturalist in distress.

While passing the octopods, it is impossible to overlook the order of the radiated tribes in parts having a reigning definite number. Professor E. Forbes, whose elegant work on Echinoderms evinces both knowledge and taste, lucidly remarks that 'the name of *five-finger*, commonly applied to the starfishes, is founded on a popular recognition of the number regnant. It has long been noticed. Among the problems proposed by that true-spirited but eccentric philosopher, Sir Thomas Brown, is one, "Why, among sea stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?" * * * Among the lower and the typical orders we find this number regulating the number of parts. Every plate of the Sea-Urchin is built up of pentagonal particles. The skeletons of the digestive, the aquiferous, and the tegu-

mentary systems, equally present the quinary arrangement; and even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker is regulated by this mystic number.' The common sea-egg is as wonderful as a world!

On the whole, we are greatly inclined to believe that the first-rates of the cuttle-fish tribe have given birth to the story of the kraken, since the various descriptions of both those enormous inhabitants of the vasty deep, though often vague and indefinite, are yet sufficiently in keeping to warrant the inference. Scrupulous readers may choose to slue up their noses, and question the actuality of either of the creatures here brought before them; and they may superciliously remind us, that credulity readily adopts what cannot easily be disproved. On this head we have very little to say in reply; being bound to confess that the various stories we have examined, are involved in the shades of ignorance and mystery, the obstacles to truth; resting only on the uncorroborated testimony of incompetent witnesses. Therefore, though it would be rather temerarious to deny the existence of such prodigies, we cannot consent to receive the narratives as established facts.

The other fish shall be served up in our next.

From the Metropolitan.

BEHIND THE SCENES;

OR,

THE INVISIBLE DRAMAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Be this, or aught
Than this, more secret now designed, I haste
To know.

Milton—*Paradise Lost*.

On the sixth floor of a magnificent house of the Chaussée d'Antin in Paris, there resided some years ago, a young man of the name of Mark Anthony Riponneau. He was a stout fresh-colored young fellow, of about five-and-twenty years of age, endowed by nature with a round, good-humored-looking countenance, a pair of light blue eyes set rather far apart, a nose slightly *retroussé*, furnished with a pair of nostrils of most amazing width, and a couple of large projecting lips of a most decided cherry-colored hue. In short, all the separate elements which united form a true visage of

happiness and content were there, had not a low forehead and a thick shock of black *thatch*, so stiff and so strong that it could be likened only to the bristles of a hair-brush, imparted to his physiognomy a mean and envious appearance, denoting more of pig-headed obstinacy than of firmness or intelligence. Mark Anthony was a clerk in the office of the Minister of Finance, with a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; and with this sum he was obliged to content himself, though he was far from being content. Employed in the Budget of the State, he had learned all the illusions, and in his position as clerk in a government office, the constant association with men of influence and wealth, and the sight of that ever-flowing tide of money which rolled unceasingly through his hands, succeeded in completely disgusting him with his own situation in the world. Mark Anthony, as I have said before, received a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; he had no other resources for increasing his income to look forward to; so that each expense he was obliged at any time to incur was invariably foreseen, calculated, and arranged beforehand. Thus, by dint of strict sobriety and occasionally "supping small," he was enabled to appear at all times tolerably well dressed; and, by dint of great circumspection in his movements, he maintained his coats in a state of decent preservation, when, upon the shoulders of a gesticulator, they would long since have been worn completely threadbare. Riponneau never permitted himself the slightest movement of arm or limb out of the bounds of the strictest moderation, or even to draw a breath of greater magnitude than its fellows, until disencumbered of every garment liable to be damaged by a too great freedom of action. But it must be said that, during these moments, he amply indemnified himself for his previous six or eight hours' confinement; and it was by a piece of pantomime, both elaborate and extraordinary, that he would in general accompany the following exclamations:—

"To have but a miserable 1800 francs, and to feel within one's self the germs of every noble thought."

These germs of every noble thought, be it stated, properly speaking, as consisting in a desire for all the luxurious pleasures of the world.

"Ah!" Mark Anthony would continue, "to be poor, and to see in front of one there, on the first floor of that noble man-

sion, a certain Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin. They are rich—all smile on them; the world flatters them—they are happy."

Here Master Riponneau would give a mighty stamp upon the floor.

"If I were only as this M. Donen, who occupies the entire second floor of our house, what a different use I should make of his fortune from what he does! But what matters it? He is happy in his own way, since, being able to live every where, he confines himself to his own rooms; whilst with me, I must deprive myself of every thing. Besides, had he no fortune, he would have glory, consideration. Thunder and lightning, how happy he is!"

Riponneau would accompany this passage of his griefs with a clattering of the feet perfectly terrific.

Then would come fresh exclamations; first upon the hosier who occupied the shop on the right; then upon the confectioner on the left, and upon all the lodgers in the house, one after the other; for, with the exception of our friend Riponneau and one or two others, the house was tenanted by persons of wealth and consideration. Lacqueys, dogs, and horses, swarmed in the court-yard; from the kitchens exhaled the most appetizing fumes. On the staircases, when descending in the morning to procure the milk for his breakfast, Mark Anthony would encounter a host of pretty chambermaids in snowy aprons, perfumed from the essences of their mistresses' toilets. Then he would run up against the jolly red-faced cooks hurrying on their different missions. His boots, blackened with great difficulty by his own hands, paled before the mirror-like brilliancy of the varnished shoes even of the valets-de-chambre. The happiness of the master insulted him through the servant.

Then, in the evening would come the delicious strains of the concerts, the murmurs of the balls, and the sounds of dancing feet; and sometimes, through an open window, would peep a beautiful head, fair or dark, crowned with a garland of flowers—a light and graceful figure, radiant in the folds of the many-colored silk, or veiled in the mazy vapors of muslin; at one time, the gentle languor of unoccupied happiness; at another, the ardent fever of pleasure. All these things surrounded Mark Anthony with a burning atmosphere of desires, in the midst of which he incessantly gravitated—opening his chest to this balmy air, his

lips to these divine phantoms—unable to seize any thing, grasping at emptiness, embracing shadows, and finally reaching those transports of impotent rage under the influence of which he would stamp the floor with his feet, beat the walls of his little apartment with violent blows of his clenched fists, and perform sundry other interesting pantomimic acts of an equally edifying and curious description.

One evening, when the exasperation of our friend Riponneau had reached a fearfully turbulent height, he heard a gentle knock at the door of his apartment, and almost immediately there entered the room a man of about sixty years of age, enveloped in the folds of a robe-de-chambre of wadded India silk drawn in round the waist by a heavy silken cord. The features of this unexpected guest were expressive and intellectual. Under a forehead, the height of which was in appearance increased by the baldness of the entire of the fore and upper parts of the head, there sparkled a pair of vividly bright grey eyes, through which pierced a glance of hidden raillery; while, as if in compensation for their too sarcastic expression, the entire of the lower portion of the face, and especially the mouth, around which played a gentle and melancholy smile, were of almost feminine grace and beauty.

"My neighbor," said he to Riponneau, in a low and musical tone of voice, "every one is master of his own apartment. I have not been present at the taking of the Bastile, nor assisted at the revolution of July, not to recognize this great political principle. But all liberty has its bounds, otherwise it encroaches on that of others. You have the liberty of crying out, but in a certain degree only, for I have the liberty of sleeping; and if your liberty infringes on mine, it becomes tyranny, and mine slavery, which is contrary to the principles of the two revolutions of which I have just now spoken to you."

Mark Anthony felt a strong desire to get into a passion, but his neighbor did not give him time, and continued as follows:

"Besides, it is not for myself that I complain; I live willingly in silence or in uproar; but I speak to you on the part of your little neighbor, Mademoiselle Juana, the seamstress, whom I saw come in this evening looking so pale and ill, and her eyes red with tears and the fatigue of work. The poor child is gone to bed, hoping to sleep, as she has told me. Well, my dear neigh-

bor, for her sake, for the sake of that poor girl, do not study your characters quite so loudly."

"Eh!" said Mark Anthony.

"Besides, continued the neighbor, in the same gentle tone, "I have seen Talma, and believe me, my dear sir, that it was not by means of fierce gesticulations and loud cries that he produced his greatest effects. Look here, in Manlius, for instance, he but raised his finger thus, and looked half round while he repeated these two verses:

*'C'est moi qui, prevanant leur attente frivole
Renversai les Gaulois du haut du Capitole.'*

And the applause throughout the entire house was always deafening. Believe me, monsieur, good declamation. . . ."

"But, monsieur," interrupted Riponneau, "I am not a comedian."

"Ah, bah!" said the old neighbor, "you are then an avocat?"

"No, no," replied Riponneau.

"You are too young for a deputy. What are you, then, if I may ask without being thought impertinent?"

Mark Anthony hesitated for a moment, and at length replied:—

"I am poor, monsieur; the happiness of the rich afflicts me, and I amuse myself in my own way."

The neighbor regarded Riponneau with an expression of interest; there was perceptible on the features of the old man a struggle between sarcasm and benevolence. Benevolence carried the day. He took a chair, and, with that air of mild authority which is the prerogative of old age and experience, he said to Riponneau:—

"Ah! you are poor, and consequently unhappy. Let us have a few moments' conversation together, neighbor. You know that liberality is even found amongst the poor, and I who am happy should like to bestow upon you a little of that of which you stand in need. I desire to share some of my happiness with you."

"And how, might I ask, neighbor, can you manage that? for, if I am not mistaken, you live alone."

"Yes."

"You work from morning till night."

"Yes."

"You rarely stir out."

"Rarely."

"In what, then, consists your happiness? and what could you give me?"

"Nothing; but yet I should consider that I had done much for you could I but re-

move a certain something from your heart. It is envy that is gnawing there, that is withering away all the pleasures of your youth, as the worm at the head of the tender sapling."

"Me envious!" said Mark Anthony, coloring.

"We'll see, young man. Are you married?"

"No."

"Have you a mistress?"

"No."

"Have you no family who . . .?"

"I am an orphan."

"Are you in debt?"

"No."

"No wife, *ergo*, no children; no mistress, *ergo*, no rivals; no family, *ergo*, no ties; no debts, *ergo*, no bailiffs. In a word, you are exempt from all the plagues of humanity. If, then, you are unhappy, that not coming from exterior causes independent of your being, your misfortune proceeds from an interior cause inherent in nature. This cause is envy."

"Well, and supposing that were to be the case," said Riponneau, "supposing I envied the happiness of every living thing round me, where would be the harm of that?"

"The harm is in suffering that which is foreign to your nature, which is, moreover, profoundly unreasonable."

"Bah!" exclaimed Riponneau, "it is not unreasonable to desire fortune."

"It is unreasonable to desire the chagrins, the despair, the perpetual uneasiness, the incessant torments, which accompany it."

"Commonplaces all these, my dear neighbor; the empty condolences of the poor man with his fellow; the insolent derision of the rich man when it is he who uses similar language."

The old man reflected for some moments, and, after a silence of considerable duration, he said to Mark Anthony:—

"Come now, answer me sincerely,—Whom do you envy amongst those who surround you? In whose place should you wish to be?"

"In whose place?" cried Mark Anthony. "Why there is not a single person in the neighborhood who is not happier than I am; and since, as far as wishing goes, the field is open, and as we rob no one by taking in imagination the goods of others, think you that I should not much rather be in the position of the Crivelins than in my own?"

"Indeed?"

"Why, hang it! last week I did not close an eye all night from the noise of the *fête* which they gave. The most magnificent equipages encumbered the streets; the most celebrated names were announced by stentorian lungs at the doors of their saloons. Those who entered burned with impatience to reach the wished-for goal; those who were leaving regretted their departure; and upon the staircase, up and down which I passed at least ten times during the night, I heard upon all sides nothing but such expressions as—'What amiable people! what gaiety! it is easy to see that they are happy!' And others said—'Their daughter is going to be married to the young Count de Formont. What a beautiful marriage that will be; youth, beauty, fortune, rank, and station on both sides. They are happy, but they deserve it.'"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so you heard all this on the staircase, eh?"

"Yes, certainly I did."

"Well, if you had gone into the drawing-rooms you would have heard and seen still more. On all sides joy, laughter, felicitations, and upon the features of M. and Madame de Crivelin that air of satisfaction and happiness which the sight of the happiness we confer on others ever affords; and on all sides assurances of friendship and esteem, and the devotion of the Count de Formont, and the repressed joy of Adèle de Crivelin, and their furtively exchanged glances, and the gentle and benevolent smiles of the old people when they would surprise some of these glances and think of their early days; and the pride of the father, and the exulting love of the mother, delighted with her daughter's success. All this, I say, formed a charming picture. It was the same at midnight, at one o'clock in the morning, at three, at five even; but at daybreak the curtain fell, the play was over, and the drama of real life commenced."

"Ah, bah!" said Mark Anthony, I suppose the Crivelins are deeply involved, and, like many others, hide their ruin under an appearance of luxury and splendor."

"No."

"Perhaps madam is no better than she should be?"

"She is the very best of wives and mothers."

"Some fault on their daughter's part?"

"She is an angel of purity and virtue."

"Well, then, what on earth can it be?"

"A good action—nothing but a good action—forgotten for these last fifteen years, and which has all at once presented itself to them under the form of a hideous, yellow, dissipated looking rascal, a low thief, who has rubbed off the dirt of his tatters upon the silk damask of those gilded sofas which an hour previously had sustained the light forms of the young and beautiful dancers."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen to me, then. This man, clad in a dirty suit of cast-off livery, had remained all night in the antechamber. Amongst the crowd of servants he had escaped the observation of the domestics of the house; but as the saloons began to thin, and the antechambers also in consequence, they began to remark his presence there, and looked on him, it must be said, with a very suspicious eye; but the rogue was by no means disconcerted with this demonstration, and only stretched himself out more at his ease on the benches. At length came the moment when the last guests had taken their departure, and our ragged friend still remained at his post. They ended by asking him whom he was waiting for.

"I am waiting for my master, M. Eugene Ligny."

"There is no such person here," they replied.

"I tell you that he is here; ask your master, he'll soon find him."

"The domestics grew angry, our ragged friend loud; and M. de Crivelin appeared at the door of the antechamber to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"It is this man, sir," replied the valet de chamber, 'who refuses to leave the house on the pretence that he is waiting for his master.'

"And what is his master's name?"

"The person I seek," said the unknown lacquey, 'is named Eugene Ligny, and I shall not stir a peg until I have spoken to him.'

"Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when M. de Crivelin started back as if he had received a dagger in his heart; he turned deadly pale, and fixed his eyes with an expression of mute terror on the countenance of his strange visitor; then, with difficulty concealing his emotion, he gave orders to his domestics to retire, and invited the man to follow him.

"Petty annoyances generally come in the train of great catastrophes. A house in which one has just given a ball to upwards

of 500 persons is seldom in order; the doors having been taken off their hinges and removed for the convenience of the dancers, left the apartments open to all eyes. M. and Madame de Crivelin had kept but their own bedchamber and that of their daughter secluded from the general invasion. It was now broad daylight; Madame de Crivelin was in the hands of her femme de chamber, when her husband came to beg that she would retire to her daughter's bedroom for a few moments, and let him have their chamber for an interview of the greatest importance.

"Ah," said she laughing, 'I would lay a wager now that it is M. de Formont who pursues you. But I suppose lovers don't require any sleep. Cannot you put him off to some more seasonable hour?'

"No, it is not that, it is—for mercy-sake retire until I come for you.'

"But what is the matter, then?" cried Madame de Crivelin; 'you are pale—ill—what is it?'

"Nothing, my love, nothing; but I beg of you to leave us.'

"Madame de Crivelin retired, but carried with her a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety which she in vain endeavored to control, and which soon gained also upon her daughter; for Adèle was not yet asleep, and seeing her mother enter her room pale and anxious, she questioned her, and began to tremble in her turn. Here, then, were these two poor women enclosed in the narrowest corner of their splendid apartments, anxiously awaiting the issue of a conference as singular as it was unexpected, and at the bare idea of which only M. de Crivelin had been so visibly agitated. With whom was it? What did he say? And what powerful argument had been made use of to induce him to give a similar interview at such an unseasonable hour? Adèle fancied that some terrible accident must have happened to her lover; Madame de Crivelin lost herself in a labyrinth of confused and impossible suppositions.

"During this time, let us see what was passing in the bedroom, in which M. de Crivelin was closeted with the dirty servant.

"You have recognised me then, Eugene?" said the stranger.

"You here!" said M. de Crivelin. 'You living!'

"When you believed me dead, that's pleasant, isn't it? What would you have? it's all right. Order me a glass of wine

and a slice of ham, and you'll soon see if I am a ghost or not.'

"Come, come, Jules, it is not for this that you are come here; speak, speak then, unhappy man.'

"I'll tell you what it is; for these last six hours, I have been waiting in your antechamber—I am dying of hunger and thirst—I want to eat and drink.'

"What is all this about?"

"I want to eat and drink, I tell you. Come, go and get me something yourself, if you are afraid of your domestics soiling their hands by serving me.'

Crivelin left the room without replying. He returned in a few moments with a plate, which he placed before his strange guest.

"Now," he said to him, 'speak, what would you have?'

Jules sat down to his supper, and while eating, spoke as follows:

"Listen to me, Eugène; you remember a letter you wrote to me seventeen years ago—here it is.' The epistle ran thus:

"You see, Jules, your mad career has terminated as I foretold. From disorder you have passed to faults, from faults to crime; and now, a disgraceful condemnation hangs over your head. Since you have been enabled to effect your escape from prison, profit by your liberty, and fly, but fly alone. Drag not with you an innocent child, who has but just entered the world, into that wandering existence which you must hasten to conceal in a far distant land. Leave me your daughter. When the vengeance of the law overtook you, misfortune overtook me also: my daughter is dying. If God preserves her, yours will be to her a sister; if it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of her, your Marie shall take her place. I send you some money, sufficient to enable you in another country, to regain the position you have lost in this.'

"That's your writing, Eugène, is it not?"

"It is.'

"Eight days later," continued this man, 'you departed, carrying with you the two children into Italy, both aged then about two years; you were on your way to rejoin your wife, who had been obliged to quit you in order to receive the last adieu and pardon of her mother, who died at Naples.—You had married her against the wishes of her relatives, and this noble family had forbidden your presence at the reconciliation. Your mother-in-law being dead, you rejoined your wife. As to me, the better to as-

sure my flight, I had deposited on the banks of the river a letter, in which I stated that I was unable to survive my shame; and a month afterwards you received the news of my death. At that very time your daughter died at Ancona, and you made the usual declaration of it to the authorities, under the name which you then bore. You then continued your journey, allowing all the strangers whom you encountered on your way, to consider the child which accompanied you, as your daughter. You yourself, charmed with her grace, her beauty, and her affection for you—you, I say, called her your daughter; traveling slowly, dreading the moment when you should be obliged to tell your wife that her child was dead.—Then, a sudden thought came into your mind. Your wife, led by her brother, M. de Crivelin, to the death-bed of her mother, had quitted Adèle three months after her birth, at that age when the features of children change so perceptibly with almost every succeeding month. Could not Marie, the daughter of Jules Marsilly, dead as you thought, replace in a mother's eyes, the lost Adèle? Your wife fell ill in her turn; the news of her daughter's death might prove fatal to her; you decided upon deceiving her; Marie Marsilly became Adèle Ligny.'

"Since you know so well the sentiments which dictated my conduct," said M. de Crivelin, 'can you blame me?'

"I blame nothing," replied the drunkard, 'I merely recount facts.'

He drank a couple of glasses of wine, and proceeded as follows:

"Your *ruse* succeeded beautifully, it succeeded even beyond your hopes; not only was your wife delighted with her charming little daughter, but her uncle, M. de Crivelin, who could never pardon you for having become his brother-in-law, became dotingly fond of the child, and eight years afterwards, left her his entire fortune, naming you her guardian, on condition that you added his name to your own. And this is why you re-entered France under the name of Eugène Ligny de Crivelin.'

"But I have never deceived any one; I have never denied my name.'

"You are incapable of doing so. Only by degrees you dropped the name of Ligny, and called yourself de Crivelin; and, as I had seldom heard mention made of this name in my youth, I should never have suspected that the wealthy M. de Crivelin was my old college chum, Eugène Ligny, had

not I seen the other day, posted at the doors of the Mairie of my arrondissement, the marriage banns of Mademoiselle Adèle Ligny de Crivelin, with the Count Bertrand de Formont.

"When I saw this, I asked myself how it was, that the Adèle who died at Ancona was alive and well in Paris."

"It is a falsehood," said M. de Crivelin, who fancied he saw a loop-hole by which he could escape from his embarrassing position.

"My good man," said the brigand, with a slight laugh, 'do not play a character which you are ignorant of. I passed through Ancona the day after your daughter's death, and every one was talking of your despair. Besides, if necessary, we could procure the acts; so just listen to me quietly.'

"The rascal finished his second bottle, and continued as follows:

"You can understand that, once upon the straight road, the history of your romance has been very easily made. You put my daughter in the place of yours, and now you have perhaps almost reached the point of persuading yourself that she is indeed your own child."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed M. de Crivelin, 'she is my child, my hope, my happiness. Come, what do you wish, what do you demand?'

"Let us first put the question in a correct point of view," said the visitor, 'and then, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a proper understanding.'

"First of all, you have stolen my daughter; that, if I do not mistake, is a crime by no means approved of by law. Afterwards, in order that she might inherit the fortune left her by your brother-in-law, you have produced an extract of birth which you have applied to my daughter, when the proof of your own child's death lies at Ancona. *Secundo*, in order to publish the banns of the pretended Mademoiselle Ligny de Crivelin, you have made use of a title equally false. These facts are incontestable. Now let us reason:—

"For having affixed a signature not my own at the bottom of a piece of stamped paper, I have been condemned to fifteen years' hard labor at the galleys. I am miserable and dishonored, and I owe my absence from the bagné at this present moment but to the general supposition that I am dead. You, on the contrary, for having falsely used an authentic act—for having deprived others, the rightful heirs, of an

immense succession by means of this act, you are rich, honored; you swim in opulence and luxury: this is not just.'

"But what would you do, unhappy man? Would you carry off my Adèle and her mother? for my poor wife is a true mother to her. Would you destroy her? Oh! I would prefer, fifty times over, to tell the truth; for the tribunals would acquit me, I am very sure."

"That remains to be seen," replied the visitor; 'but the question is not yet exhausted, and here is an important point:—The will left by M. de Crivelin is made in favor of Mademoiselle Adèle Ligny. If I prove that the heiress is not the Demoiselle Ligny, I ruin her, I ruin you, I ruin your whole family. This is a piece of folly I have no desire of committing. Besides, I am too indulgent a father to inflict such useless cruelty for nothing. But you know that it is written in the moral code of all honest men that a benevolent action is never lost; in consequence of this maxim I appoint myself your benefactor. This fortune, which I could snatch from you all, I leave you; this is just the same as if I bestowed it. This happiness, which, by one word, I could destroy forever, I respect; it is as if I caused it. Your wife, who would die of this discovery, I let live; it is precisely the same as if I had saved her life from drowning or fire. This cherished daughter, whose prospects in life I could blast forever, I permit to marry her lover. What is this I do, then? I make you rich and happy; I save your wife's life; I marry my daughter to a man of honorable name and noble family. Upon my word, one cannot act more virtuously, more benevolently than that. Why, my bounty actually overflows, and, as it is said that a benevolent action never goes unrewarded, why you shall give me a million of francs.'

"A million! just Heaven!" cried M. de Crivelin.

"A benevolent action never goes unrewarded," said the rascal.

"But you forget," said M. de Crivelin, 'that I could send you to the bagné.'

"The villain rose, his eyes flashing, his mouth foaming with rage.

"No menaces of this kind," he shouted, 'or I force you to beg for mercy on your knees; or I compel your wife and my daughter to come here and kiss the dust of my shoes. I give you two hours to make up your mind; in two hours' time I shall be here.'

"Thus speaking, M. de Crivelin's visitor quitted the house."

"This is a very sad history," said Riponneau.

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "this was but the commencement; for in the adjoining room were the mother and daughter, whom one of those good faithful domestics who never fail to tell you whatever is disagreeable, had warned that M. de Crivelin was closeted with a man who had all the appearance of an assassin, and that that circumstance had much alarmed the good people of the antechamber. This charitable intelligence, joined to the agitation which Madame de Crivelin had perceived in her husband's manner, induced her to lend an ear to what was going forward in the neighboring apartment. On seeing the dreadfully agitated state into which her mother was thrown, on hearing the stifled cries which burst from her overcharged bosom, Adèle listened in her turn, and both learned at the same time the horrible secret which struck them both with an equal blow; the secret which whispered to the mother, This is not thy daughter; to the daughter, This is not thy mother. This was the reason why, on entering his daughter's bedchamber, M. de Crivelin found them both weeping, sobbing, and holding each other convulsively embraced; for Madame de Crivelin no longer wept the dead child which she had scarcely known; she wept for the child she had brought up, whose mind, in her divine maternal power, she had fashioned on the model of her own—the child that she had passionately loved, and that had returned her love with an affection no less ardent and sincere.

"It was then above all that the drama began with its anguish, its transports and its tears; and during the eight days that has lasted, Monsieur, all has been despair, anguish and terror in this house. And yet, on the following day, they were obliged to go to a magnificent dinner given by the Count de Formont's mother; and, in order that the secret of their misfortune should not transpire out of doors, these three happy persons whom you have envied went there; and, as they were all three more serious than usual, and looked pale and cast down, they were overwhelmed with joyous felicitations upon the fatigue caused by their splendid *fête*. Their healths were drunk; the future bride and bridegroom were toasted, and these happy people were obliged to smile, and talk,

and laugh—tears in their eyes, sobs rising to their throats, and despair and anguish rankling at their hearts."

"But what have they done? what do they mean to do?" inquired Riponneau.

"A large sum of money has rid them for the present, of their terrible visitor; but he is liable to return again at any moment, and, what is more, in a few years' time, his punishment will be nonsuited, that is to say, that because he has been enabled to evade the bagné during twenty years, he will be as clear in the eye of the law, as the man who may have remained all that time fastened to his chain; and then he will no longer speak with the moderation of one who is fearful for his own safety—he will be the absolute master of the family."

"In the mean time, impelled by the fallibility of their preceding existence, they live during the day as they ought to live, to prevent suspicions, but they weep at night. It is there, at their melancholy fireside, that all three watch and weep—there pass those long conferences, mingled with bitter tears, and vows never to separate from each other. This is not all, Monsieur, Adèle loves M. de Formont, she loves him because he is brave, generous, and noble-minded—because she is proud of being loved by him; and it is precisely because she is loved with this pure and noble affection, that she is unwilling to deceive him—she is determined that the happiness of this loved being shall never be destroyed by the apparition of that miserable drunkard, who might rush into the presence of her husband, and declare himself the father of his wife. Adèle will not marry the Count de Formont."

"But what can we do? what can we say?" have cried Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin.

And this poor child has replied; "As it is for me that you suffer thus, it is for me to take upon myself the blame and misery of this rupture."

"She has kept her word, Monsieur; during these last eight days, she has endeavored by show of affection and indifference, very foreign to her own naturally open and affectionate manner, to estrange her lover from her side; she endeavors to chill his affection for her by her coldness and reserve; you may judge what this costs her. As I said before, the hour comes when the comedy finishes, and the drama of real life begins, and then the torments she has

caused her lover, fall back with agonizing power upon herself. In the morning, she weeps for the pain she must cause—in the evening, for that which she has caused. And this is not all; every day M. and Madame de Crivelin behold their child sinking beneath the unequal combat she sustains against herself—against her love—against the misery she causes, and that which she feels within her own heart. This morning, when the physician called, he found her suffering under a violent attack of fever, and there, now she is ill. This is nothing in the eyes of the world—a mere nervous indisposition, which, in a few days, will have altogether disappeared; and the Crivelins are no less a happy family. And you, you, the very first, you must stamp your feet, and beat the walls with your fists, because the pleasures of these happy people importune, and afflict you. Do you desire their pleasures, young man? Oh! at this very moment, how willingly would they exchange their rich apartments, their sumptuous equipages, and their millions, for your garret, your umbrella, and your eighteen hundred francs a year!”

MR. B. R. HAYDON.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, forty years a wanderer in the wilderness of high Art, fell by his own hand, in his own painting-room, on Monday last. His health is said to have been good, but his mind had been unsettled for some time past; and his pecuniary affairs, from the failure of his recent exhibition, very much embarrassed. Something was done, it appears, to relieve the pressing nature of his necessities, as soon as they were known; and the generous aid afforded by Sir Robert Peel (and at such a time) will be remembered, to his honor, whenever the history of Mr. Haydon's life is written at any length, or the Calamities of Artists shall be taken as a subject for some later D'Israeli to describe.

Mr. Haydon was born on the 26th January, 1786, at Plymouth,—where his father was a bookseller of good reputation. He was educated at Plymouth Grammar School; and afterwards removed to Plympton, where his education was completed in the same grammar school in which Sir Joshua Reynolds acquired all the scholastic knowledge he ever received. Haydon, in after-life, was fond of referring to this circumstance; nor unwilling, indeed, to have it said, that his father, who drew a little himself, had given him the Scriptural name in the thought that, as Plympton had sent a Sir *Joshua* into the world, Plymouth might send her Sir *Benjamin*, to follow.

The boy evinced a love for Art at a very

early period; and is said to have exhibited his first fondness for his calling on the occasion of a print which the servant had given him, to keep him quiet. Thus early initiated, he found materials for his purpose in his father's house. He drew, read, and resolved; and, Reynolds' "Discourses" attracting his attention, he became, before he was eighteen years of age, an enthusiast in high Art, whose first word was Raphael, and his second, Michael Angelo.

Thus irrevocably a painter, he left for London, on the 14th of May, 1804; and entered his name as a student of the Royal Academy. His skill and attention were soon noticed. Prince Hoare introduced him to Fuseli—an introduction which had something to do, perhaps, with the after errors and eccentricities of his character and style. Fuseli was fearless and outspoken—and Haydon became the same; Fuseli in painting was violent in action and exaggerated in expression—and Haydon was, at once, his admiring imitator. Thus injuriously misled, he never recovered from the false worship of his early faith; but, through the whole course of a long and active career, mistook Fuseli's exaggeration of attitude and drawing for the tranquil grandeur of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

He was in his twenty-first year, when he sent, in 1807, his first work to the Royal Academy Exhibition. The title alone will show the daring of the lad—"Joseph and Mary resting with our Saviour, after a Day's Journey on the road to Egypt." *Anastasius* Hope became the purchaser; and thus urged on by the reputation acquired by his first work, he stripped for a greater effort, and lay by for a year to vindicate the predilection of his friends. Nor was his next work, his "Dentatus," an unworthy effort at such a time. The story was well told—the drawing, in parts, good—and Lord Mulgrave (a patron of the Arts) had bought it while it was as yet raw upon the painter's easel.

His next great work was the picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,"—begun in 1814, and shown to the public, for the first time, in 1820, in an exhibition of his own in Bond-street. He was proud of this picture,—and perhaps with reason; though the circumstance of its remaining upon his hands may have inspired his spoken predilections in its favor. He re-exhibited it in 1829,—and with some pomp of description in the catalogue. "It has not been nursed," he says, "in warm galleries and fine lights; but has been lying about in dust and darkness, in cellars and warehouses, for eight years; and yet every one will admit its color is uninjured and the surface uncracked. The reason is, the only vehicle used was fine linseed oil, unmixed with any other material; and no juice or varnish of any description has been put on its surface. I never varnished but two pictures—'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Dentatus'—and they both are cracked." Three of the heads in this picture will attract attention—Wordsworth,

Hazlitt, and Keats; an odd combination,—but all Haydon's doings differed from those of other people.

Still undaunted in his pursuits—and with the large picture of Christ upon his hands—he began a second, "Christ in the Garden," and a third in the same high walk, called "Christ rejected." Contests of all kinds were welcome to his nature; and he engaged in a controversy about the Elgin Marbles—wrote with spirit and vehemence—attracted attention, and lost friends. He now (May 1821) married. New difficulties beset him; and people became afraid to employ a painter so turbulent in spirit, and so monstrous in the size of the canvas he selected for his pictures. His debts increasing, he became an inmate, for a time, of the King's Bench Prison. Here, he was a witness of the celebrated Mock Election which took place there in July, 1827;—and, struck with the picturesque character of the scene, he embodied it on canvas, and found a purchaser for it, at 500 guineas, in King George IV. He had friends to assist him, at this time; and, once more at ease, he began a picture of "Eucles"—a subscription being set on foot to take it off his hands by a public raffle. Sir Walter Scott interested himself in the subscription; and mentions, in his Diary, that he had sat to Haydon for his portrait. "He is certainly a clever fellow," he says, "but too enthusiastic,—which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me—and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them."

The success of the "Mock Election"—the work, he tells us, of four months—justified another attempt in the same line; and he commenced a second picture, called "Chairing the Members—a scene from the Mock Election." This he exhibited at the Bazaar in Bond-street, in 1829; and found a purchaser, at 300 guineas, in Mr. Francis, of Exeter. Another picture of the same period was his "Pharaoh dismissing Moses, at the dead of the night, after the Passover"—bought, we believe, by Mr. Hunter, an East India merchant, for the sum of 500 guineas. "I gave, when very young," he has been heard to say, "early indications of a spirit inimical to the supremacy of portrait:"—but, his wants increasing, with his family, he took to portrait-painting for a time, and advertised his price for a whole-length to be 150 guineas. People refused to sit, however; and his additions to the portrait branch of his art were few or none.

The Great Banquet at Guildhall, at the passing of the Reform Bill, was the next subject of magnitude that engaged Mr. Haydon's attention. He brooded over it for a long period of time—and made a sad jumble of a scene in itself a jumble. The perspective, we remember, was very bad. Another picture of the period was his "Napoleon musing at St. Helena;"* of which he painted, we believe, at

least four copies—one for Sir Robert Peel, a second for the Duke of Devonshire, a third for the Duke of Sutherland, and the fourth for we forget whom. This is a suggestive picture; coarse in its execution, but well conceived. It has been engraved,—and was popular as an engraving; but a second picture of the same character, "The Duke on the Field of Waterloo," was a poor companion. His last works were "Curtius leaping into the Gulf,"—"Uriel and Satan,"—and the pictures which formed his recent Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. He had been working at a picture of "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," on the morning of his death.

Haydon's history is a sad lesson; and, properly told, will be of greater service to artists than his pictures can. He was too much of an enthusiast—too haughty—too vain—and too much like poor James Barry, to succeed. His treatment of Sir George Beaumont was foolish in the extreme. Beaumont had given him a commission for a picture from "Macbeth," of a certain size, and for a certain position in his room. Haydon, then a young man, accepted the commission, with thanks,—and began a picture three times the size appointed. Remonstrance was ineffectual. Genius knew no fetters—and wonders were to be wrought. When the work was done, great was Haydon's astonishment at finding that Beaumont was not delighted with him for exceeding his commission, and painting a picture for which his patron had no room. But peace to his faults! With more of care and less of enthusiasm, he might have achieved a reputation less likely to be impaired than the fame he fancied he had won from a future generation competent to understand the solid principles of his style. Forgotten, however, he cannot be. His "Lectures" will assist in securing his name; and if they are found insufficient, Wordsworth has helped him to an immortality:—

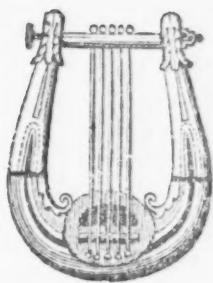
To B. R. Haydon, Esq.

High is our calling, Friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weaker part
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

Athenæum.

BOOK-KEEPING—A friend who has suffered largely by lending books, begs us to state that the reason people never return borrowed books is, that it is so much easier to retain the volumes than what is in them.

* Published in the Eclectic Magazine.



THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring,
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy, unknown thing :
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,
That e'er I weep or sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full,—
That these I listen to and love,
Are not all beautiful !
They tell me that the gayest flowers
Which sunshine ever brings
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things !

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow ;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
And tiny hand I know.
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear ;
The very atmosphere seems love,
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,
He says he loves the best.
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
It may be—weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
To meet Affection's eye !

MORNING.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nursed by Night, retire ;
And the peeping sunbeam, now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring :
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the Morning gale ;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed,
(Restless till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn,
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray !
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

From the Literary Gazette.

SONNET TO YOUTH.

Why should the young despair, or turn aside,
As through lost fortitude, from seeking good ?
Take courage, Youth ! pursue the paths pur-
sued

By all who virtue love : truth be thy guide.
What though with much temptation straitly tried ?
Temptations have been and may be withstood ;
'Tis better to subdue than be subdued,
O'er self to triumph is man's proper pride.
Why should the young despond ?—they have not
felt

The soul grow stern, the world become a void ;
Sweet influences still their hearts can melt :
Theirs too are treasures they have ne'er em-
ployed ;
Science and thought with them have never dwelt.
How much of life remains to be enjoyed !

U.

"DEEDS, AND NOT WORDS."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Oh, call back the thought, let it die on the tongue,
That would answer in anger the old or the young;
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be
strong,
Will discord convince if you're right or you're
wrong?
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and
strife;
For the maxim, I hold, that true honor affords,
Is, sincerity prove, and by *deeds*, but not words!

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,
'Tis the *act* and the *deed* that with honor is
fraught;
And the humblest attempt can more kindness dis-
play
Than all the fine promises words can convey.
If to preach were to practise, how easy 'twould
be
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;
But since that vain boasting no honor affords,
Your sincerity prove, and by *deeds*, but not words.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GRAVE OF TWO SISTERS.

Fairer—than sleep beneath this stone,
God never lent to earth;
Nor e'er recalled to serve his throne,
Spirits of purer worth.

A fond and lovely pair, they grew
Sisters in more than name;
Twin minds, twin hearts—that never knew
A separate thought or aim.

Nor parted now—one fate!—one home!
They slumber side by side;
Till the last hour of time be come
None ever shall divide.

Thus fares it still—our treasures vanish,
Resumed as soon as given:
Back to the skies, earth's sorrows banish
Each angel guest from heaven.

And sad, indeed, would be our doom,
Were friends to meet no more:
Parting in mystery and gloom,
Upon the fatal shore:

Were there not sent, to calm our fears,
Glad tidings from the skies,
Of worlds, where God shall wipe the tears
For ever from all eyes.

From Sharp's London Magazine.

LYRIC

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, ENTITLED

LIFE ACCORDING TO LAW.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day.
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-wak'd forest,
Bird, that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest,
Wind, that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat, within the wild-rose keeping,
O that they were bless'd as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For Affliction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever,
(Idle never
Where on Hope Want bars the door,)
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Weary Lord-land's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,
Gasping brother,
Sister toiling in despair,
Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest,
White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest,
Come and drink the light and air.

Tyrants curse ye
While they nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, oh, Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still thou art "The Poor Man's Day."

From the People's Journal.

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,
Like rigorous winter in the sod
Which doth mature the hardy grain,

Call forth in man his noblest powers ;—
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And, amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil !
Yon ermined slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil
Is not so free a man as I !
He wears the fetters of his clan ;
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in ;
I heed but this, that I am MAN,
And to the great in mind akin !

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak
My lot is with the storms of life ;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock ;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not howe'er sloth may deem ;
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood ;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe !
Brother in toil respect thyself ;
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is nobler far than pelf !

Thank God for toil ; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank : fear on y sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within !
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
Thy hard and toiled-stained hand to me ;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter, better day to see !

From Tait's Magazine.

A STEED AND THE DESERT FOR ME !

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The court and the city may do for the crowd
Who worship the world, for the petty and proud ;
For the lover of lucre, the wooer of pelf,
Whose God is of gold, and whose idol is self ;
But for me, born (afar from the market and mart)
Where liberty comes from the breeze to the heart,
There is death in such spots, where I cannot
breathe free :
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !—

The roses have fragrance in cities, 'tis true,
Saloons may be sprinkled with essences too ;
But the dew-drops that fall 'neath the stars and
• the moon,
By Nature are fraught with a far richer boon
Of scent and of hue ; for no art can bestow
Their native endowments of perfume or glow.
My rosebuds I pluck mid green bowers from the
tree :
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !

I hate the harsh noise of the cymbal and drum,
I hate the loud sounds from the timbrel that
come ;
The nightingale's song in the silence of night,
And the lark's and the linnet's when sunshine is
bright,
Are sweeter and softer, and mingle so well
With all the clear echoes of mountain and dell,
That they seem to my sense earth's true music
to be :
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !

Then give me the date-tree that shadows our
tents,
And the wild flowers that fill all the air with
their scents,
And the pure well of water that springs 'neath
the trees
Where the wife of my youth, with our boy on
her knees,
Sings welcoming songs as at nightfall I seek
For the light of my life in the smile on her
cheek.
Away with your towns, where no freedom can
be :
A Steed and the Desert for me !

From the Athenæum.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY THE LATE MRS. JEVONS.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of
Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.—Psalm.
xxiii.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul !
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,—
To tread the narrow vale ;
But he, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way ;
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul !
To meet thy God above :
But shrink not—he has said, my soul !
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones,
In Heaven's serene abode.



MISCELLANEOUS.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.—The Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, first published by Isaac Walton (1683), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the 'English Mercurie' (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the 'Public Advertiser,' during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr. Lauchan Maclean; but we need scarcely wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a

perfect indifference for his own works: they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the 'Henriade,' or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces, was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking—'I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale.' The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the 'Almanacs of the Muses,' the 'Portfolio Recovered,' and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it. In Holland some forgeries were printed as the 'Private Letters' of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram:—

Lo! then exposed to public sight,
My private letters see the light;
So private, that none ever read 'em,
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Steevens says, that 'not the smallest part of the work called Cibber's "Lives of the Poets" was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work: and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt

whether himself or his father was the person designed.

William Henry Ireland having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakspeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of 'Vortigern' was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakspeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever impostor published his 'Confessions,' acknowledging himself to be the sole author and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, 'Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius.'

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connexion with what are called 'Ossian's Poems' will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are *proved* to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; 'but,' says Mr. Carruthers, 'they proved to be an exact counterpart of those in English, although, in one of the earlier Ossian publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived.'

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labor and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced

a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practise a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals, and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being apprised by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.—We should never mourn for one that dies at fifteen. There die the first dawns of love with the spring-flowers in its little heart. I would visit the grave of such an one in the spring, merely that I might be glad.

Spring passes away, and so must thou. Is thy cheek of roses fairer than the rose which must also fade? Thy song, other than that of the nightingale, which is also silenced? Lie down calmly in thy dust, thou human flower. That dust will yet be the pollen of a fairer one; and earth has no more that it can do to thy blossoming soul.

DRUNKENNESS IN CORK.—What will greatly surprise English readers is the following return from Cork, the home and head-quarters of the great Apostle of Temperance. "According to the *Cork Constitution*, the number of drunkards committed to the City Bridewell, for twelve months, ending the first of April, in each of the following years, was as follows:—

Year.	Drunkards.	Year.	Drunkards.
1841 . . .	2087	1844 . . .	2452
1842 . . .	2842	1845 . . .	3374
1843 . . .	1607	1846 . . .	6622

Something more potent than Mathewism is required at Cork.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain.

Autobiography of John Aubrey, (1625) by John Britton.

The Enchanted Knights; a Romance, from the German of Musaeus.

Notes on the Wandering Jew; or, the Jesuits and their Opponents, by John Fair-play.

Biographical History of Philosophy, by G. H. Lewis. 4 vols. 18mo.

A Selection from the Remains of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, by Frederic H. Ringwood.

Trade and Travel in the Far East; or, Recollections of Twenty-one Years passed at Java, Singapore, Australia, and China, by G. S. F. Davidson. A very amusing and instructive work.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. 8 and last, by Robert Browning.

The Aristocracy of England; a History for the People, by John Hampden, Jr.

The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its sepulchral remains, by Charles Maitland, M. D.

A new edition of Sir H. Spelman's celebrated work, History and Fate of Sacrilege.

Political Works of David Ricardo, by J. R. McCulloch.

Lectures on Systematic Morality, by Rev. W. Whewell, D. D.; a kind of Commentary on the author's "Elements of Morality and Polity."

Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life, by the late Wm. Ferguson, M. D.

Second volume of Bopp's Comparative Grammar of Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages, translated by Lieut. Eastwick and Prof. Wilson.

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences, by Rev. Mr. Waylen;—a work on the U. States.

The Percy Society are about to issue the Poems of the Earl of Surrey, Wm. Browne, Dr. Donne, and Taylor, the water poet.

The Camden Society announces a translation of Polydore Vergill's History of England; the Autobiography of the Countess of Pembroke.

The Parker Society have announced Archbishop Parker's Correspondence, and the Works of Bishops Ridley, Pilkington, and Hooper.

A book of Highland Minstrelsy, by Mrs. D. Ogilvy.

Female Characters, by the late H. Thornton, Esq., M. P.

Poems, by Camilla Toulmin.

Germany.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Hellenische Alterthumskunde, aus dem Gesichtspuncte des Staats. Von Wilh. Wachsmuth, Dr. der Phil., &c. 2te. umgearbeitete und vermehrte Ausgabe. Halle, 1844, 46. (A thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of one of the profoundest works which modern research has contributed to our knowledge of Greek antiquity.)

Die Historische Kunst der Griechen in ihrer Entstehung und Fortbildung. Von Friedrich Creuzer. 2te. Verbesserte und vermehrte Ausgabe, besorgt von Jul. Kayser, Gymnasiallehrer in Darmstadt. (2 Thlr. 10 Ngr.)

Historia Critica Tragicorum Græcorum. Scripsit Wilh. Car. Kayser, Westfalus, Göttingæ, 1845. pp. 332, gr. 8. (1 Thlr. 15 Ngr.) ("A very useful work, and an important accession to the treasures of Philological literature.")

Antimachi Colophonei reliquias, premissa de ejus vita et scriptis disputatione, collectas explanavit Henr. Guil. Stoll. 1845. pp. 124. gr. 8. (20 Ngr.) (Antimachus was by the ancients placed next to Homer. This edition of his Fragments is the most complete that has appeared, and is distinguished by learning, judgment, and philological tact and acumen.)

Aristophanis Comoediæ, Rec. et a not. instrux. Fred. Henr. Bothe. Ed. Lec. emendator. Vol. I. Acharnenses, Equites, Nubes. Vol. II. Vespæ Pax, Aves. Lips. 1845. gr. 8. (Pr. 2 Thlr. 20 Ngr.) (An edition distinguished by accurate and tasteful interpretation.)

Demosthenis Oratio in Aristocratum, Græcæ emendatiora edidit, apparatu critico, proleguomenis, commentario perpetuo, atque indicibus instruxit Ern. Guil. Weber, Prof. Gymn. Wimar. Jenæ. 1845. pp. 588. gr. 8. (2 Thlr. 20 Ngr.) (A copious and learned edition of one of the most perfect orations of Demosthenes.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Allgemeine Weltgeschichte für alle Stände; mit Zugrundelegung Seines grösseren Werkes, von Dr. K. V. Rotteck. 5 Bd. Gesch. der neuesten Zeit, 1815–1840. Nach Dr. K. V. Rotteck's hinterlassenen Vorarbeiten verfasst und herausg. von Dr. Hm. v. Rotteck. Stuttgart, 1845, gr. 8.

JUN 24 1949

